Liberty

MUCH BIGGER!

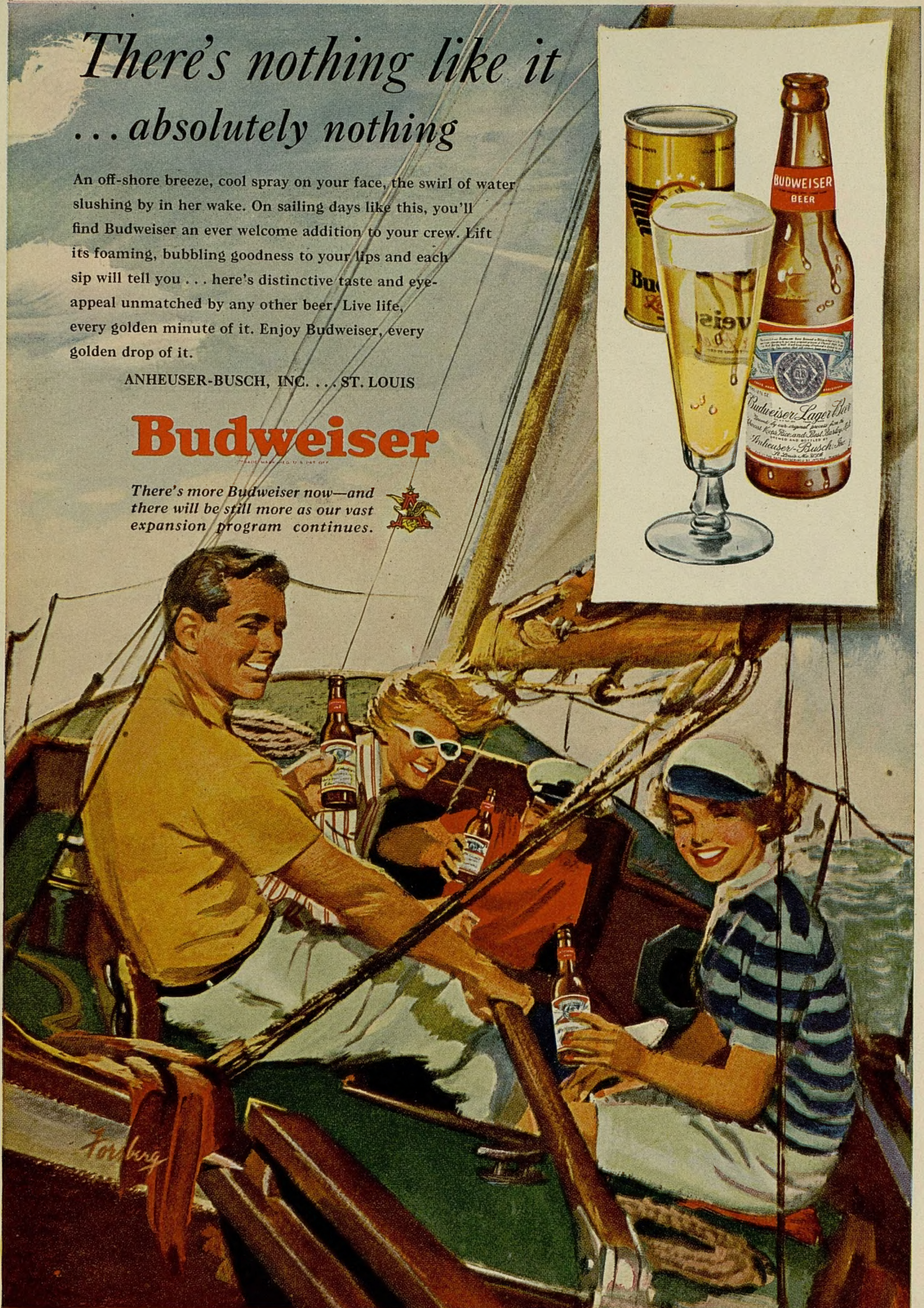
20¢

JUNE, 1949

Ex-G. I.s! WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY

Warning To Americans By **Gene Tunney**

How Jane Russell Got That Way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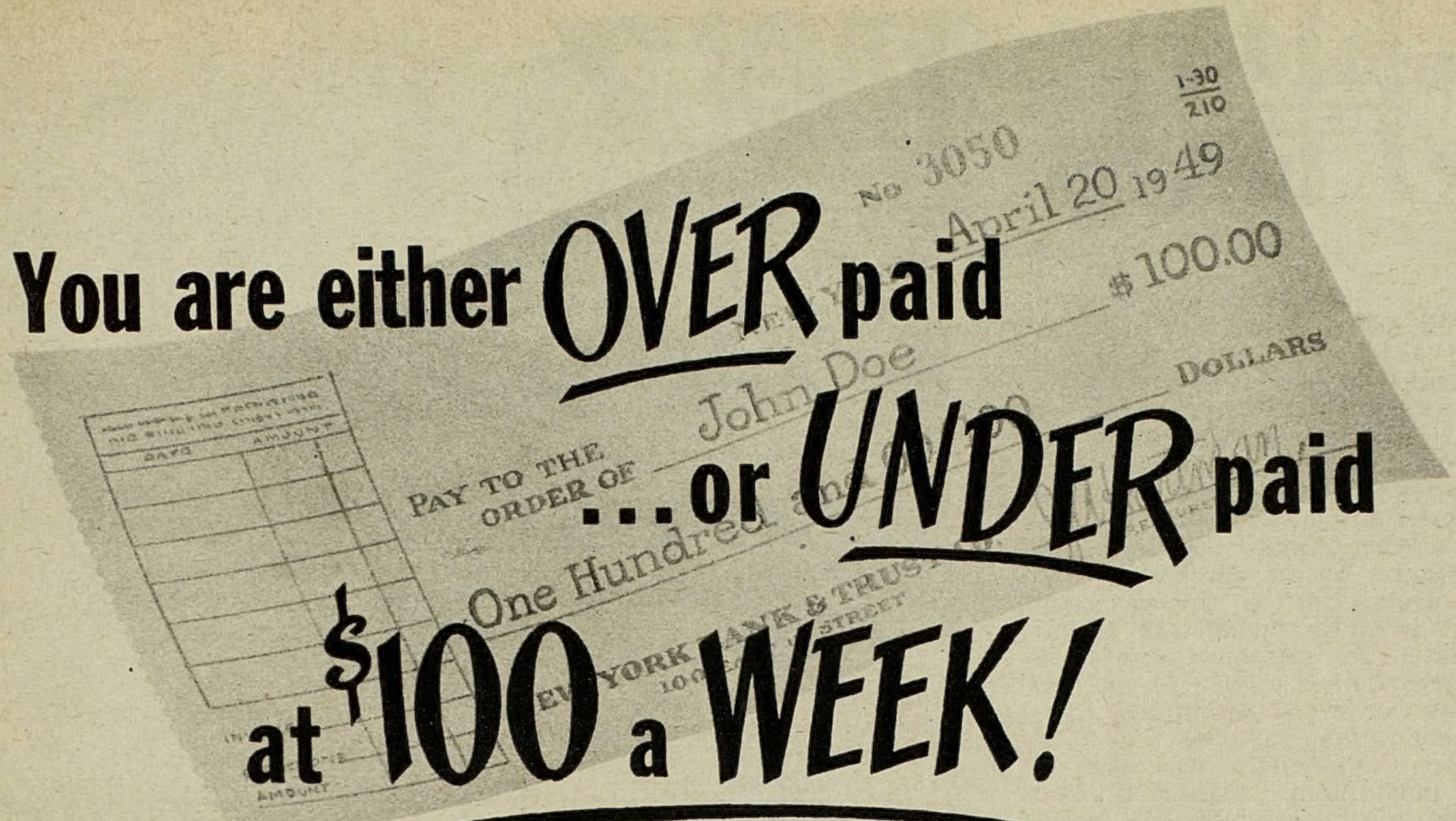

You are either OVER paid ...or UNDER paid at $100 a WEEK!

IF you are earning about $5,000 a year, you have reached the most *critical* stage of your business career.

Few men are paid that amount unless they are *potentially worth $10,000.*

It means someone above you thinks you are capable of making at least twice your present salary. But *you* have to prove it!

Five thousand dollars is not a terminal — a man goes on or back. Clerks can be hired for less; executives can demand more.

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Here, briefly, is the Institute's function: It stimulates your desire to forge ahead, awakens hidden abilities, supplies the training and knowledge every executive must have. It shows you, by practical examples, the methods and procedures followed by management. It enables you to *bridge the gap between your present job and the one above.*

Don't misunderstand. The Institute works no miracles, opens no magic portals to quick and easy success; it will *not* double your income within a few months. Nor will it make corporation presidents of men who are clerks at heart.

But to the man who seeks a sound and realistic program to speed up his progress in business, the Institute's Modern Business Course and Service is ideal. Ideal because it fits the new concept of management, prepares men to handle the *larger* opportunities of business.

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So far as it has been possible to do so, the Institute's executive training plan has been outlined and described in an interesting booklet titled "Forging Ahead in Business."

There is no charge for this little book because it is worth only what *you* make it worth. Some men glance through it and toss it aside; others have found a fortune in its pages. It is a serious book about a serious subject; as such, it holds nothing for the merely curious.

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

◆ One of the few disadvantages of being an editor is that we must constantly send other people to places we would like to go ourselves. The handling of dream assignments calls for stern self-discipline. For example, when it was decided that Liberty would send a writer around the world to have a look at overseas areas where Yank troops were once stationed, we did our best to persuade ourselves that this was a trip only an editor should take. Unfortunately for us, there were those better qualified to view former war areas. Our own contributor Ed Cunningham, for example.

Mr. Cunningham was one of the outstanding reporters of that sprightly and enterprising GI weekly, "Yank" (headed up, incidentally, by the publisher of Liberty, Colonel Forsberg).

Ed covered the Air Transport Command's operations over the Hump, General Stilwell's campaign in north Burma, and the combined British-United States airborne invasion of Burma. In the fall of 1944, he joined the First Army just before the Battle of the Bulge. He covered the Rhine crossing, the Remagen bridgehead, the fall of Cologne, and the drive across eastern Germany to the final link-up with the Russians at the Elbe River. On V-E Day he was with the U. S. First Infantry Division in Czechoslovakia.

The photographer selected to accompany Ed was George "Slim" Aarons, who joined "Yank" just after it was established. He joined the British Eighth Army under General Montgomery on its drive from El Alamein to Tunis, made the invasion landing at Anzio, and was with the Fifth Army on its drive to Cassino and the liberation of Rome. He also made the invasion landing in southern France with the U. S. Seventh Army, and was with that unit until it linked with Patton's Third Army. Since the war he has free-lanced for many U. S. magazines.

◆ Liberty receives an average of 20,000 manuscripts a month from writers both known and unknown.

In view of this wide interest in writing for publication, it may be appropriate to give our writer-readers a few pointers. Don't believe the old wheeze that only established writers "get read." We read everything and have rejected stories by some of the world's biggest names and accepted many stories by unknowns. It would be hypocritical to

(Continued on page 7)

Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

CONTENTS • JUNE

FRANKLIN S. FORSBERG, Publisher; **DAVID BROWN**, Editor

Lee Pasquin, Managing Editor; **J. Walter Flynn**, Art Director
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Ed Cunningham, Europe and the Orient

ARTICLES

YOU CAN'T BE A CHAMPION ON A 30-HOUR WEEK 11
Gene Tunney
WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY 12
Ed Cunningham
THE HUSHED-UP TRUTH ABOUT EVA PERÓN 18
Steven Casey Williams
HOLLYWOOD'S MOST FAMOUS FATHER 22
HOW JANE RUSSELL GOT THAT WAY 28
Elizabeth Wilson
I PAID TO MEET A MAN 30
Pauline Reynard
A HAIR-RAISING STORY 34
Milton Cronenberg

STORIES

THE LAMP 16
Arthur Mayse
THE BIG ROOM UP FRONT—Short Story 20
William Saroyan
THE TROUT, NO DOUBT 24
Ruth Lamson
THE BULL ON MRS. BUSBY'S CUFF 26
Lucy Salamanca
FRIDAY FOR DEATH—Conclusion 32
Lawrence Lariar

HOME

ANYONE CAN HAVE A GARDEN, 35; LIVE ON THE PORCH THIS SUMMER, 37; PORCH SUPPERS FOR ALL THE FAMILY, 38; NEW SCREENS THIS SUMMER, 40; DECORATING, 41; SEW IT WITH A HAMMER, 42

PASTIME

DESERT HONEYMOON 49

BOOK CONDENSATION

SHANNON'S WAY—Part II, Conclusion 83

FEATURES

CROSSWORD PUZZLE 6
WASHINGTON 8
Stacy V. Jones
VOX POP 8
SHORT CUTS 44
Nanette Kutner
SHOPPING 45
Eileen Burke
MOVIE REVIEWS 52
Elizabeth Wilson
SHANANAGRAMS 66

COVER

Photo by Gene Erbit

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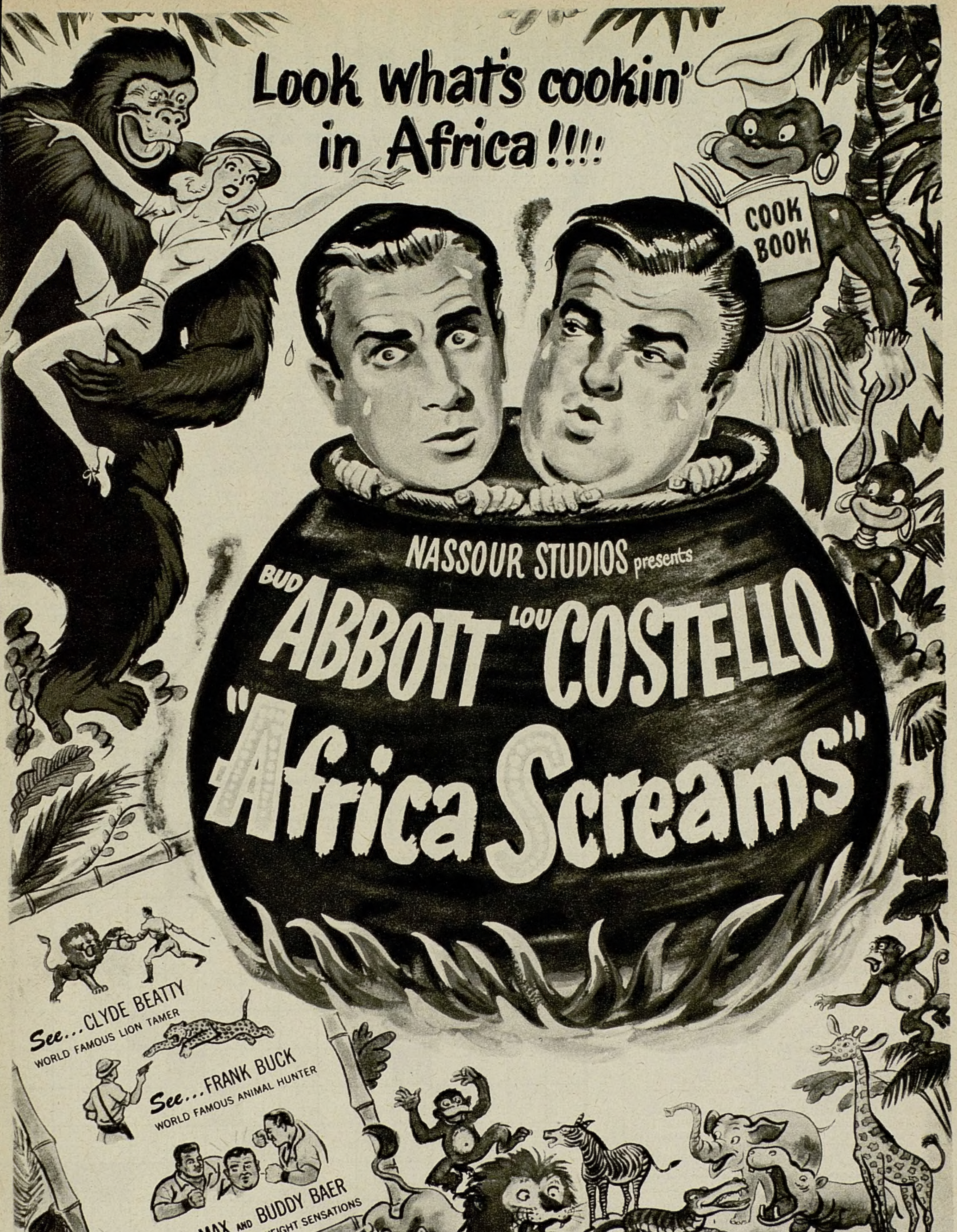
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One aspirant has interesting ideas—and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination, but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack—yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior, in each case, success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided—incomplete. It needs rounding out.

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Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 You can start making millions here
4 This bird leads a stuffy life among the deadly has-beens
14 Hop juice
15 This rounder has its ups and downs on the amusement circuit
16 Lac where Jacques 'e sail lak hail
17 Double-talking member of the original Pyramid clubbers
19 What the Sin Man ain't
20 Terrible expression to use on hitting thumb with hammer
21 What Mars does when red
23 Thunk in the Southwest
25 Gets a bang out of
26 Sees drawkcab
27 Hundreds of glittering little faces
30 Oriental hamburgeriser
33 Little things running around little heads
34 Porticos (Gr.)
35 Gal
36 A small connection with a big chain
37 His laughing exterior hides a busted heart
38 Pickemup—layemdown; pickemup—layemdown ad infinitum
39 Tie, all twisted up
40 Suffers a gastric distoibance in Brookalyn
41 Tires. need changing
42 Old World members of the Crane family
44 Flattest things about modern Americans
45 That ill woodwind nobody blows good
46 Brookalyn creature of fancy (fem.)
47 Usual state of the hired man
50 They were built by 2,000,000 people contributing a rock apiece
54 Fruit factory
55 Mickey Finnlands
57 Ash dust
58 Dadburn—medievally speaking
59 Homes of the Boston Braves, according to Dopey Dinah
61 World's most depressing letters (abbr.)
62 Car Mr. Whiplash of the Whiplash Finance Co. drives
63 What bay windows do after 60

VERTICAL

1 Nowadays she demands *your* references
2 Ste. Koch, the B. of Buchenwald
3 Horse collars popular in Hawaii
4 Theoduddy—Fuffaduddy (abbr.)
5 Whose tales had a most fabulous ending?
6 They tell the story of Inside John Gunther
7 Two-eyed flower
8 Chief product of a boi factory
9 Dictated but not red
10 Perfectly poisonous people
11 Not quite dictated, but not quite red
12 After horsing around, got a little colt
13 This is rare in a 35-cen steak dinner
18 Watermark of a cheap fabrication (can be yellow)
22 Snobnoxious bipeds
24 Feathers in her cap
26 Poor men's Caronias
27 You-all yatatata, or the chant of the Dixiecrat
28 Tata to Fifi, Mimi, and Ulala
29 Coins (obs.)
30 What the organist uses t go on with
31 After the A-bomb war, people'll wear these
32 One of the prettiest turned things on Vth Avenue
34 Admonition to Kelly
37 What queens have on their minds
38 Multiple love nests
40 He's making a big hit i heaven
41 Ogre's house cat
43 This town's got a poin (sharp, eh?)
44 Most grammatical Hindu
46 What the electrician doe at 6 P.M.
48 That springy feeling
49 What you do from tabl after eating frogs' legs
50 Two-legged wows! (masc.)
51 Electricians have them i the fire
52 La Dumba
53 Mobile hatrack
56 Isn't she a little ruff?
60 Shane's Done (abbr.)

C	H	E	W	I	N	G	G	U	M	■	B	A	A	S
R	O	M	A	N	■	N	O	R	A	■	R	I	P	E
A	M	O	N	G	■	A	L	A	N	■	I	D	E	S
M	E	T	E	R	■	T	I	L	E	■	M	A	S	T
■	R	E	S	I	N	■	A	S	S	T	S	■	■	E
■	■	■	■	D	I	R	T	■	■	U	T	T	E	R
T	R	U	E	■	L	A	H	R	■	B	O	R	I	C
H	U	R	D	L	E	S	■	E	N	S	N	A	R	E
I	S	S	U	E	■	P	A	N	E	■	E	Y	E	S
R	E	A	C	H	■	■	N	O	A	H	■	■	■	■
D	■	■	A	R	G	O	T	■	T	U	L	S	A	■
B	O	A	T	■	A	R	E	S	■	N	A	T	U	S
A	L	T	O	■	W	I	N	E	■	G	U	I	D	E
S	E	E	R	■	P	O	N	E	■	E	R	N	I	E
E	O	N	S	■	S	N	A	P	D	R	A	G	O	N

May Answer

1	2	3	■	4	5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14			■	15						■	16			
17			18	■	19					■	20			
21				22				■	23	24				
■	■	■	25				■	26				■	■	
27	28	29				■	30					31	32	
33					■	34					■	35		
36				■	37					■	38			
39			■	40					■	41				
42			43					■	44					
	■	■	45				■	46				■	■	■
47	48	49				■	50					51	52	53
54				■	55	56				■	57			
58				■	59					60	■	61		
62											■	63		

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

(*Continued from page 4*)

suggest, however, that the majority of stories from unknowns had any literary merit whatever. Most beginners seem unwilling to make the investment in self-discipline, sweat, and straight thinking demanded by the writing craft. That is why most unknowns are destined to remain unknown.

A few, however, *will* achieve recognition. A few always do—in every field. They will patiently learn the fundamentals of the craft. This means, first, learning how to use the tools—English words. These are good tools, having served Shakespeare and Keats in good stead. They will also read classic practitioners of prose—Dickens, Thackeray, Poe. They will study the modern masters—Sinclair Lewis, Ring Lardner, Churchill and Maugham.

Reading alone, however, will not suffice. They must learn by writing—not for print, but for the exercise of composition. There are many excellent courses available to prospective writers. Many authors and editors disparage these courses on the theory that writers are born and not made. We believe this to be nonsense. Any course that makes would-be writers write critically is bound to have value. George Bernard Shaw, one of the greatest living writers, wrote long years for his own edification only, and did not sell a word until he was 39 years old.

◆ The July Liberty packs a Sunday punch—beginning a new and thrilling serial by Octavus Roy Cohen entitled A BULLET FOR MY LOVE. You won't want to miss this story of Valerie, the girl at the dice table who looked like dynamite—scantily clad. You won't want to miss, either, John Gunther's poignant short story, LITTLE ANIMAL. How far should a wife go to please her husband's boss? Gunther's story will give you the interesting answer. How do you get a becoming sun tan safely and effectively? You'll find the latest medical dope in July Liberty. On the political side you'll want to read Senator William Langer's startling piece, HOW MANY RELATIVES ON YOUR CONGRESSMAN'S PAYROLL? There'll be red faces on Capitol Hill. Ed Cunningham writes the second in his series on overseas theaters five years after D Day. This time he covers the Continent. The July book condensation is Harold Sherman's inspiring YOU LIVE AFTER DEATH. Which kind of women do you prefer—thin ones or buxom lassies? Leigh Quackenbush sounds off with some provocative observations about the present trend of feminine beauty. In addition to this meaty content, there are the Liberty Home and Pastime departments filled with interesting ways to make your life a better and happier one. July Liberty will be on sale about June 20. Hope to have you all with us at that time.—*D. B.*

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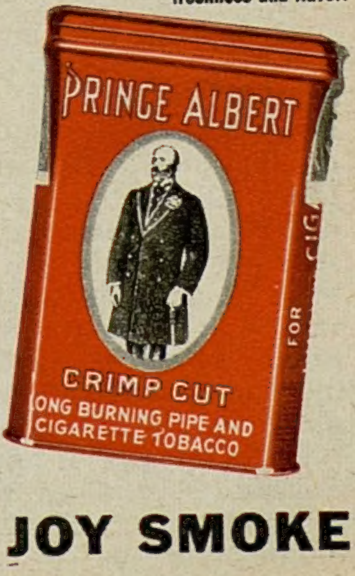


"P.A. IS 'WAY AHEAD FOR MAKING GRAND-TASTING CIGARETTES, TOO!"

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Liberty WASHINGTON

BY STACY V. JONES

TRAVEL Your government is trying to promote travel and make it easier and cheaper for you and me. The Department of the Interior has revived its U. S. Travel Division after a wartime lapse, and the Department of Commerce has set up a Travel Branch devoted to encouraging trips abroad.

They supply general information but don't make reservations or sell tickets. Usually a local travel agent can tell you pretty much what you want to know without charge. If he can't, here's how:

United States: Put your question to U. S. Travel Division, Interior Department, Washington 25, D. C. The division may answer you directly, or refer your letter to an agency.

Abroad: Ask the Travel Branch, Commerce Department, Washington 25, D. C., or one of the 56 field offices of the Commerce Department. They can explain our own and foreign countries' requirements on passports, visas, health certificates and customs duties, including the regulations on "compassionate visits" to relatives in Germany.

South of the border: You can also obtain from the Travel Division of the Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C., information on Latin-American entry, exit, and sojourn requirements, hotels, fiestas, and travel conditions generally.

CENSUS JOBS You may want one of the 182,000 temporary federal jobs to be dispensed next year in connection with the 1950 decennial census of population and agriculture.

The field jobs, of which there will be about 165,000, are on a political patronage basis. The word in political circles is that it's desirable to be able to read and write, but it's more important to be a Deserving Democrat.

The Census Bureau has a regular departmental staff of about 2,800 persons, selected on a competitive basis through the Civil Service Commission, who work in three large buildings set down in the fields of Suitland, Maryland, just outside Washington. This staff will be built up to about 12,700 by temporary appointments from the Civil Service list, or by the Census Bureau itself on a similar competitive basis after the Civil Service list runs out.

No patronage is involved in the Suitland jobs. They will mostly go to residents of the District of Columbia and near-by Maryland and Virginia, as they aren't good enough or of great enough duration to attract people from a distance.

Census has in the field a permanent force of 13 area supervisors and their assistants. For the decennial census about 500 district offices will be opened, each with a supervisor and a force of crew chiefs and enumerators. There are to be 151,000 enumerators alone. These temporary field jobs are the ones the politicians expect to award.

A district supervisor or crew chief will receive from $11.44 to $17.22 a day (the latter in the large cities), and his job will last from four to six months.

An enumerator's wages will probably be based on a "piece price" per name or per farm, set so that his total earnings will approximate the rates for temporary part-time clerical workers in the vicinity. Jobs will run for from two to four months, beginning late in March.

Applications for positions as district supervisors and crew chiefs will be received about November of this year and may be addressed to Chief, Personnel Division, Bureau of the Census, Washington 25, D. C.

Enumerator job applications will probably be accepted beginning in January.

The thing to remember is to attach at least one strong Democratic letter to your application.

THE THREE R'S Four million children, aged 5 to 17, are not in school for one reason or another, and if your child is among them, you or PTA may be interested in some recent publications of the Office of Education.

Half the absent four million are of kindergarten age. Both teachers and facilities are still in short supply, and the general dislocation makes co-operation between school and home particularly necessary. A handbook called Working with Parents (15 cents), although written primarily for teachers, tells fathers and mothers how they can help. Other handbooks are Fourteen Questions on Elementary School Organization (10 cents), and Crippled Children in School (15 cents). Those mentioned deal with the eighth grade and below; but there is also Broadening the Services of Small High Schools (15 cents). For all these handbooks, address Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C. ◆ ◆

Liberty VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

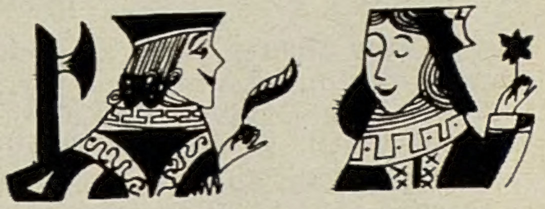
One Guess

LUBBOCK, TEXAS — True enough John Wayne "wins . . . a king's ransom in gold" at the end of Wake of the Red Witch (reviewed in April). But my guess is that he'll have a tough time spending any of it down there several hundred feet below the ocean's surface—especially since his airline to the "mother" diving ship above has been severed!

And if he ever won the hand of Gail Russell in the picture, then I'd better see it again, for I came out under the impression she married the character portrayed by Luther Adler, and stayed married to him unto death.—*C. R. Hutcheson.*

Oh, Tricks Are Tricky

WYMORE, NEBR.—In the card trick, Number Jumble (April, page 52), it is stated that the cards are arranged (bottom) 3, 8, 7, ace, queen, 6, 4, 2, jack, king, 10, 9, 5. When you



work it out the queen turns up in the incorrect place. It should be stated (bottom) 3, 8, 7, ace, jack, 6, 4, 2, queen, king, 10, 9, 5. The queen and the jack are turned around.—*Bob Eisenhauer.*

We Click in Texas

HARTLEY, TEXAS—The "much bigger" Liberty is a great improvement, and I'm especially elated over the book condensation, which I have been missing. Continue your good work to give us more and better reading.—*Burma Taylor.*

Good Screaming

LUTHERVILLE, MD.—As one who has got many a chuckle from Lariar's cartoons, I was much interested to see that he is also a "who done it" writer. And a very good one if Friday for Death is a fair sample.

Mr. Lariar is apparently a very versatile guy. He can make you scream with laughter or just plain scream.—*Walt Farmer.*

We Hope So

OMAHA, NEBR.—We of the Berean Bible Class of Covenant Presbyterian Church, Omaha, Nebraska, wish to commend you for printing

How to Draw Illustrations
DRAWING the HUMAN FIGURE
CARTOONING MADE EASY
FUN IN ART
ANIMATED CARTOONS
BREAKING INTO PROFESSIONAL ART
Practical Guide To Lettering
ADVERTISING ART
Elements of
Color in Art
HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE!
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HANDS
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edited by ALAN D. BOGORAD
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"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY"

Long before Christ came upon the earth, men were resorting to prayer for divine help.

The people of Israel, we know, realized the power of prayer and prayed often in appeal for God's blessing or in gratitude for His favors. Almost every one instinctively feels the need for prayer in time of danger and emergency.

Many people, unfortunately, do not know how to pray properly. Even the Apostles, watching as Jesus prayed, became conscious for the first time of the mighty power of a proper prayer. They could see on the Savior's face as He prayed, the reflection of a great inner peace and refreshment.

So they said to Jesus: "Lord, teach us to pray."

And Christ replied: "Pray thus . . . Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

"Give us this day our daily bread.

"And forgive us our debts as we also forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The words of the "Lord's Prayer" are enshrined, of course, in the hearts of Christians everywhere. And yet Christ, in giving us this most beautiful prayer of all, did not tell us to "Pray *this.*" He said: "Pray *thus.*"

He meant that we must pray with the realization that God is truly our Father . . . that His Name is to be revered as no other . . . that His Will is to be done here and hereafter . . . that we are to be truly sorry for our injustices to others, and forgive those who injure us . . . and that we are to avoid sin.

People who question the value of prayer usually say they have tried it and "it didn't work." They mean by this, of course, that God did not grant the things for which they prayed. A better understanding of proper prayer would make clear to them that petition for God's favor is only one kind of prayer . . . and that God does not grant every favor which we may want or think we need.

Proper prayer is not merely a petition for blessings, but also an expression of our love, our devotion and our gratitude to God . . . a declaration of our acceptance of God as our Father . . . a submission of our wishes and our will to the wishes and the Will of God.

Every day . . . in every land and every tongue . . . a mighty chorus of prayer rises from the hearts of Catholics to honor God — to implore His blessing — to pay Him grateful thanks. For the Church teaches . . . and Catholics know . . . that there is no power in the hands of men so great as the power of prayer.

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the article Why I Know There Is a God, by Fulton Oursler (March). Your magazine is widely read, and we are sure this article will reach many unbelievers. Can't we have more articles of this caliber?—*Mrs. Carl Larson, Secretary.*

Upping the Figures

NEWARK, N. J.—In How to Buy a Lot (April), Ed Cunningham makes certain unqualified statements as follows: "Usual cost of a title search is about $25," and of a survey $15 to $25.

In New Jersey it is safe to say the average cost of making a title search complete on the average home is $150, and the average cost of a location survey for the same purpose is $30.

I'm quite certain there are very few states in the country where the above estimates would be less.—*Gondolfo Rizzo.*

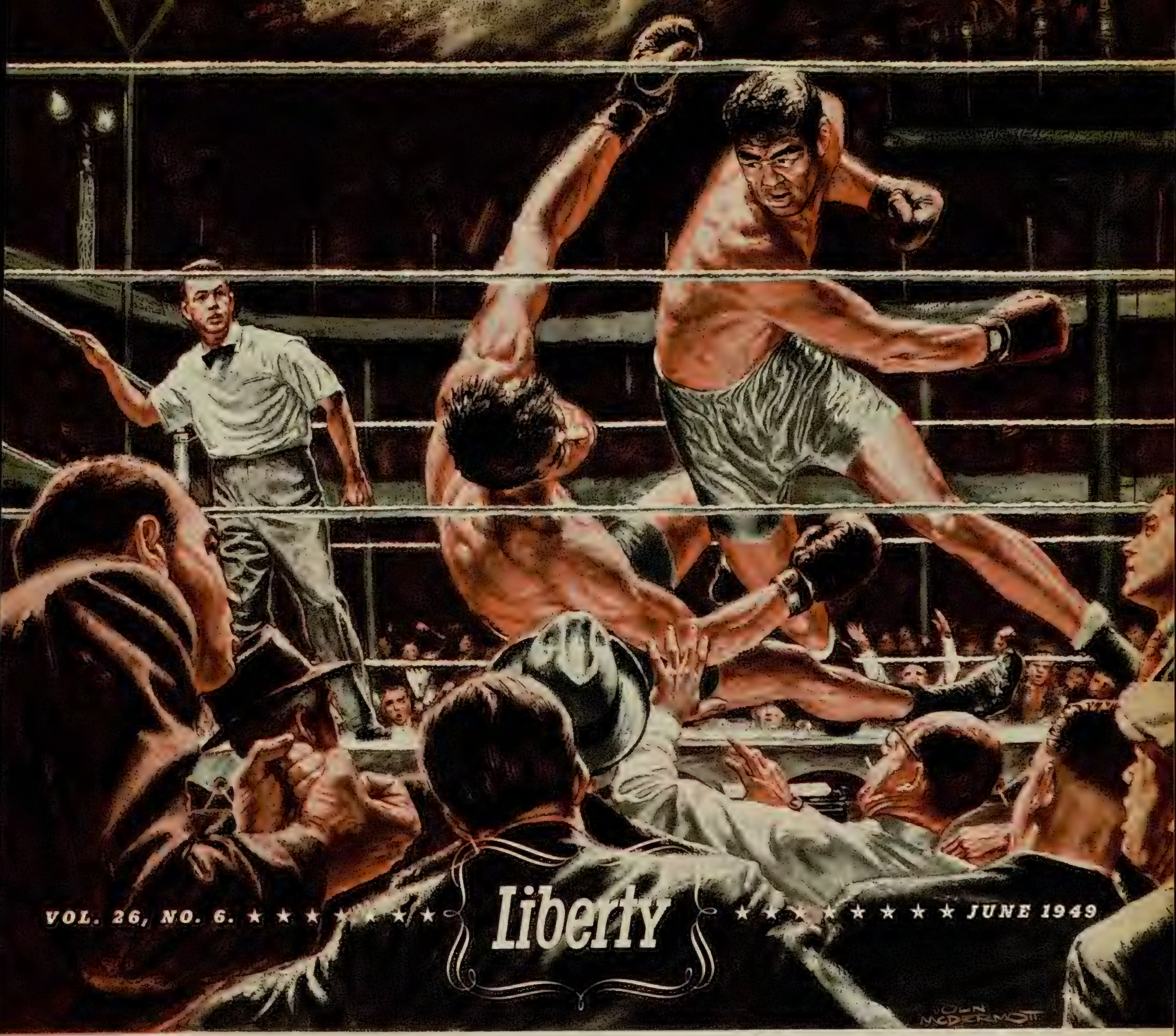
No Wonder

FLORA VISTA, N. M.—I wonder if anyone would tell me if it is O.K. for a President of the United States who holds the rank of an officer in the army to use his influence to gain further promotion, and if you think President Truman will try to make himself into a general while he is in office.—*Delmar Morrow.*

Our President already has the rank of Commander in Chief of the armed forces — remember? — VOX POP EDITOR.

Tsk! Tsk!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your story, Bar of the Cyclone (March), is a good account of what seagoing sailors have seen take place, though seldom with the sinking of the vessel. For the mate leaving the bridge several times without an officer to relieve his command is as serious an offense as the overloading. Give us more, but have Mr. Podolin watch for the fine points such as when a lifeboat is water borne the falls automatically become disengaged. We know skippers get drunk at sea, but don't tell the world.—*C. S. Smith, Captain, U.S.M.M.*


VOL. 26, NO. 6. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Liberty ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ JUNE 1949

Dempsey-Firpo Fight—Painting by John McDermott

You can't be a champion On a 30-hour week

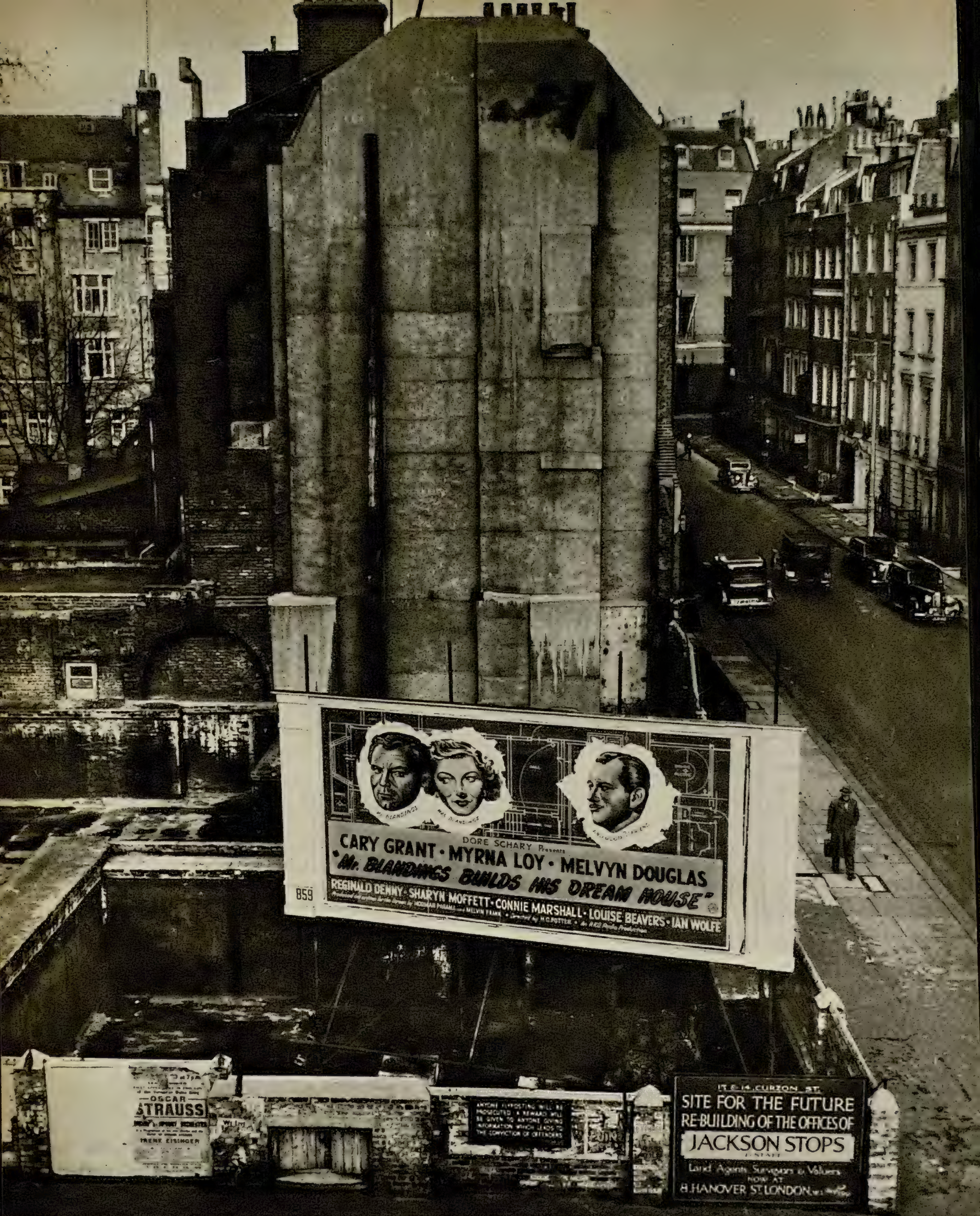
By GENE TUNNEY

An undefeated champion, taking a penetrating look at American youth, tells how Uncle Sam can avoid taking the count and remain on top

READING TIME 22 MINUTES The crowd roars as the championship fight begins. The two men in the ring have begun a contest of endurance, strength, and wits. And heaven help the fighter who thought he could train for such a match on a 30-hour week! He would learn, too late, that you can't be a champion on a time-clock basis or on a five-day week.

To prepare for a championship bout means months of grueling work. There can be no distraction, save a movie or pinochle. The man in training submits to this voluntarily, because he wants to be the champ, a title, an honor, that goes to the best of his class. This is true, be it boxing or business or any one of the 3,500-odd jobs that are available to any American today.

The title "champ" carries with it more than physical superiority. It gives the bearer (*Continued on page* 70)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Slim Aarons—Pix

THERE'S IRONY IN THIS SCENE of a blitzed London building site with a signboard advertising Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House. Many bombed-out sites are now used as parking lots. Signs point the way to "Bombed Out Parking Sites."

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY

In this, the first of a series of picture stories telling what those wartime haunts and battlefields look like now, a former "Yank" writer and photographer take you back to Britain

By ED CUNNINGHAM

READING TIME 19 MINUTES At Weymouth, they marched along the Esplanade, past the Jubilee Clock and Alexandra Gardens, down to the quay where the LSTs were waiting. Across the bay, at Portland, they rode in lorries down Cadet Road to the U. S. Navy-constructed concrete beaches. Farther down the Channel coast, at Plymouth, some marched along Vicarage Road to the invasion craft anchored in the Tamar River; others boarded vessels within view of the Pilgrim Fathers' memorial where, 324 years before, their ancestors had embarked on an earlier crusade for liberty.

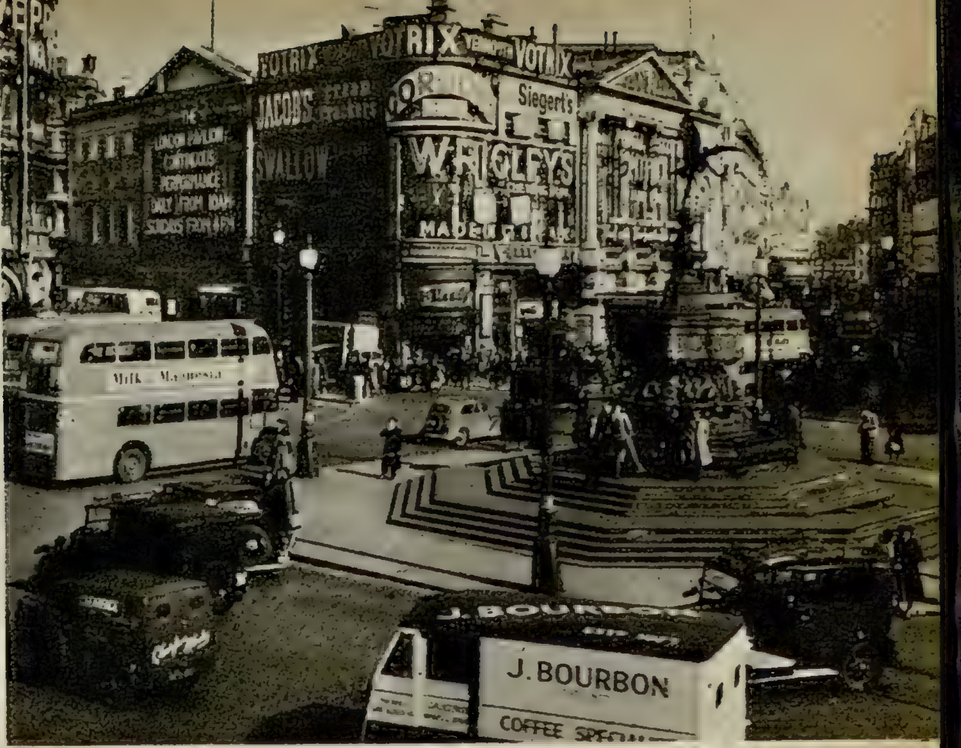
But whether at Weymouth, Portland, or Plymouth, they were the same serious, purposeful men—in the same olive-drab uniforms, with the same camouflaged netted helmets, the same bandoliers of M-1 ammunition, the same hand grenades strung across their chests. They knew, too, that their destination was the same.

Before them was Normandy—and history. Behind them, England—and memories.

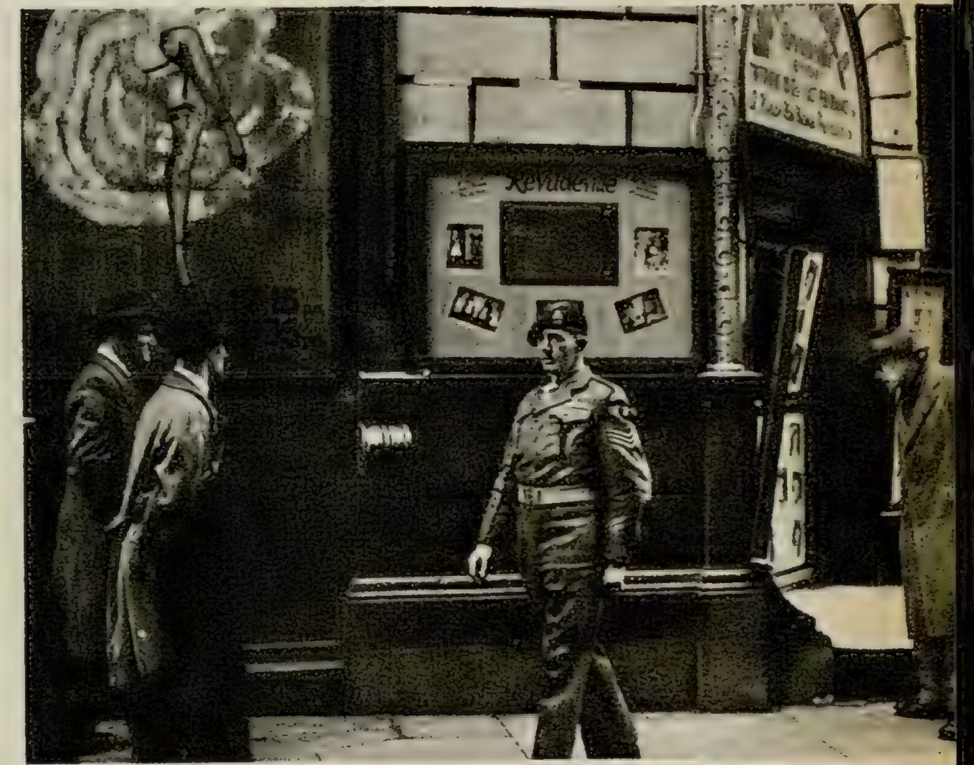
◆

Like ancient Gaul, war-born memories are divided into three parts. First are the kind you like to remember—the girl you met at the Red Cross dance in Winchester, or your first 48-hour leave in London, maybe even the vesper bells of a village church in East Anglia. Next are the kind you want to forget—the terrifying wail of a German 88,

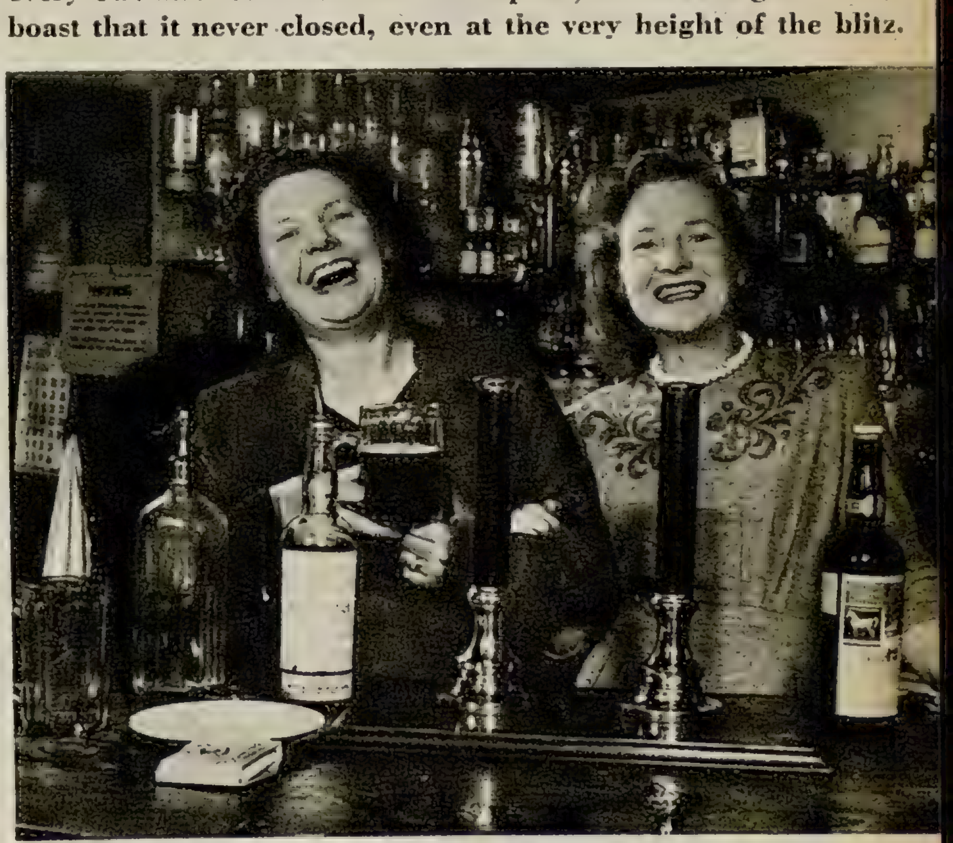
Coming: Next month Ed Cunningham and Slim Aarons cross the channel to bring you glimpses of life today on the continent—places and faces close to hundreds of thousands of ex-G. I.'s who were there. Don't miss this memory-provoking story in the July issue of Liberty.



PICCADILLY CIRCUS is probably the most familiar sight to the Americans who spent wartime leaves in London. Statue of Eros was unknown to G.I.s. It was boarded up against bombs.



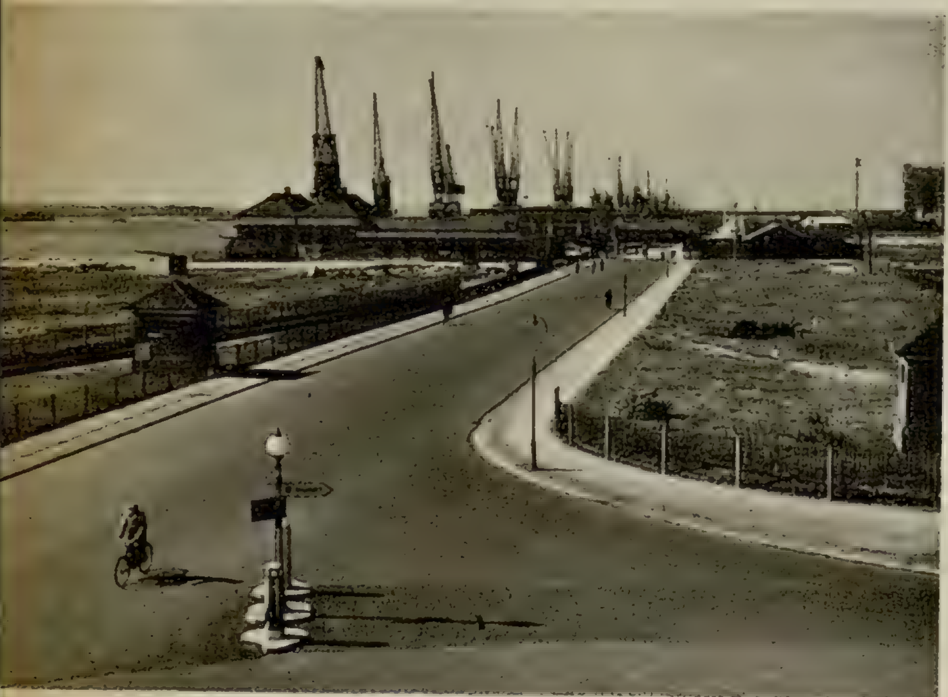
WINDMILL THEATER, London, a burlesque house known to every G.I. who visited the British capital, still makes good on its boast that it never closed, even at the very height of the blitz.



"HELLO, TO ALL OUR YANK FRIENDS," is what Ethel (left) and Lilly, barmaids at the Eagle Hotel, Cambridge, are saying. The Eagle was known to thousands of U. S. airmen in the war.

THE ACK-ACK BATTERIES and the motor pool are gone from the park on Grosvenor Square. In their stead are the statue of Franklin D. Roosevelt and some well-tended flower gardens.

A SQUATTERS' CAMP occupies the former headquarters of Southampton's port of embarkation. The sign is about to fall. Note Nissen hut and appreciation plaque inside entrance.



ONCE THE WORLD'S BUSIEST ROAD with a jam of war vehicles en route to the European front and ships three deep at the piers, this Southampton street now seems like a side street.

WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY

Continued

or the split-second eternity of a head-on pass by an ME-190. The third are the kind you no longer give a damn about, like KP on Christmas Day.

This is the story about the memories you like to nurse. About people and places in England today, five years after D Day. Naturally, there is only one place to start it—Piccadilly Circus. Piccadilly claims to be the hub of the British Empire. It was better known to 1,500,000 United Kingdom-based American soldiers, sailors, and airmen as "the G.I. beachhead in England."

Piccadilly is still concentrated merriment, but with a few postwar flourishes surprising to wartime visitors. Its lights, second only to Times Square, are on again after six years of wartime blackout and four years peacetime dimout. They came back last April 2, and Londoners celebrated it as another welcome relief from their postwar "austerity era." Reigning over the merriment was a figure known but unseen by most G.I.s—Eros. His statue, in the middle of the square, was boarded up during the war years.

There is one restraining note, however. The Windmill Theater, burlesque house which provides its patrons with everything from strip-tease to Shakespeare, has banned the use of opera glasses. Lobby signs warn: "No additional aid to vision is permitted." From now on, if you want the benefits of "bald-head" row, you pay for it.

Rainbow Corner, just off the Circus and World War II's most famous Red Cross club, is now a milk bar. For one shilling and sixpence (30 cents) you can get an epicurean memorial to your G.I. days in London, modestly called "Rainbow Glory." Its successive and rather vivid layers of ice cream, jelly, strawberries, and whipped cream make it look a little like the July 4 special at the corner drugstore. Second floor of Rainbow Corner, once the club lounge, is now occupied by the Ontario Immigration Office.

◆ Lyon's Corner House and Brasseries Universelle, where you never griped about sweating out a queue, knowing it meant a non-G.I. meal, are still crowded. But times have changed. The Universelle menu now lists "Spam, sauerkraut, and Vienna sausage." The charge: two shillings and ninepence. They also serve Brussels sprouts. Remember?

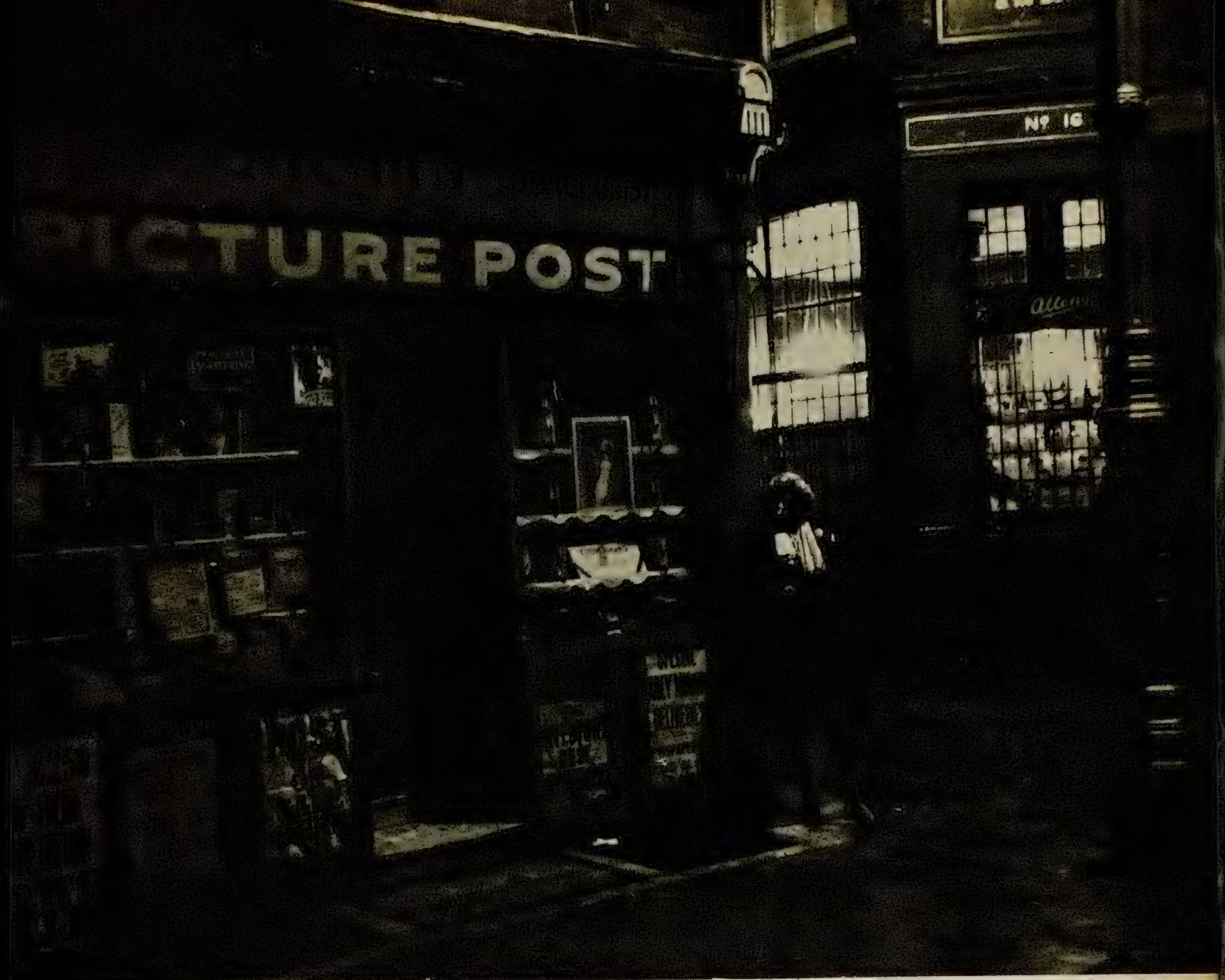
Waiters at Monico's, the Trocadero, and other Piccadilly dining spots say the tips are much smaller since the American exodus. That is seconded by Mick and Mike, the hurdy-gurdy comics who entertained G.I. theater queues with a tap-dance accompaniment to Swanee River. Mick ruefully admits "The shilling days are gone since the Yanks left; it's a tuppence we get now."

End of the blackout and increased vigilance by London's bobbies forced Piccadilly's famed Commandos to find a market place in darker streets near by. But "Hello, darling" is still a standard greeting in Lisle Street or Shepherd's Alley. Asking price these nights is 30 bob (six dollars) compared to wartime's five pounds (twenty dollars) and up. Some of the current trollops are postwar practitioners. One, an ex-defense-plant worker, insists she was engaged to an American corporal. He was killed in a plane crash after the war.

"Is Philadelphia a pretty town?" she asks. "That's where he came from. Maybe," she added reflectively, "I'd be in Philadelphia today if he hadn't been killed."

Maybe she would, too.

Your first few days back in England are a kaleidoscopic maze of fleeting impressions and old memories. Barrage balloons and sandbags are gone, most of the air-raid shelters, too. . . . Store windows you can see through, with familiar brand-name soups, cereals, canned goods. . . . Street-corner fruit wagons displaying oranges, apples, lemons, grapes. . . . Clean tablecloths in restaurants, but no napkins. . . . Street phone booths, bright red. . . . Electric meter heaters in hotel (*Continued on page 81*)



SHEPHERD'S MARKET, one of London's oldest sections, was better known to G.I.s as the market place for practitioners of the oldest profession. It still is. This girl, who readily consented to be photographed, insisted she is known as "Lilly of the Lamp Lights."

AMERICAN CREAM SODAS

WINCHESTER RANGE

SHUTTERED soda-pop stand is evidence that the G.I. tide has ebbed from near what was once former Rainbow Corner.

ONLY TWO G.I. photos (bottom left) and a lone U. S. sailor (center right) remain on display on this arcade's photo "While-U-Wait" board.

"HI-YA, YANK!" was how Mick (left) and Mike, hurdy-gurdy entertainers, used to greet G.I.s, and many a coin fell to them.

A distinguished short story to warm your heart and make you better for having read it

THE LAMP

READING TIME 30 MINUTES Basswood had a wavy grain like water marks on pale yellow silk. Pine was fun to work with, except Mr. Burgess made you use a scraper instead of a plane around the knots. But walnut was different. Walnut didn't want to be sawed or scraped or turned on a lathe. The heavy dark wood fought you back, until by the end of manual-training period little shivers of tiredness ran up and down your wrists. Working with walnut you could forget all the worries outside the shop, about how tough things were at home, and the look on Mom's face when she saw your last report card, and how the principal was fixing to send you to the special school for dopey kids if you didn't pull up your socks.

O.K., Tip O'Neil thought, waiting on the basement steps for Mr. Burgess to come with the key. Let them send me. I wish they would!

At the dumb-bunny school, kids worked mostly with their hands. They weren't pestered much about English and history and that kind of junk. It would be all right with him. Only, Tip knew, it wouldn't be all right with Mom, and nobody needed to tell him how Pop would feel. Pop had said his own say in his last letter from the sanatorium. Tip carried the letter inside the notebook where he'd drawn the plans for the ship's-wheel lamp, and times like this, when there was nothing to do but wait and think, the words burned right through his shirt.

"Your Mother"—Pop always put it that way, with a capital—"writes me you're getting to be a darn good carpenter. I'm glad to hear that, Tip, only it seems like she's sort of worried about your grades. Now, I'm not bawling you out, but I want to tell you something. A man works a lot better with his hands if he knows how to use his head too."

The letter was blotted there, because Pop still got tired awful easy. When he was tired he had trouble making even a pen stick in his fingers. "So pitch in, son, and when they turn me loose and I'm home again, we'll rig us a workbench downstairs and get the biggest chest of tools you ever saw."

At the end, it said, "Ps. You don't have to be one of those Quiz Kids either. Just good enough so Mother doesn't need to alibi for you."

Making good marks sounded easy enough, the way Pop wrote it from his bed in the san, away off on the other side of the state. If he were coming home soon—for Christmas or even next year, for sure—it would be worth a try. But the doctors didn't seem able to tell Pop how long it would be till he was better, and there were all the things you couldn't write him about. Like starting fall term in the same old pants and windbreaker you wore last spring and were growing out of, and carrying your lunch while most of the kids bought theirs in the cafeteria, and having big-mouths like Pinky Keller razz you because you couldn't raise two bits for the movies every Saturday.

With worries like those on your mind, it was awful hard to pay attention in class. It was a lot easier just to pull into your shell—to sit dreaming of when you'd be sixteen and could tell the principal what you thought of him, then go out and get a job. But manual-training periods weren't like that. In the shop you didn't need to think of anything except the wood in the lathe and the tool in your hand. Mr. Burgess was different too. He never fussed or scolded or sent anyone to Mr. Cartwright's office, and even though he was strict, you knew he was a right guy.

Some teachers wouldn't have let a fifth grader tackle anything fancy like the walnut ship's-wheel lamp for Pop's Christmas present. They'd have made him pick a project off the regular list, a laundry table, or maybe an umbrella stand like the one Pinky Keller had been horsing around with since September. But Mr. Burgess had just nodded, and told him how much walnut he'd need and what it would cost, and helped him work the kinks out of his design when he brought it in next period.

The upstairs bell jangled for the end of afternoon recess, and right away Mr. Burgess stepped out of his office across the hall. Mr. Burgess was like that—exact as the steel rule that stuck slantways from the left-hand pocket of his brown drill work coat. He wore rimless glasses, and his thick black eyebrows made an almost-straight line above his nose. Mr. Burgess wasn't tall, not when you saw him beside one of the other teachers or talking with old Jacob Freidman, the kraut cabinetmaker who dropped in to visit with him every now and then. Somehow, though, Tip always thought of him as a big man, near as big as Pop.

"H'lo, Mr. Burgess," Tip said. He got up off the bottom step, and the manual-training instructor gave him a brisk nod. "What is it today, O'Neil? Gluing up?"

"Yessir," said Tip, who offered no other teacher a "sir," not even Principal Cartwright himself, except by direct command.

"Good. I'll help, if there's time."

Tip said, "I'd sooner you didn't—not with the lamp." He stumbled on, feeling his ears redden, very anxious that Mr. Burgess shouldn't get him wrong: "This job, you see, sir, it's kind of special. I got to do it all myself."

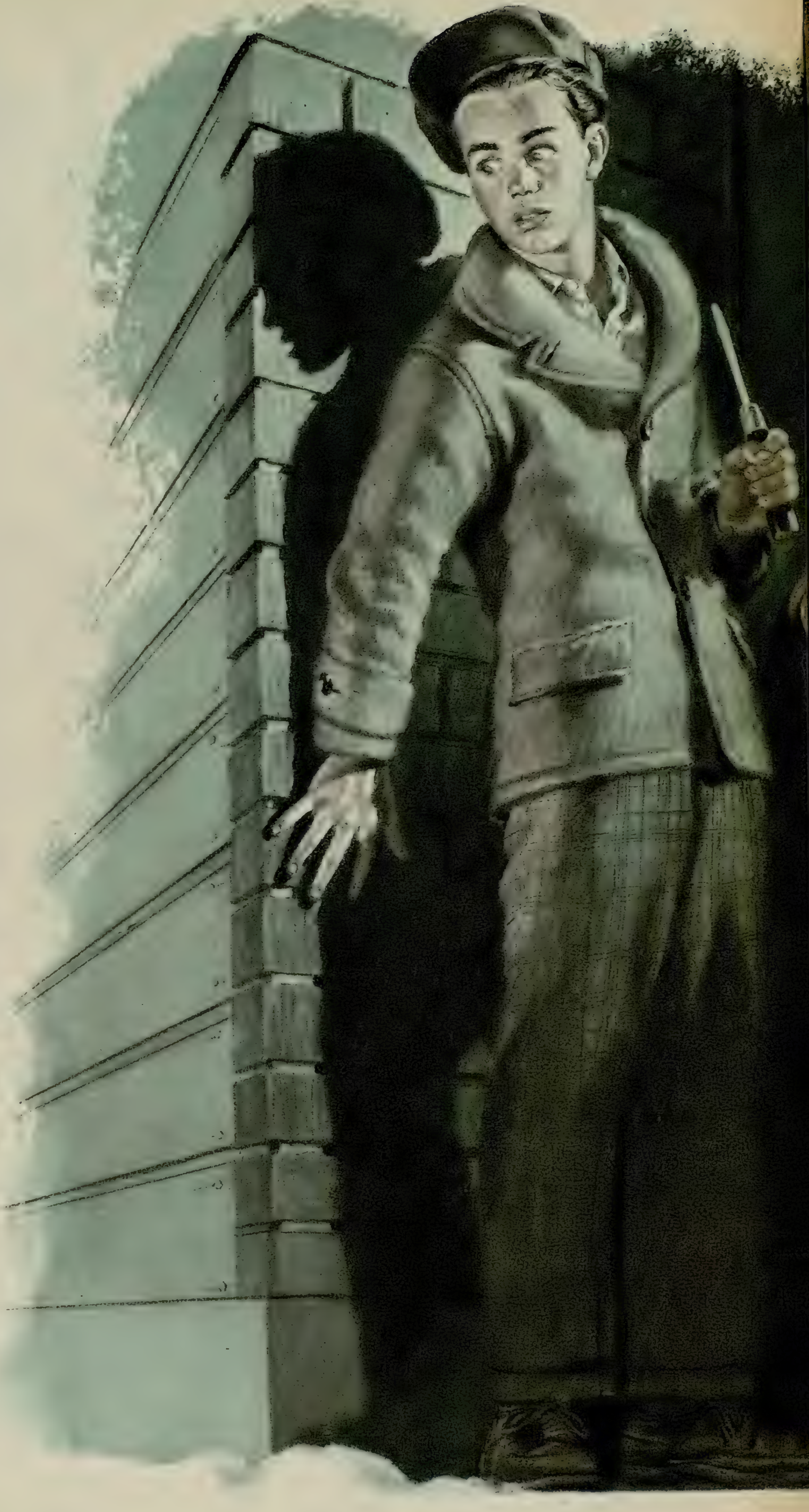
◆ The kids had started to boil in from the playground, and Mr. Burgess was turning the key in the door. "Of course," he said, and his tone told Tip he saw how it was. "The lamp's a present, isn't it? I'd forgotten for a minute." He opened the door, and there were the scarred benches and the hand tools oily sharp in their racks, and the power tools over by the windows in a gray row. "Plug along by yourself, O'Neil. You needn't even check with me unless you're in trouble."

Tip scurried for his locker, drinking the good smell of varnish and turps and new wood. As he reached the lamp parts down from the top shelf, troubles of the outside world dropped like a cloak from his shoulders. Uncording his bundle, ranging the lamp's base and shaft and wheel on his side of the bench, he didn't know that Mr. Burgess watched him with a smile that was half frown. He touched the sanded

(*Continued on page 56*)

By **ARTHUR MAYSE**

Illustrated by Harry Richard Black



It wouldn't do to run into cops. They might want to know what a kid was up to, out this late at night.

The Hushed-Up Truth About EVA PERÓN

By STEVEN CASEY WILLIAMS

Eva Perón, worshiped by millions of Argentinos, who call her Little Madonna, and hated by business men and society women, who call her by other names, is the most powerful woman of the Western Hemisphere. In the frankest report yet written, Liberty's roving reporter tells how she got that way

BUENOS AIRES (Uncensored)

READING TIME 14 MINUTES The chapel-like auditorium in Argentina's Ministry of Labor and Social Welfare was jam-packed with ragged people in whose gaunt faces hunger, awe, and adoration were projected. They huddled in silence on long benches, their eyes fixed on a door at the front of the room. Presently the door opened and 12 men entered and solemnly took places about a table that faced the benches. The door opened again.

This time a young woman of Elysian beauty, with blazing dark eyes and brilliant peroxide blonde hair, wearing a Christian Dior dinner gown and gilt shoes with 18-carat-gold buckles, swished in. With forced grace she took

Eva and Juan Perón (*above*), hands upraised in a salute. The army, up to now chief prop of the Perón regime, is said to be fed up with Eva's politicking. (*Left*) Eva in one of her dazzling party dresses. (*Below*) She acts as Lady Bountiful to the poor. She is wearing a Christian Dior creation. She tells "her people" they, too, will one day wear fine clothes if they back her. Looking on are Billy Rose (hat on knee) and Mrs. Rose. At Eva's left, his face partially obscured, is Liberty's correspondent.

a chair behind the table, then looked up and smiled.

"Viva la señora!" the people cried.

There were cheers, hand-clapping, and foot-stomping. Men stared goggle-eyed. Children made the religious sign. Women dropped hysterically to their knees, wailing, sobbing, and muttering supplications.

The recipient of this raucous devotion accepted it stoically for a time, and then, with majestic aplomb, raised a slender, well-powdered arm. Hushed order returned as if a switch had been thrown.

Maria Eva Duarte de Perón, child of peons, spouse of the President of all Argentina, and spiritual shepherdess of 16,000,000 confused souls, was onstage for another performance of the world's biggest political extravaganza.

Stacks of 50-peso bills were slipped inside a crocodile leather folder before her, and in a thick rasping voice that scarcely suited her beauty, the First Lady of Argentina commanded:

"All right, all right, let it begin!"

A name was called. An old woman, her cheeks streaked from the recent passage of tears of misery and reverence, shuffled forward. She blurted out an account of her troubles and La Señora, who knows about poverty from long and painful personal experience, listened patiently. Then she snapped out orders.

"Give this one a bed! Also food! And clean clothes! And medical care as required! Immediate attention for her! No delays!"

One of the dozen aides wrote the orders on a sheet bearing the smiling portraits of 30-year-old Mrs. Perón and her 54-year-old husband, President Juan Domingo Perón. Mrs. Perón snatched the sheet, folded it over two new 50-peso bills, and handed it to the beggar.

"Viva the Little Madonna!" the beggar screamed.

The Little Madonna rose, bent forward, took the old woman's hands between her own and spoke. "Remember this. Your Evita [Little Eva] loves you. You must love your Evita. Also, you must love your President, for he loves us all. And whenever you are in difficulty, come to us. We will help you. Next!"

For 106 minutes without pause, as I sat at the First Lady's elbow, a parade of sad but devoted souls passed before her. With ever-mounting enthusiasm she sweetly doled out kisses to children, embraces to women, handshakes to men, and inspirational remarks, orders for aid, and cash to all.

The Little Madonna, the woman who climbed from a tumble-down shack clear up to her country's Presidential palace, switching from brunette to blonde en route, does things like that 12 hours a day, five days a week. In 1947 she put so much time into her work that she handed out $4,500,000. The figure for 1948 has not yet been tabulated.

She explains it thus: "These people—these souls—are my beloved shirtless ones. I have dedicated myself to their welfare. All my time and all I have is theirs. I have them here." She pounds her bosom, size 35. "I know and understand them. And why not? Am I not of them? Are they not of me? *(Continued on page 74)*

In every life there's a room that holds some special memory. Here's what happened to one old man who went back

Liberty SHORT SHORT • READING TIME 6 MINUTES

the big room up front

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

Illustrated by John McClelland

◆ He came at last to the old building in the middle of the empty lot on G Street, a blond man of fifty-nine who looked even older, his body shorter by two or three inches than it had once been, but still over six feet if he went to the trouble of straightening it all out.

The building was less changed than it might have been. The red brick had been painted white, but the white had turned gray and, around the windows, black. It was a saloon and restaurant now, named Chiribio's, but the building itself still went by the name of Europa Hotel, 1918. When he saw that this was so, he stopped and touched the brick with both hands, and then let his shoulders rest upon them. The building was smaller, though.

It *was* smaller, too.

Inside, he saw that much was still the same, but smaller again, the stairway to the rooms upstairs unlike the size he had remembered, and of course the bar and the tables and chairs were unfamiliar. There were no drinkers in the place.

Behind the bar stood a man of forty or so, chewing an unlighted cigar as he looked at a newspaper.

"What do *you* want?" this man said, but the old man didn't mind, because he knew his appearance invited rudeness from strangers.

"A room," he said. "I'd like a room in the hotel."

"What hotel?"

"Upstairs. The Europa Hotel."

"Get out, get out," the bartender said with casual irritation. He turned a page of the newspaper. It took him five minutes to finish examining it. Then he turned again. "I said get out, didn't I?"

"Why do you say that?"

"There's no hotel upstairs. Hasn't been in fifteen years."

"The sign outside says Europa Hotel."

"So what?" the bartender said. "Nobody ever bothered to take the sign down."

The old man put a silver dollar on the bar.

"I drink brandy," he said. "Have anything you like, but do not speak with rudeness to an old man."

The bartender turned away to bring the bottle and two small glasses to the bar. He placed the bottle beside the old man's glass and waited for him to pour, but after a moment he poured for him.

"Thank you," the old man said. "My hands sometimes shake and I would not like to waste any of it."

"That's O.K.," the bartender said in a new tone of voice. "That's what I'm here for. You pay and I pour." He poured his own, and then rang a dollar on the cash register, saying as he did so, "Thank *you.*" There was a whine in his voice now, and just a little sarcasm, too.

The old man turned the bottle around so he could see the label.

"Is it too much, half a buck a shot?"

"No."

"Isn't it good enough?"

"I don't know. I haven't tasted it yet." The old man lifted the small glass to his lips. He emptied the glass into his mouth, moved the liquid around a moment, then gulped it down.

"It's good enough," he said.

"It's California but not half bad," the bartender said. He lifted his glass and began to sip the liquid, then changed his mind and put it all down at once. He coughed several times and then said, "The imported is a dollar, but if you ask me, it's not worth the difference."

The old man put another dollar on the bar.

"In a moment, for *me,*" he said, "but help yourself when you like."

"One's enough this hour of the day, thanks," the bartender said. "Let me know when you're ready, if you don't want to pour."

The bartender moved down the bar and began to polish dry glasses with a dry cloth. The old man looked across the room at the stairway. Then he walked to the stairway and began to climb the stairs. The bartender watched him but did not feel up to speaking about it in any way. The old man climbed slowly, and the bartender held a glass up to the light to see if there was any lint on it. He heard the old man walking around upstairs. Then the walking stopped and he believed the old man would be down in a moment or two to have another drink, but it was more than an hour before the old man came down.

He came down as slowly as he had gone up, and he went to the bar.

"If you please," he said softly after a moment, and the bartender poured another drink into his glass.

"I hope you don't mind my asking," the bartender said, "but why did you go upstairs? I told you it's not a hotel any more."

"Yes," the old man said, "you told me that."

"You saw for yourself there's nothing up there. What kept you up there so long?"

"The *rooms* are there," the old man said.

"Yes, but full of junk and dirt."

"Yes."

The old man swallowed his drink.

"My wife died up there," he said. "My son was born up there, and died up there. I sat in that room."

◆ He pushed his glass out a little, and the bartender filled it again.

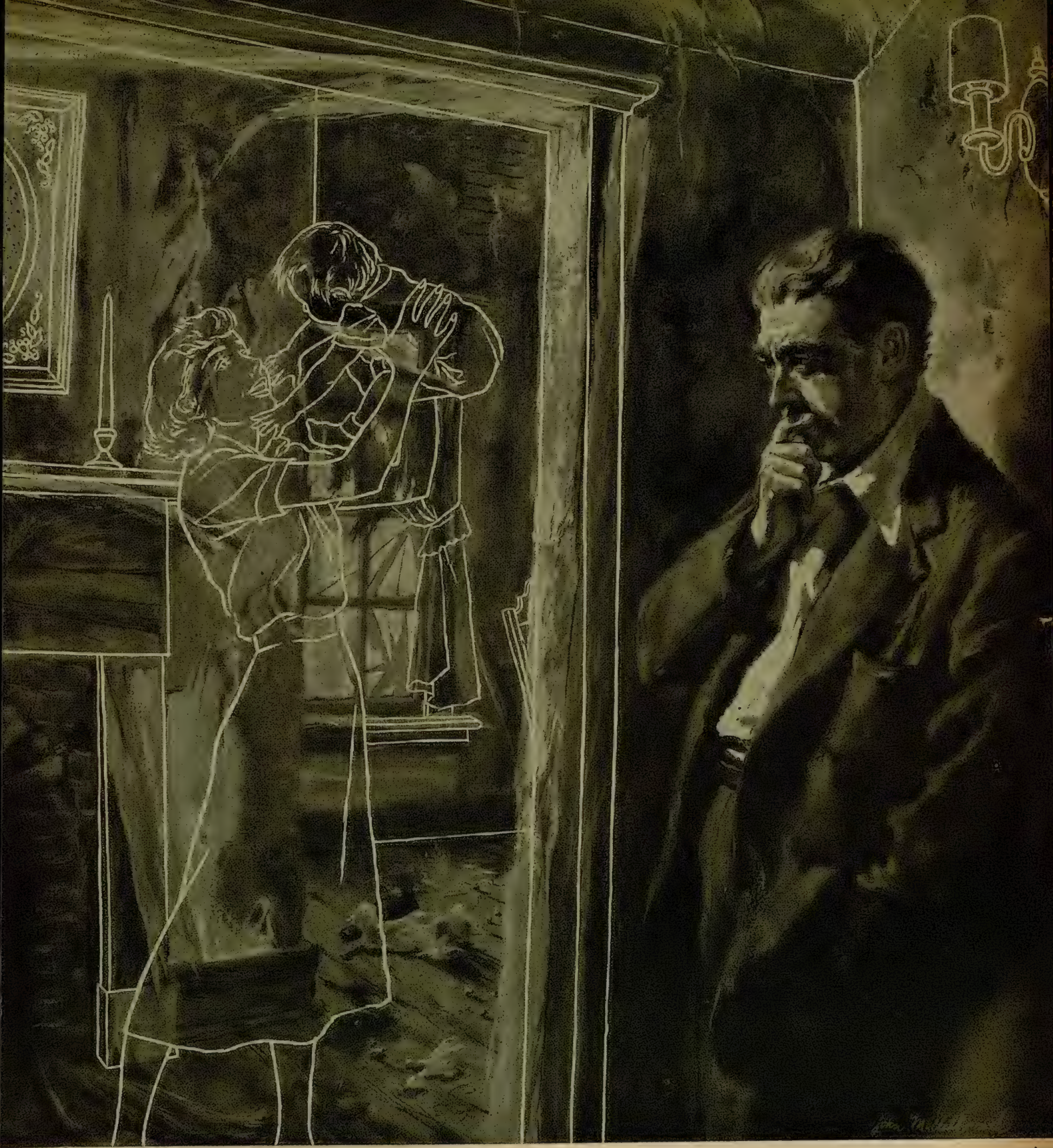
"Oh," the bartender said. "Well, I didn't mean to be poking my big nose into something personal."

"My son," the old man said very softly, "lived up there five years. I came to see where he lived. His mother and I put up this building for him. You'll see his name outside in the stone, Augustine, for we named him before he was born. The big room up front. I sat in there."

The old man swallowed the liquid in his glass.

"Well," the bartender said, "those things happen. They happen to everybody. They happen all the time."

"Yes," the old man said. "I came back to live the rest of my life in that room. I've been away for many years."



"I guess you could go up there and sit down once in a while," the bartender said.

"No," the old man said. "I don't need to go up there any more."

"Well, that's good," the bartender said.

"Nobody—" the old man began to say.

Two men and a woman came in, talking in loud voices, and sat at the bar. They were friends of the bartender, who was pleased to see them.

The old man turned and looked at the stairway, then, unnoticed by the bartender, stepped out into the street to stand once more in front of the building he had built. He heard the loud laughter of the bartender and his friends, and then he heard the bartender sing, "Ach du lieber Augustine, Augustine, Augustine."

The old man turned and looked up at the building, and then he did not need to look any more. Smoke was beginning to come out of the window of the room. He walked away slowly. ◆ ◆

Hollywood's most famous Father

There are four lively reasons that help give Bing Crosby top billing among the film capital's fathers

READING TIME 2 MINUTES On June 19 the fathers of Hollywood, as elsewhere in the land, will be bragging, "Look what my kid bought me!" It won't matter to dad that he'll be billed later for that tie or that set of golf clubs. He'll puff up with pride because the family remembered him on Father's Day. And of all the pops who pay bills and get remembered on Father's Day, the most famous, at least in Hollywood, is Bing Crosby. For a busy man, Bing finds time to have a lot of fun with his four "knotheads," as he calls his sons. You can often find the kids, Bing, his brothers Larry, Everett, Bob, and Bing's father, and any friends who happen to be around, playing a hard game of baseball. Not only that: Bing and the boys worked out with the Pittsburgh Pirates during spring training.

The Crosby kids have been in two films and have appeared on their dad's radio show. Their mother, the former Dixie Lee, says they are perfect hams. They never miss a chance to visit the Paramount studios when their dad is making a movie, and they spent so much time there while A Connecticut Yankee was being made, that Bing was quite flattered, until he realized it was the quaint sets and the suits of armor that intrigued the boys. They plan to be on hand for the filming of Bing's next. It will be called Top o' the Morning.

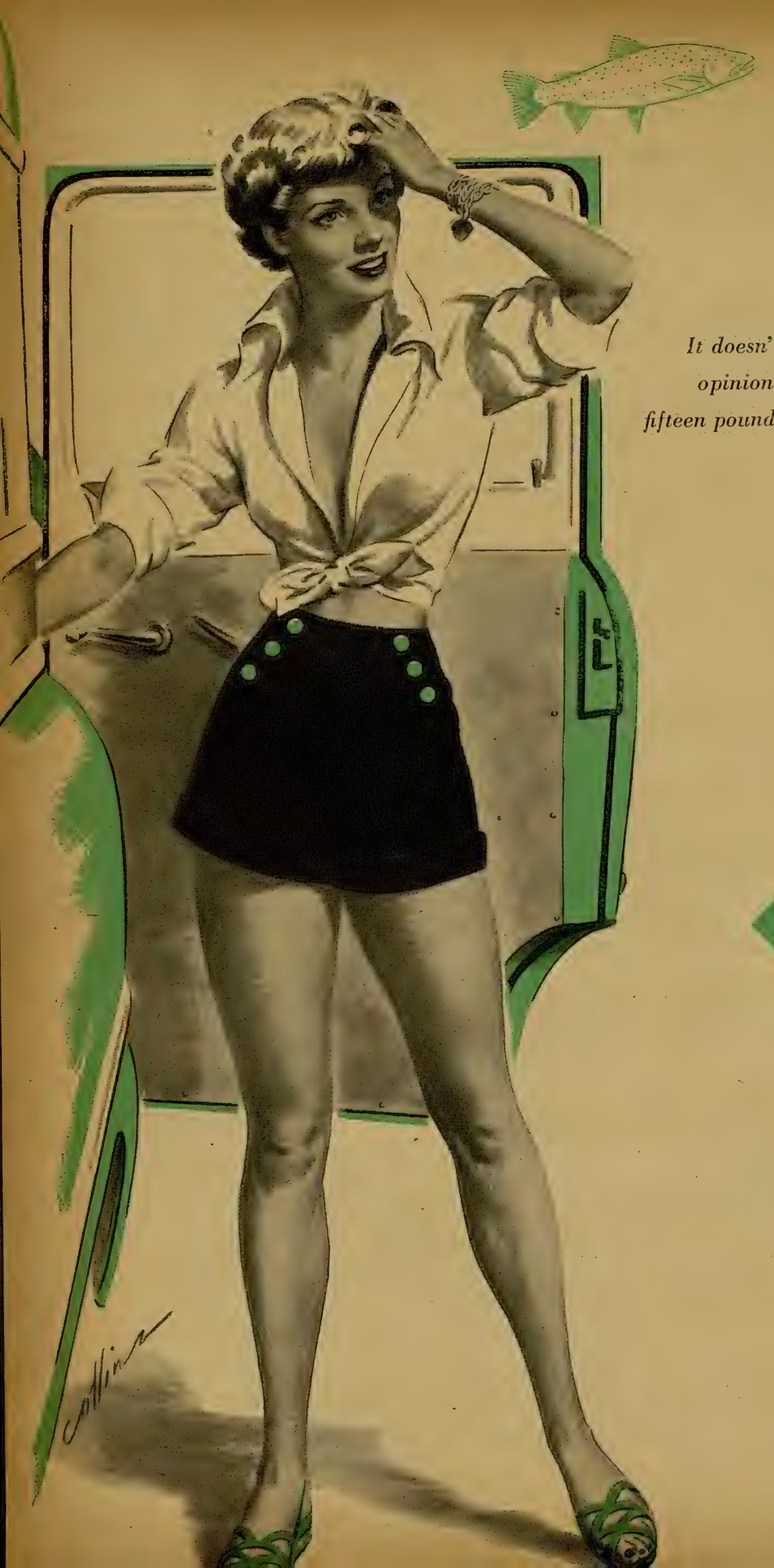
In summer the Crosby lads pitch in and work as ranch hands on the family's 1,200-acre place. They get ranch hands' pay—six dollars a day and "keep." Their dad believes in their earning their own way as much as possible. The Crosby family spends four months of every year at Spring Creek Ranch, which is at Elko, Nevada.

When they are in Hollywood, Bing and his sons often dine out, especially when Mrs. Crosby is tied up with social engagements. On one such occasion recently, the patrons of a local café were spellbound to see all these famous Crosbys in one gathering. Bob Hope, never one to miss a rib at the Groaner, says, "It was probably because they [the patrons] had never before seen five millionaires sitting at one table."

At any rate, if Papa Bing is billed for any Father's Day gifts, he'll probably be able to pay without having to mortgage the old homestead. ◆◆

The Crosbys—father and sons—at their ranch. (Left to

right) Lindsay Harry, 11; Dennis Michael, 15; Bing; Phillip Land (Phil and Dennis are twins); and Gary Evan, 16.



THE

It doesn't take much to change a city boy'
opinion of the country. But a hundred an
fifteen pounds of leggy blonde can work wonder

By RUTH LAMSON

Illustrated by John W. Collin

READING TIME 33 MINUTES Kenneth Slater parked his sister's station wagon in the grocery-store lot and undid his long loose frame from behind the wheel, fumbling in his jeans pocket for the Monday shopping list. Gosh, the way they talked out at that ranch you'd think they raised everything on the table, but take a look at that list. It led off with "Watermelons, 2 large," and went on and on and on. What a summer!

About all he had done so far was ride the groceries (at least that took him to town) and figure ways to skip the more tedious chores. Pru could sure have the country. She was a swell girl—as married sisters went—but her idea of trying to persuade him and Mom to live up here in the northern California hinterlands was definitely g-nuts. "For crumb's sake," he pointed out, "what is there to *do?*"

By-passing the grocery store, he proceeded to the telegraph office. Whistling a crafty little abstracted tune as he crumpled one yellow sheet after another, the message finally read: "Dear Jack. Come on up, swell place. Am sending bus fare hearwith, your chum, Ken." There. That would do it. Jack was a good egg in spite of some of his dopey ideas, and he was at a loose end this summer.

He'd be delighted; the guy was always and forever raving about the farm his grandfather used to have; he'd think this ranch deal was paradise. Jack could take over and Kenny would ease out. At least that was a fair exchange.

The man in Fruit and Vegetables glanced outside at the contemptuous little swagger in Kenny's approach, reflecting benignly, There's a kid riding for a fall. He liked Kenny; nearly everyone did, even while he was infuriating them. So far he had

TROUT, NO DOUBT

t dangerously infuriated anyone, cept possibly his brother-in-law, dgwick Henry, whom Kenny re- rded as a border-line case any- y. The poor man was so far gone t when one of the hired hands s laid up, he suggested rising at A.M. to help milk—to *Kenny!*

Dismantling the opulent window splay of watermelons, Kenny anked each one a clever resound- slap to show the clerk he was his toes, and made his choice. aching down, he balanced a lon under each elbow.

'Want some help there?" the man ered.

'Nope; I got 'em."

Running ahead to open the door, e clerk grinned affably and said, azy man's load." Kenny was not hused. That repulsive word "lazy" is the most overworked word in e language, he contemplated rkly.

On the way out, his morose eye is cheered by the sight of a smart eek convertible pulling in near the ation wagon, and right then this sion got out—this leggy terrific onde vision, a high-rate with a ort plushy upcurl. And eyes. Boy! he had the apricot tone of tan he ost admired and a finished air of utterably cool clean freshness. e recognized her as a number bat- ng in his own league. And it would ave to happen to him now—

"Wait a minute. I'll open the door r you," she sang out. The voice cut m up in little pieces.

"G-gosh, thanks." He stood to one de, waiting awkwardly while the rl opened the car door. "I was nev- more helpless," Kenny grinned a brave show of nonchalance.

"Can you manage now?" she sked solicitously.

"Fine, just fine," holding the door jar with his knee. She departed in asy swinging grace, and Kenny romptly fell headlong into the sta- on wagon, flinging a treacherous elon; it split into four juicy sec- ons.

He sat there rounding up his vari- us tingling departments, grabbing quick intense look at himself in he rear-view mirror. He had never oked more gruesome in his life, nd a melon under each arm hadn't mproved things. A hick, a hayseed, a drool. Himself, Kenny Slater, Los Angeles high-school junior; the campus Beau Brummell. Hi, goon. And you thought there was nothing around here worth putting on your clothes for.

He smoothed his hair in quick nervous strokes and sauntered casually back into the store, giving the premises a once-over lightly. Then he took the place bit by bit, shaking out the corners. The girl was gone. But gone. Disappeared, *vamos, kaputt.*

Something fell down inside him like bad news. He dragged over to the watermelon fellow, still unable to restrain his eyes from free-wheeling hopefully. "Say," he mentioned in confidence, "did you happen to notice a girl—lightish hair, kind of—" He gestured vaguely.

The man conferred a knowing smile. "Did I! Made my whole day."

"Well—uh—" This somehow became a leading question.

"All I know is, they call her Howdy," the man obliged. "She parks out there when she comes to town—new driver; she can't back up so good, I don't guess. But I got no complaints," he added piously.

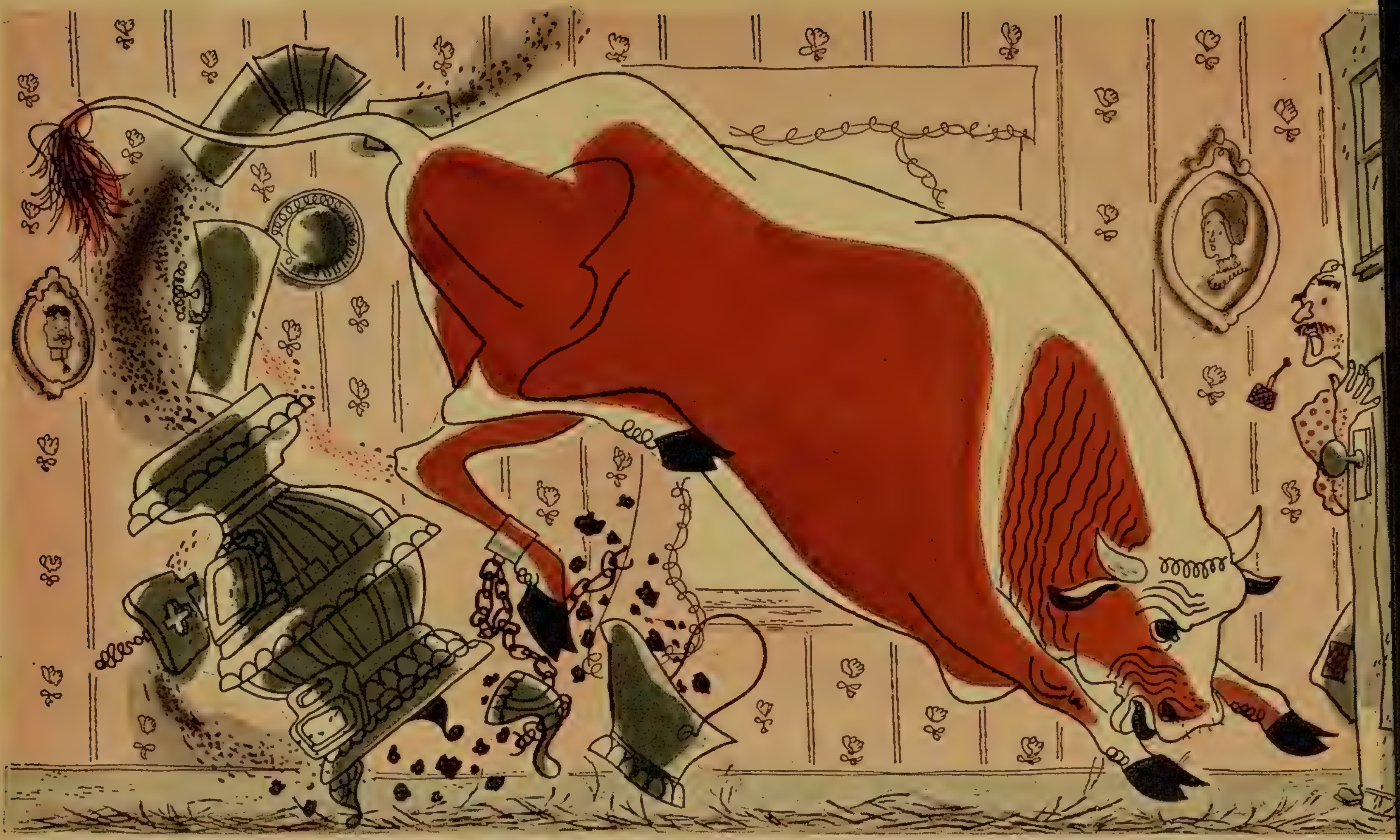
"Oh." This precious information was filed away and more awaited.

"Her pa's named Carter, Hopper—something. Opened a real-estate development down the line last year—Applewood Acres—selling off building sites. You can't miss it; got a good-sized lake, near the highway."

"Lake," Kenny repeated intelligently.

"Yup. Stocked it with trout. Got

(*Continued on page 43*)



Mrs. Busby pulled the trigger. There was a shattering report, a

The Bull on Mrs. Busby's Cuff

"It don't seem right," Pa was saying. "No bull should be tied up in the front parlor"

By LUCY SALAMANCA

Illustrated by George W. Frayne

READING TIME 33 MINUTES With a lusty swing of her practiced arm, Mrs. Busby drove deeper the stake that was to confine the beige bull to the greenest area of the rented pasture. One more payment and this glorious animal would be hers. Her steady blue eyes regarded it with proud, vast, and reverential affection.

Abruptly, and with an arrogant roar, a red roadster turned in from the highway down at the end of the pasture and pulled up in a dashing swoop before the bare doorsill of the Busby abode. Mrs. Busby looked up, squinting against the sun, and worriedly wrinkled her sunburned brow.

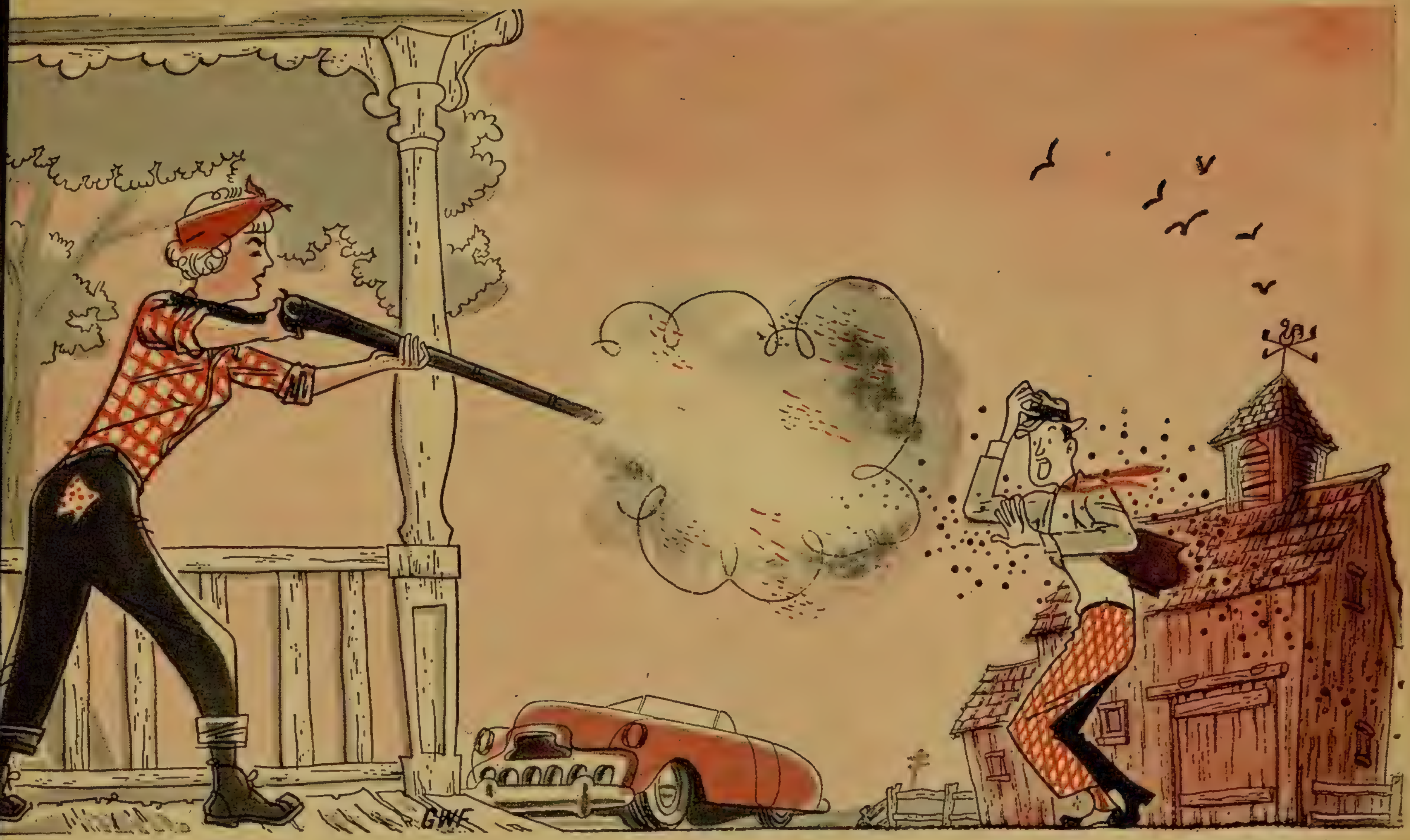
"What's Stoneman doin' here?" she asked herself. "It's two weeks yet to the fifteenth."

With a purposeful gesture she shouldered her ax. Yet, despite her concern, she hesitated—turning to go—just long enough to extract a crumpled red cotton handkerchief from the hip pocket of her blue jeans. She spat earnestly on one corner and with solicitude wiped a streak of caked mud from one horn of her bull.

Mrs. Busby had acquired her bull, as it were, piecemeal. She had, as she put it, bought him "on the cuff." And she considered she now owned him, right down to the next-to-the-last segment of his tattered tufted tail. Soon as the hay was in and she had paid the final installment, the animal would be delivered to her, penultimate portion and all, for good.

Marietta Busby was proud of her new status as property owner. In achieving it she considered she had succeeded in raising, single-handed, the social and economic prestige of a long line of ne'er-do-well Busbys and Suggses who had unflatteringly been designated as "pore white trash" throughout the Maryland countryside for as many generations as she could remember. The reputation had solidified since the day Busby, after a generous sampling of homemade corn liquor, had staggered off a fishing pier into the Chesapeake and been hauled out, dead as a shucked oyster, a mile down the bay.

Busby had left her with the accumulated obligations of two years



scattering of buckshot. The result was effective beyond Mrs. Busby's expectations.

of married life, a four-room cottage, a garden patch, and his little sister Elvira. She was left with Pa Suggs, too. But she considered him her rightful responsibility. Pa had always been somebody's responsibility, his chief and undisputed claim to distinction being that he was far and away the laziest white man in Maryland.

To add to her burden, her sister Beulah had been gallivanting scandalously around Frederick ever since she had run away to become roller-skating queen in a Frederick carnival. That sister Beulah tipped the scales at two hundred pounds only added zest to the gossip that had circulated for some time now about the Cider Barrel down on the Pike. Mrs. Busby was counting on acquisition of the bull to add luster, as it were, to the tarnished family name. As property owners, the Busbys and Suggses, she felt, might once again lift their heads.

Mrs. Busby lifted hers now. It was a pretty head, framed in sun-bleached, somewhat tousled curls and tanned from brow to the low throatline of her open checkered shirt. Running a farm single-handed, you might say—for you couldn't really count Pa Suggs or Elvira—made one strong and competent, though Lord knows there was always something to worry about. Like Stoneman, sitting there in his roadster two full weeks before she expected to see him again.

As she crossed the pasture in the direction of the house, Mrs. Busby considered the important role J. Stoneman Jr. played in her life. Indeed, for going on a year now, he had practically dominated her thoughts, for it was J. Stoneman Jr. who had first dazzled her with the possibility of the social and economic rehabilitation of her tribe. It was the tantalizing picture he had painted of the advantages of proprietorship that had inveigled her into taking the daring step of buying a bull on the installment plan.

◆

She recalled the day the papers had finally been made out. Mr. Stoneman had attended with crisp efficiency to every detail. All Mrs. Busby had had to do was sign at the bottom of the page before a notary public. This she had done with an elegantly curved "X," oversize, to emphasize her new status as property owner, in the presence of a gentleman the salesman had brought along with him and had introduced as his "legal counselor."

The papers had been impressive, and Mrs. Busby had sighed, looking at them, and wished she had not been so busy bringing up the little Suggses and running Pa's farm for him, that she had been unable to finish her book-learning. Her entire childhood had been spent, it seemed to her, looking back, just one nimble step ahead of the truant officer. The only literary pleasure she was now able to indulge in, as a result, was perusal of the colored seed catalogues, spring and fall.

But Mr. Stoneman's legal counselor had obligingly read the document through to her in a singsong voice, hurrying over the blackface type, skimming the small type in a garbled drone, and finishing with a peremptory "Sign here!" Fascinated by the mysteries attendant upon the acquisition of property, Mrs. Busby had put her "X" down beside the legal counselor's beautifully manicured fingernail with an appropriate flourish, then raised her head and squared her shoulders, a changed woman. She doubted if any female Busby or Suggs in all Maryland would have dared on her own to sign a contract for the purchase of a two-hundred-dollar bull, as she had done. Yet here she was, the bull all but paid for—just that thirty-five dollars the hay would take care of in the next two weeks.

Next thing she had to take care of, she decided, as she crossed the field to the house, was the way Beulah was cutting up in Frederick. The

(*Continued on page 62*)

How Jane Russell Got That Way

Jane Russell has garnered more gags about her figure than any celebrity in years. Here's how she became a legend before she became a movie star, and how she reacts to the comments of the gagsters

By ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME 9 MINUTES "Things may be tough in Hollywood," wrote Walter Winchell in a recent column, "but Jane Russell won't have financial worries as long as she has her treasure chest." When the Artists League of America sized up the world's beauties last March and nominated Jane for "the most perfect cheekbones," Winchell cracked, "Aren't they setting their sights too high?" One of the Hollywood columnists refers to her as that star who gives you "that gland and glorious feeling." Herb Stein of the Hollywood Reporter once remarked, "Her career is in front of her."

Earl Wilson, that well-known authority on busty babes, has called Jane "Miss Community Chest."

"I had a tough time convincing Paramount that Jane Russell has more than meets the eye when I asked to have her co-star with me in The Paleface," says Bob Hope. "I reminded Paramount that Jane didn't need any build-up—because she already has what it takes to attract the customers. The success of The Paleface proved my point. As a result we are bosom pals again, that is, Paramount and I."

But the prize remark was made, quite innocently, by Jane's husband, professional footballer Bob Waterfield, who told a magazine writer that he did the cooking in their home because he saw no point in Jane bending over a hot stove and, maybe, scorching her career.

No celebrity, with the possible exception of Mae West, has ever taken such a beating at the hands of columnists, commentators, and comedians as Jane has taken since she was first billboarded all over San Francisco in 1945 in connection with the opening of Howard Hughes' The Outlaw. Jane in her role, and mighty little else, was depicted as a sexy half-breed with a sulky expression and pointing a gun. In some of the pictures, she was holding a gun in her right hand; in others, she was a southpaw. It didn't matter, however, as very few people ever saw the gun. And no one has ever inquired whether Jane is right-handed or left-handed.

There has been much speculation in Hollywood as to how Jane reacts to the gags about her physical attributes. Studio people who know her say she collects Jane Russell jokes, laughs heartily at them.

Friends she grew up with in the San Fernando Valley and who are not associated with films, say that this is a canard. They are of two minds about Jane: (1) that she is embarrassed by her blatant publicity; (2) that she takes these gags in stride.

"I ought to get mad," Jane once said, "but I am calm to the point of laziness."

◆

Jane is by reputation the most amiable girl in Hollywood. Don't let that sulky, sultry look fool you. She's a hearty laugher. Completely lacking in affectation, she is teacher's pet with the studio personnel. "I'm no movie star. Relax," she tells them. She doesn't care whether school keeps or not, so long as she is allowed to live a healthy, happy, normal life offscreen. She doesn't fight with her bosses, and even when Howard Hughes, who holds her contract, left her grounded and jobless for several years at a reported $50 a week, she was imperturbable.

At Republic Studios, where she made Montana Belle, in which she is disguised as a man for part of the picture, a really remarkable feat, Jane suddenly rebelled against leg art. She said nothing about what is commonly referred to in the trade as "lung" art. A few days later, however, the ban was off. "Guess by now I'm conditioned," said Jane, "but I could live forever without seeing another picture of myself in a bathing suit." But not long ago she was back in a bathing suit.

There is no doubt but that Howard Hughes, who bought RKO last summer, expects to make Jane one of its top stars. (The two Janes—Russell and Greer—are now referred to as the pillars of RKO.) Private citizen Hughes holds the contract on Jane Russell and will charge RKO's Hughes $100,000 for Jane's services. Following the completion of It's Only Money, in which Jane co-starred with Frank Sinatra, Hughes agreed to have his star sent to Ensenada, Mexico, one of the most beautiful beach spots on the Pacific, for a glamor sitting. Jane was photographed from every angle by Robert Landry. She was photographed lying, lifting, leaning, dangling, and stretching, in bathing suits, peasant blouses, sweaters, and dresses featuring the plunging neckline. In Mexico, Jane was as amiable as always. The only trouble they had with her was getting her up in the mornings. She is a determined late sleeper. And between camera set-ups she insisted upon dipping her feet in hot water. She suffers from cold feet.

Jane may be calm, detached, even lazy at times, but she has a sharp mind. She is not impressed by all the flamboyant extravaganza of the movies. The "smart talk" of the Hollywood great makes her yawn. She shuns cocktail parties. "I hate all that froufrou talk. What are those women trying to escape? What's their problem?" Nor does she go in for star-studded first

(*Continued on page 76*)

I paid to meet a man

By PAULINE REYNARD

READING TIME 11 MINUTES I had often wondered what actually happens to women who seek husbands through a matrimonial bureau. My curiosity wasn't purely academic either, for an unattached girl in a big city can get mighty lonely, especially in this postwar age, with its shortage of men. So I decided to learn how such agencies work.

A preliminary survey of the field revealed that many of the commercial matchmakers, unrestrained by any municipal supervision, are often slick operators who prey on the emotions of neurotic people just to make a fast buck. About all you get is a list of names.

Then I remembered seeing ads that told about an organization called the Friendship Center, with headquarters in New York's Wentworth Hotel. The advertisements said that Clara Lane ("Cupid Is My Business") is the director of the Friendship Center. Clara's ads offered statistics to prove the efficacy of her ability to "introduce people who are interested in making friendships that lead to marriage." She says that in the past ten years she has brought together more than 40,000 people, and from those meetings some 20,000 men and women have entered into matrimony.

When I went to see Clara Lane, I half expected to meet a furtive woman. Clara is far from being furtive. Short and stout, with serene friendly blue eyes that match her warm-hearted smile, she answered all my questions frankly.

"I'm not interested in attracting people hunting casual dates," she said, in explaining how the Center works. "I insist on at least a six-month membership. We have no parties, dances, or other gatherings, but arrange dignified, friendly confidential introductions between members. You won't meet men at staged parties, which is how the lonely-heart clubs operate, but through personal introductions here at the Center, or at your home, if you prefer. I guarantee you up to twenty-six new introductions if you want them; but I doubt you would want that many, for on an average, members 'click' on the fifth or sixth sampling of dates."

When I voiced anxiety about the possibility of getting paired up with 26 wrong dates, she explained that that doesn't often happen, for she applies the same principles of compatibility that leading marriage counselors endorse. Her methods seem to work, for only 1 per cent of Center-promoted marriages end in divorce, compared to a national rate of more than 33 per cent.

"The saying that opposites attract is pure nonsense. A good marriage, like a good friendship, is based on congeniality. The closer two people are alike in intelligence, background, interests, religious beliefs, the happier they'll be with each other," Clara says. "That's why I have all members, including corresponding members from other parts of the country, fill out a detailed personality questionnaire."

While I examined the questions—which covered everything from "Religion" and "Your favorite cartoon strip" to "How do you take defeats, reversals, disappointments?"—she told me it was largely from these that her staff of 11 carefully picked assistants paired up members.

"This questionnaire is our basis, and when we get to know members and hear their reactions to a few dates, we can hit the bull's-eye pretty often."

The reported man shortage doesn't seem to hold good at Friendship Center. Nearly half of the Center's 2,500 members, in constant process of turnover, are men, according to Clara Lane; and of the 10,000 estimated spouse-seekers who come in or write in annually, men often outnumber the women three to one.

Clara Lane's Friendship Center

"And don't worry about meeting men who are up to no good," Clara Lane assured me. "The man who's just out for a whirl isn't going to fill out a questionnaire, submit to formal introductions, and pay a fee—not when he can get a pick-up in a bar for the price of a few drinks. My clients are all nice people who want to meet other nice people, and each hopes—as you do—that such a meeting will lead to marriage."

"What do I do if I meet someone I like?" I asked.

"If he likes you and you both want more time to get to know each other, I put you on the inactive list and no more appointments are made for you, unless you should decide he is not the one for you," Clara explained.

The amazing firsthand account of what actually happens to a woman who seeks a husband through a matrimonial bureau

has brought together 40,000 people in the past ten years.

Friendship Center fees are scaled in this way: $100 for the six-month membership for women under 30; up to 45, $150; over 45, $200. Men pay a flat $50 because they foot entertainment bills on all dates made through the Center. There are Clara Lane centers in four cities and carefully selected introductions can be arranged for applicants not close to a center. Out-of-town introductions are less costly.

I paid my fee and was ready for my first Center-sponsored date. All I knew about my date was that he was a "business executive, 41 years old, over six feet, likes to travel." Clara Lane doesn't believe in telling her clients too much about each other in advance. She follows this policy as a precaution against possible prejudice.

One of the Center's appointment secretaries introduced me to Larry (that was the name of my first date). He was overwhelming, all six feet two inches and 200 pounds of him. It didn't take Larry long to tell me what he was looking for in the way of a wife. "She must have charm, intelligence, a Park Avenue taste in clothes, sophistication, and 100-per-cent femininity," he said.

Later, over a Chinese dinner, I discovered that Larry had other things to offer besides sheer bulk. He was a bridge-building engineer and had lived and worked in 22 countries. An only child whose parents were dead, he decided it was time to found a family.

"So I am taking six months between bridges," he explained, "to find a wife who likes bridges, travel, children, and me—mostly me. That is why I went to Clara Lane's a month ago, to meet such a woman. . . . I travel so much, it's difficult to meet the sort I need—not enough time. Four months on a construction job in Africa, two months in Peru . . ." He shrugged his massive shoulders sadly.

"Haven't you met anyone you like yet, at Lane's?" I asked.

"I've met three, besides you," he said. "One was too quiet, a little mouse. She thought I was too dominating and reported so to Miss Lane; she liked bridges but not me. The second looked ravishing in spite of flap ears, but she was a fashion designer, and that killed everything. I will not have a career-woman wife! The third was just right. I could have really fallen in love with her, but when I saw her the second time, she developed bad traits." Larry explained that she liked fur coats and new models in cars.

"Not only that," he exploded, "but that woman said she puts her hair in curlers at night! To think of insulting a man by treating him to a headful of tin on the pillow beside him!" He was adamant on the subject of coats. "No wife of mine will get a fur coat when I think a nice cloth one with a fur collar is just as good. It's just living up to the Joneses, and that I won't have!"

When he took me home, I thought he looked skeptically at my fox jacket.

My next date was Steve, 39, an efficiency expert and fond of dancing. He had a warm smile and demanded only two specifications in a wife. "I hope she will be trustworthy and, above all, not musical." He confided that his ex-wife had run away with a musician three years ago, taking their baby daughter. So he got a divorce. Since all his friends were married and knew

(Continued on page 76)

friday for

A phone rang. The sound of it pulled at my nerves, the little nerves in my scalp, the messengers of fear

By LAWRENCE LARIAR

Illustrated by Herman Giesen

CONCLUSION

READING TIME 26 MINUTES

1.02 A.M. I was approaching Madison Avenue when the yellow cab slipped up alongside me and I saw Monkowitz. Linda had the door open. Monkowitz only slowed and I hopped in and he roared away, making the light on Madison and heading downtown at an even pace.

"We figured you for the side street, boss," he said. "It was her idea, after we saw the squad car pull up."

In the half-light, Linda's eyes told me their worry, her great concern for me. I sat there, bent forward, sucking air, breathing deep.

"We should have warned you," Linda said. "We saw the squad car pull up, but I didn't think of phoning you at Wagner's until the two cops began to talk to the doorman. It was too late then. We began to pray for you, Steve."

Monkowitz said, "She wouldn't let me go in. I could have passed those two monkeys easy."

"She was right, Monkowitz. They would have grabbed you. They've got to close their books on this one—and fast. It isn't every day they get a challenge like this. It's made to order for a sensation—the old love-nest routine, with plenty of blood and atmosphere. I can't wait to see the morning papers."

"Did you get anything from Wagner?" Linda asked.

"He's clean as a new towel. He's on the outside of all this. But he told me plenty about Jake Frugi and Gwen."

"I don't understand how the police got to Wagner so quickly, Steve."

"They must have identified Frugi. They've probably got him in their files. They could dig plenty of information about his friends and associates from what they've got on him."

"It doesn't make sense," Linda said. "Not at this hour. The police should be off after Frugi's gangland pals. Why Wagner?"

"He must have been in Frugi's book."

"Along with a few hundred other names."

"He's a big man in the fashion business, Linda."

"And Gwen—is she a big name?" she asked softly. "Was her address in Frugi's book?"

"I don't remember seeing it."

We were driving slowly, circling the park, easing along Fifty-ninth. A thin rain began to fall. Linda stared out the window, her eyes clouded and distant.

"The police were up at Seventy-eighth Street when we got there."

Monkowitz said, "Two squad cars."

"They were at the curb when we arrived," Linda said. "If we had gotten there a few minutes earlier, they would have caught us in Gwen's place. Monkowitz and I would be languishing in a cell."

◆

She was stabbing for the light touch. But her voice didn't promote it. She was worried now. She was worried for me. I grabbed her hand and held it. A thin thread of thought began to crystallize.

"Harvey was right, Linda. George Backer must have tipped off the police. I made my mistake by battling him. He probably returned to Consuelo and found out that I could be headed for Wagner's. Consuelo must have told him. Backer was the brains behind Gwen's schemes. It's shaping up. Do you see it now?"

She wasn't enthusiastic. She argued against Backer. He might have been the man who set Gwen up on Seventy-eighth Street.

"Why would he murder both Gwen and Frugi?"

"Jealous rage," I said impatiently.

Linda clutched my arm and I felt her nails. "We can prove him guilty—if what you say is true, Steve. We'll take him to Ken. If Ken remembers him, it'll be all over in a minute!"

"I'll break his filthy neck," I said, and pounded on Monkowitz's shoulder. "The Temple Apartments, Monkowitz."

"Uptown again," he said. "You need any help with this guy, boss?"

"I don't think so. I have a persuader."

Linda said anxiously, "Whatever happens up there, don't use a gun."

"I won't have to use it," I said. "I'll only show it."

A squad car was parked ahead of the canopy of the Temple. A few late strollers peered cautiously into the lit foyer. There were no policemen on the street. I said, "Keep rolling, Monkowitz. Keep rolling."

Monkowitz circled the block at a snail's pace. I worked for my next move. I tried to think the way Harv thought. He had always accused me of "straight-line thinking." Deadbeats, frauds had trick brains. They covered themselves. You had to match wits with them by taking the roundabout way, the way that led around an idea. It was Linda who helped me finally.

"We can check Backer, Steve, once and for all. If you can get to the elevator boy, Monkowitz, ask him whether Backer is still up there. If he phoned the police, he's not waiting for them, is he, Steve?"

"Why not? He'd be showing a clean nose that way."

"I doubt it," Linda said. "Whoever called the police only hoped you'd return to Consuelo's apartment."

"Do you think you can do it, Monkowitz?"

"For money, any elevator boy will move, boss. Up and down, or even sideways. Unless there's a flatfoot in the hall. Do I have to bring him out? What do you want me to ask him?"

"Find out about the man in Frugi's apartment," I said. "Ask the boy if Backer—the poor man's Primo Carnera—came back."

◆

Monkowitz parked a block from the Temple. We watched him go down the street. We sat there quietly. The minutes hung.

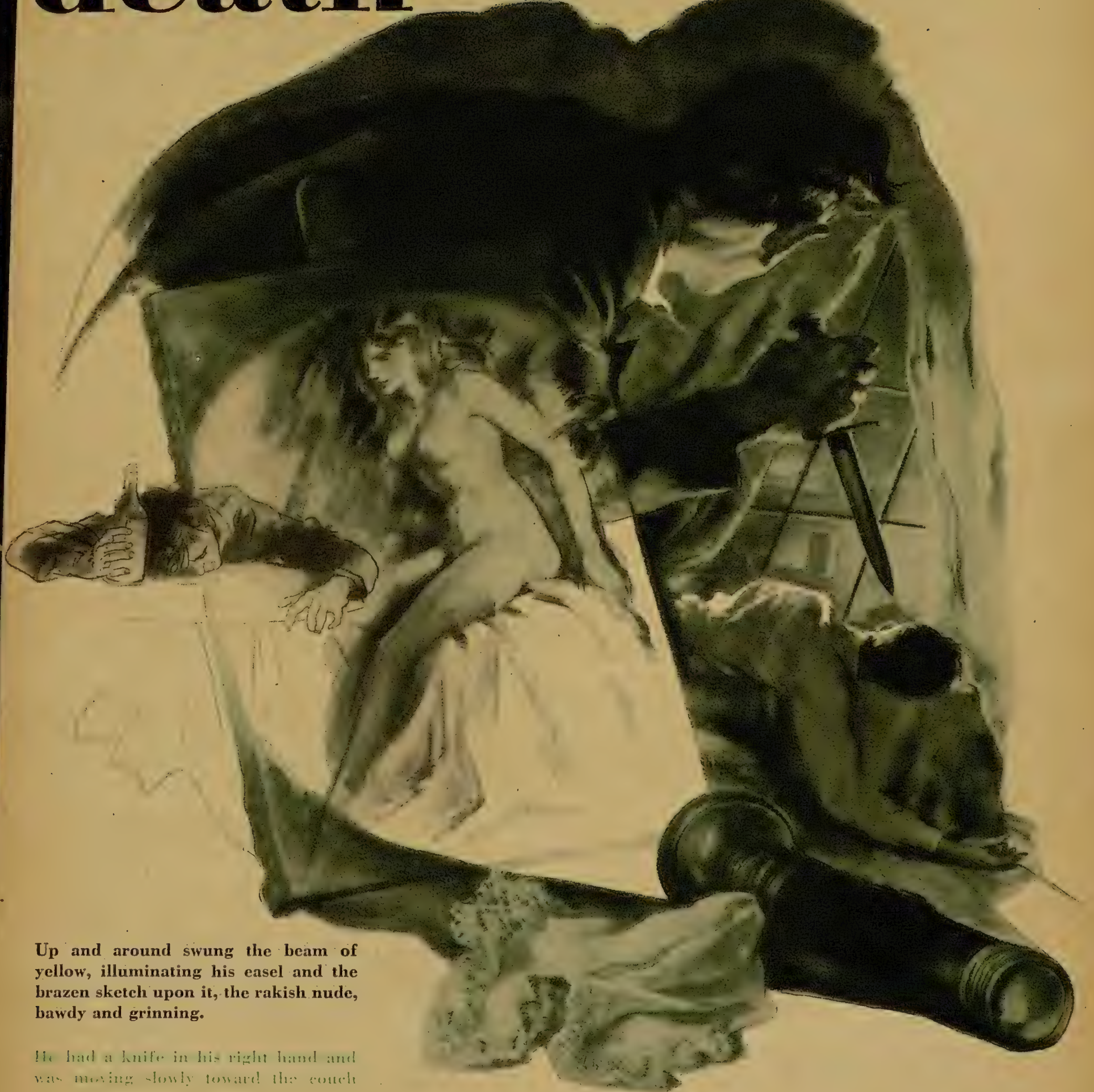
Monkowitz came back at a heavy canter. He puffed into his seat and started the cab and spoke to us out of the corner of his mouth.

"The cops were upstairs, two of them. Your boy Backer have a cut lip?"

"It could be. I hit him hard."

"He left the place," Monkowitz said. "The elevator jerk said he left

death



Up and around swung the beam of yellow, illuminating his easel and the brazen sketch upon it, the rakish nude, bawdy and grinning.

He had a knife in his right hand and was moving slowly toward the couch

maybe a whole hour ago. The cops just got there couple of minutes ago. Backer left in a hurry, the kid says. I couldn't talk much to him on account of he got a flash from upstairs. I beat it fast, because the buzz came from Frugi's floor, the boy said. A robbery reported in Frugi's."

"Backer," I said. "That proves he put the call in, doesn't it, Linda?"

"Maybe. But it might have been Consuelo," she said, "or the man who did the robbery."

"Backer," I said again. "Backer robbed that apartment, just as he robbed Frugi's. We'd better locate the subject."

2:17 A.M. I had borrowed Monkowitz' flashlight. The circle of light roamed George Backer's studio. Three hookers sat where we had placed them, one still brown with the dregs of Consuelo's last hurried drink.

The dirty cushions on the window ledge were bunched and wrinkled. A cigarette butt, lipsticked on the end, hung on the edge of the ledge, ash side in, and alongside it lay a small handkerchief with fancy-worked edges, scarlet in the center where Consuelo had smeared her

(*Continued on page 77*)

A Hair-Raising Story

In three years, potato farmer Carl Brandenfels has built up a fabulous business with a hair tonic that he says has covered up many a bald spot. And, so far, not even Uncle Sam has proved him wrong

By MILTON CRONENBERG

READING TIME 12 MINUTES Three years ago, on a wet January morning in St. Helens, Oregon, Carl Brandenfels, a baldish, round-faced young man, came into the Sentinel-Mist newspaper building and asked to see the editor.

"I want twenty bald-headed men," he said earnestly. "I've discovered something that I think will grow hair and I'd like to try it out. Could you write up a story asking for volunteers?"

The story appeared on January 22, 1946. It spread over the country in a matter of days and started a fantastic series of events.

That story yanked young Brandenfels from his 36-acre farm into a multimillion-dollar business, brought him face to face with the federal Food and Drug Administration, the Post Office Department, and other federal agencies for a knock-down drag-out fight — and gave him a $250,000 dream home complete with electronic gadgets, two cars, and his own private plane.

Most important of all, as far as Carl was concerned, it covered up the bald spots and removed the dandruff of thousands of customers.

Born and raised in Nebraska, Carl had an unusual family background that played a vital part in his interest in hair. Carl's father, Count Frederick von Brandenfels, came from a long line of noblemen. Intensely interested in the genealogical history of the Brandenfels family, the count discovered that even as far back as Martin Luther's day every male Brandenfels became bald before he was 35.

It was small wonder, then, that Carl's major interest was in the preservation of his hair. By the time he was 21, his thick crop was beginning to thin out and a receding hair line warned him that the Brandenfels' "curse" was starting its deadly work. In desperation, he bought every hair tonic and tried every treatment on the market. Still his hair grew thinner.

By this time he was attending the University of Nebraska, and he began to study the cause of baldness in earnest. The anatomy classes at the university did considerable experimental work on cadavers, and Carl attended many of these sessions. One day he noticed a cadaver that had an exceptionally thick head of hair. When the scalp was cut through, the tissue just under it was found to be quite thick. Carl immediately wanted to know if all men with heavy hair growth had a corresponding amount of scalp tissue.

With the help of professors and students, Carl got together a history of every cadaver used in the anatomy classes. He found that, almost without exception, men who had heavy hair growth had thick, fatty layers of tissue beneath the scalp. On the other hand, men who were bald or had thin hair had thick, hard tissue.

The conclusions then reached by Brandenfels and his associates were later borne out by research conducted by Dr. Frederick Hoelzel at the University of Illinois Medical School.

◆ Carl felt he had a vital clue to the cause of hair loss, but he could do little about it then. He had married while attending the university and on graduation accepted a job selling 16-millimeter movie equipment to schools. He eventually reached Oregon, was captivated by the country, and finally bought a 36-acre filbert and potato farm on the outskirts of the little city of St. Helens, about 40 miles from Portland.

During the winter months Carl began to study every technical book and magazine he could find on the cause of baldness. He fitted up a little laboratory in his kitchen and began to mix various chemicals together and apply the concoctions to his fast-thinning hair. Doggedly he kept at it, until in 1945 he came up with a preparation which he considered would soften the scalp tissue. Still not satisfied, he developed a system of massage to bring the blood to the hair roots and in this way keep them healthy enough to facilitate hair growth.

Brandenfels felt he was on the right track, but something was lacking. Then an article in a technical journal on the use of sulfa to thicken the fur of rabbits gave him the clue he was looking for. Carl put together what he calls his Formula A, with many secret ingredients in it plus a small amount of sulfa. He applied it first, after massaging, and then used Formula B, his softening agent.

Six weeks later Carl definitely had more hair than formerly, and his friends in St. Helens wanted to know what had caused it.

Wondering if the stuff he had cooked up would work on others as well or better than on himself, Carl then made his eventful visit to the Sentinel-Mist. The day after the story appeared, the press associations sent it over the entire country, and within a week Carl was flooded with requests for his preparation and offers to try it out.

He selected 22 men for his experiment from the bald-headed fraternity in St. Helens, but wouldn't sell the "hair grower."

"It's too soon to say whether my preparation will grow hair or not," he insisted. "It wouldn't be right to sell any of it now. I can't make any decision until after the tests are completed."

All the human guinea pigs were furnished with the liquids, free. The only other user at this time, in addition to the St. Helens men, was Eldon Beerbower, age 15, of Portland. Mrs. Margaret Beerbower, the boy's mother, pleaded that her son, who was completely bald, without even eyelashes, and had been for years, be allowed to try the treatment, and Carl agreed.

The progress of the experiment was reported throughout 1946 by press and radio. Some of the 22 men began to grow hair, but Eldon Beerbower's progress was startling: The boy developed a thin colorless fuzz in eight weeks. Twenty-four weeks

(*Continued on page 72*)

Liberty home

ANYONE CAN HAVE A GARDEN

See next page ▶ ▶ ▶

Liberty home
ANYONE CAN HAVE A GARDEN

Photo Kurt Schelling transfilm

ANYONE CAN HAVE A GARDEN

continued

This is the year to start your garden—big or small, indoors or out. You'll soon discover that your thumb, too, is green

By DOUGLAS A. RICE, B.S.A.

◆ It's alive—that plant or bulb or shrub. Like human beings, it requires food, water, and air. That's not so mysterious or difficult, is it? And gardening needn't be expensive, either. You can begin with a window garden for about a dollar.

Garden at the Window

Even the apartment dweller can enjoy a garden at his window. The plants need water, so keep the soil moist, without drowning the plant. Put a few pebbles at the bottom, making sure there is a hole in the flower pot so surplus water drains off. The plant needs extra food, too. This comes in tablet or powder form. Add it about once a month to water or soil, particularly when there isn't much sun—a plant derives some of its food from the sunlight. Keep the plants away from direct heat of a radiator. When a plant outgrows its container, replant with completely new soil.

Still Indoors

Get ahead of the weather by starting seedlings in window boxes for later transplanting outside. Don't poke these tiny seeds too deep. Weed as they grow, and when you shift them outdoors, allow each seedling plenty of room to grow. In the fall, plant bulbs in these boxes for early spring blooming.

Small House, Small Lot

You've put your all, financially, into the new house. Or your plot of land is so small it doesn't seem worth a garden. On the contrary—that means just a few simple tools, lime, and later, after planting, fertilizer (depending on the soil). If there's much shade, or the area is too steep to be mowed or too small for a lawn, try a good ground-cover plant such as myrtle or Boston ivy. The first year, sow annuals; later add perennials, which blossom year after year without reseeding. Flowering shrubs and hardy vines are also a good bet for the small, easy-to-manage garden.

More Room, More Ideas

A bigger yard needn't be a burden—with the modern insecticides, gadgets for "lawn-chair gardening" (see our July issue), and power tools. In the last few years many gardeners have turned to mail-order companies to buy shrubs and plants and to secure garden information. (Write Liberty's Home Editor for information about ordering by mail.) You can buy in small sizes and quantities and, in many cases, join a monthly club to spread expenses throughout the year.

Give the Children a Chance

The young set like to garden. They'll work willingly, if they see quick results. So set a spot aside. Start them with petunias, zinnias, sunflowers, or others which need little care. They'll also get a thrill out of watching bulbs they've planted in one season come up in another.

What's Good, Where and When

Develop your garden so you'll have blooms throughout the season. Many perennials are early bloomers; many annuals come later. Sweet William and primroses for spring, perhaps; delphinium and hollyhocks for summer; asters and dahlias for early fall. Consider climate, soil, and shade, too. Bearded iris and hardy asters thrive even in a hot, dry region; fuchsias and geraniums near the seashore's high winds and salt air; delphinium and peonies at high altitudes; sweet peas and phlox in a severe climate. Violets and lythrum like shade; phlox and daisies full sun. Choose low flowers for the front of a bed; taller ones for the background; shrubs to screen one part of the yard or serve as a fence. Or you may want to specialize in flowers for cutting.

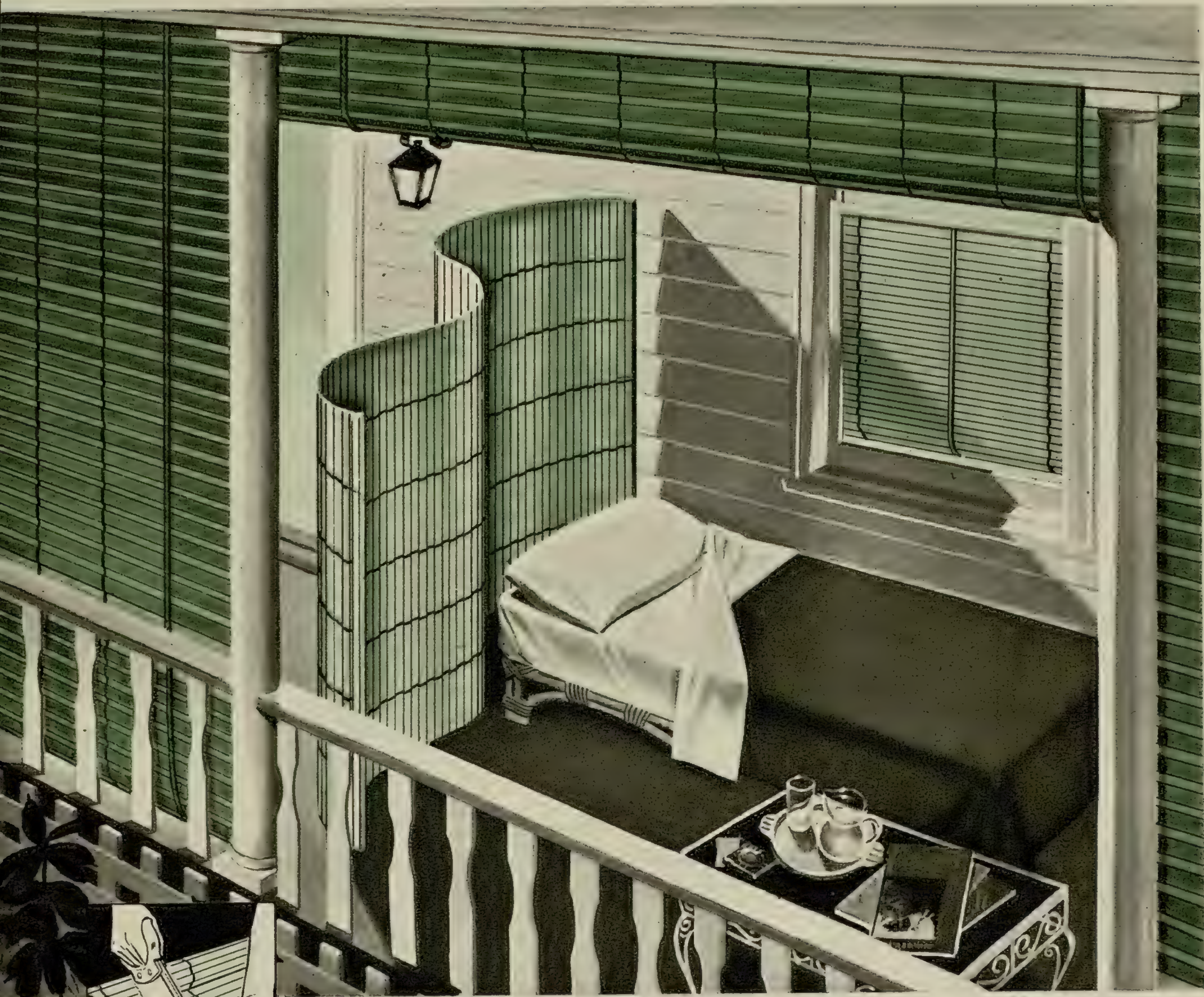
No matter what size your yard, no matter what the climate or the soil, there are flowers to prove that with a minimum of time and money anyone can have a successful garden.

READER SERVICE BULLETINS

Please check your choice.

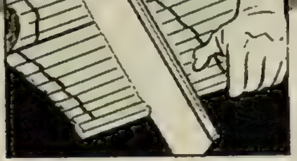
☐ How to Make Window Screens	3 cents
☐ How to Sew Paper Draperies	3 cents
☐ How to Make Slip Covers with Dot Snappers	3 cents
☐ Beulah Karney's Porch Supper Recipes	6 cents
☐ Appetizers with Caviar	

Send this order blank to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Please enclose stamps.

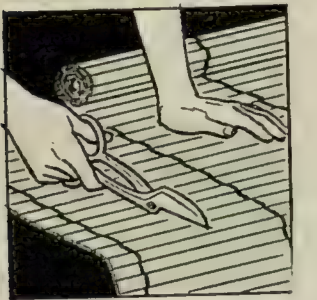


Shades, courtesy of Raymond Porch Shade Co.

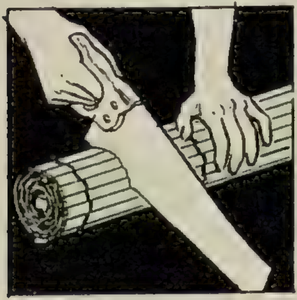
Drawings by Cappello.



Measure shade and remove fixtures; then saw off the moldings.



Unroll shade on flat surface and cut off slats with shears.



Don't try to saw off rolled-up slats. The edge will be jagged.

LIVE ON THE PORCH THIS SUMMER

Move out on the porch this summer—but stay out of the public eye with these versatile roll-up shades and flexible floor screens

◆ You can't quite accept the acute interest of neighbors, friendly as they may be, in your family doings. So your porch just isn't the extra room you hoped it would be during the summer. You *can* stay indoors —but it's smarter to enjoy the breezes, and privacy, too. Install ventilated roll-up porch and window shades and flexible floor screens. You can tailor the shades to fit your porch, and hang them, without being an amateur magician. Automatically you add a summer room to the house. Make it a family room. Dine here—if everyone brings his own tray out from the kitchen, there's little extra duty for the head cook. Play and loaf here—bring out the radio (or leave it near a window opening on the porch), the magazines, the card table, your knitting bag. Sleep here—on nights when there's not a breath of air in your sultry bedroom. The children can nap during the day if you mark off the sleeping end of the porch with a floor screen—a screen with indoor and winter uses too, such as setting up a play corner in the living room, or a breakfast nook in the kitchen. Concentrate for a moment and you're sure to dream up a dozen other uses for it, and a dozen other ways to outfit the porch as a family haven this summer.

36

PORCH SUPPERS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

By Beulah Karney

Liberty home

It's June and the roses are blooming by the side of the porch. New neighbors have come to town. Can you think of a better excuse for enjoying a friendly porch supper and serving that extra-special pressed-chicken loaf crusted with toasted almonds? And for dessert, strawberry ice-cream meringues, delicately tinted as if jealous of the beauty of the roses?

But let's start off with canapés. Set a small bowl of the always popular caviar on a bed of crushed ice, flanked with olives and radishes, and plenty of slices of pumpernickel. Arrange those rightful caviar garnishes — butter balls, minced parsley, lemon wedges, and minced onion — in inviting little mounds on the round platter on which the caviar is resting. And while the guests are busily making their own appetizers, you could get the meal on the porch table. The platter of pressed chicken, nicely unmolded, is garnished with tomato slices, watercress, and onion rings. It's a food structure of three colorful layers — golden egg yolks bejeweled with green parsley on dark meat, and white meat studded with egg whites, and toasted almonds topping all. Place a hand-painted china bowl of sun-yellow mayonnaise beside it.

Hot asparagus spears, zipped with tart vinaigrette sauce, follow closely on the heels of this main dish, and so mannerly arranged, too, like a row of scrubbed-up little girls in organdy frocks. There has to be homemade rolls, of course. Who ever invited friends to a porch supper and didn't have a batch of light rolls baking in the oven! And be sure you don't forget the creamed- *(Contd. on next page)*

Table Accessories: Designed for Living, New York City.
Caviar by Romanoff
Photos: Kurt Schelling-Transfilm

SEE NEXT PAGE FOR RECIPES ▶ ▶ ▶ ▶

PORCH SUPPERS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

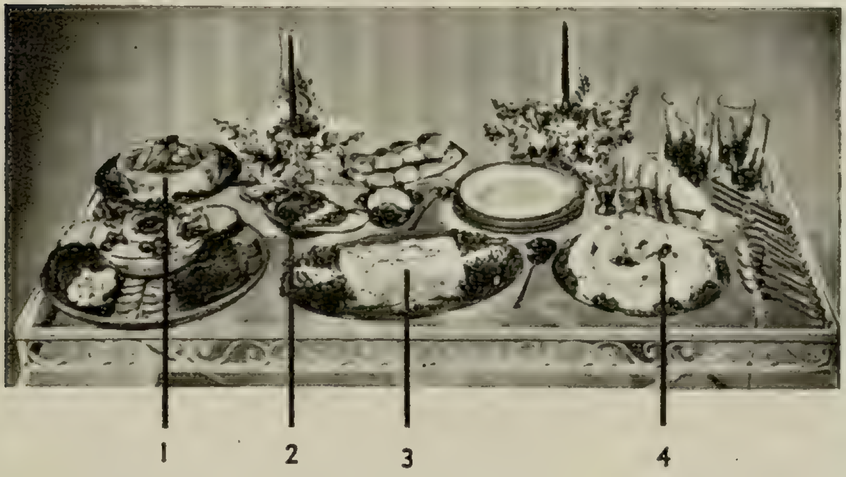
Continued from page 39

potato ring. It always comes out crusty and brown, thanks to coating the ring mold with toasted and buttered bread crumbs. It contains cream sauce and all, so it just has to be browned in the oven while the rolls are baking, or heating, as the case may be.

The best part of a porch supper as described above is that it can be prepared the day before. And that's what's so good about it. It's ready and waiting for the compliments that are sure to come. No flurry, no fuss about having pressed chicken — at least not at serving time; it's one of those things you can tote out on the porch, or wherever you have a mind to sit down and eat. And the fun that we used to have!

Folks would come back to the kitchen pretending they wanted a glass of water or would help carry out the food to the table on the porch! And all the time they only wanted to peek in and see if we were *really* having pressed chicken!

Now for the dessert: Strawberry ice cream in baked meringue shells. And, just to give the neighbors something else to talk about besides politics, I'd tint the meringue mixture a light pink. I wouldn't stint on the berries. Pile them high on the cream. They look good, taste delicious, and are everybody's favorite.



1. POTATO RING: Boil 5 medium-sized potatoes, diced, in small amount of water. Don't overcook. Combine with 1 cup thick white sauce seasoned with 1 tablespoon onion juice and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Season to taste. Pack into well-greased ring mold lightly sprinkled with bread crumbs. Sprinkle with grated American cheese and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 minutes. Fill center with any cooked vegetable. Sprinkle with paprika.

2. ASPARAGUS VINAIGRETTE: Place 6 tablespoons salad oil in saucepan, heat with clove of garlic and 1 tablespoon onion. Add 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper. Cook for 2 minutes. Add 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon sugar, few grains Cayenne pepper. Pour hot sauce over cooked asparagus.

3. CHICKEN LOAF WITH TOASTED ALMONDS: Cook one large-sized fowl until tender. Remove meat from bones and skin, keeping the light and dark separate. Chop fine. Combine ½ cup almonds—which have been blanched, slivered, and toasted a golden brown—to light meat. Hard-cook 4 eggs. Chop yolks and whites separately. Add ½ cup finely chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar to yolks. Add egg whites to white meat. Season to taste. Moisten meat and eggs with ½ cup concentrated stock. Arrange in 6-cup oiled mold by first placing a layer of dark meat, then the chopped yolk and parsley, then the white meat. Smooth over top and pour 1 cup of the concentrated stock on it. Place toasted whole almonds on top.

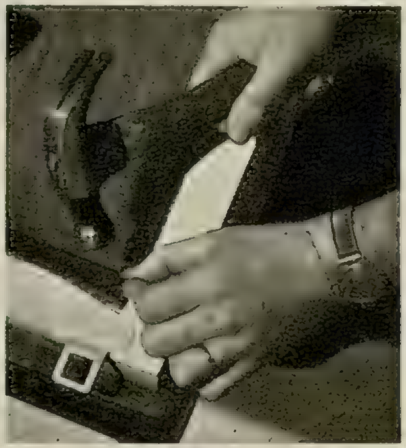
4. STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM MERINGUES: Beat 3 egg whites until frothy. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and continue to beat until mixture stands in soft peaks. Add sugar, a tablespoon at a time, alternating with vinegar, beating thoroughly after each addition, until 1½ teaspoons vinegar and 1¼ cups of sugar have been added. Beat until stiff and dry. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla and blend. Pile meringue on lightly greased baking sheet in six piles, indenting each top. Bake at 275° F. for 1 to 1¼ hours, until crisp-crusted but not browned. Cool. Pile ice cream in centers and top with berries.

NEW SCREENS THIS SUMMER

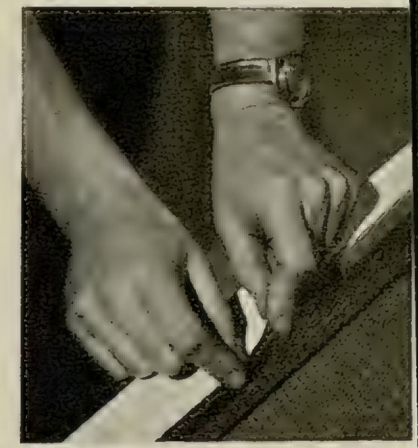
Let Pop Do It

Let *him* make the new screens and impress the neighbors. You supply encouragement

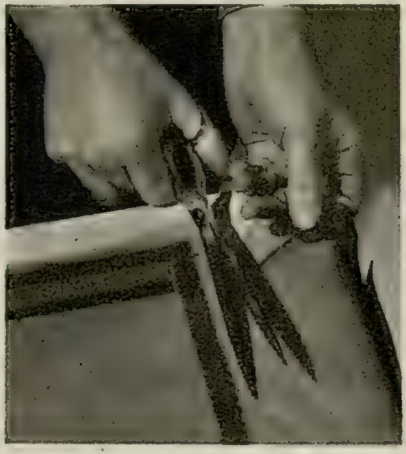
◆ You welcome the first warm days and open windows, signs that summer truly is coming. But in a littl while, conscience propels you to attic or basement t unearth last year's screens. As you suspected, som need rescreening. Our solution is to do the job yourself, with the old frames and plastic Lumite. Yo will find it, by the yard, at local hardware or building-supply dealers. It's a woven plastic, rust-, stain- and abuseproof. A few simple tools—hammer, tacks or staples, and scissors—and you're equipped. Th illustrations prove how easy the job is. For complet directions, send for the Bulletin offered on page 36



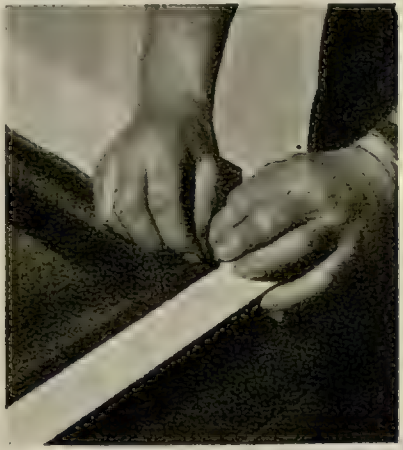
After removing old screening, fit Lumite over frame, allowing half inch for hems.



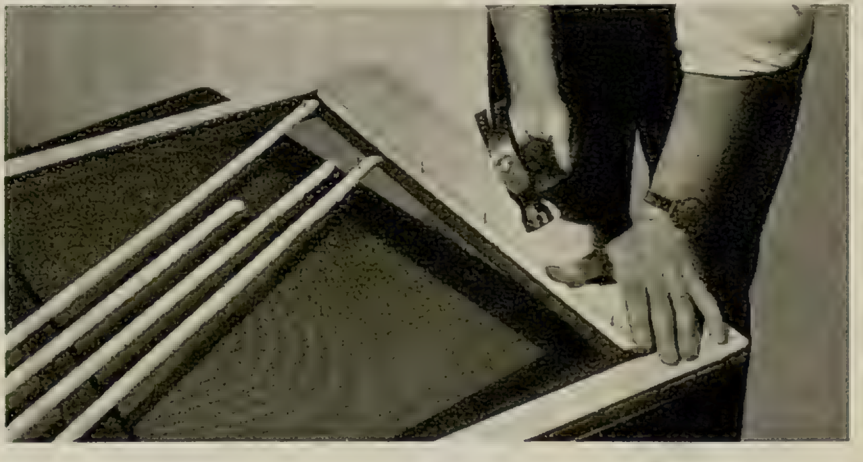
Fasten screening at top corners. Fold hem; insert staples about every inch and a half.



Cut screening off at bottom of frame. Allow the same amount as at top for hem.



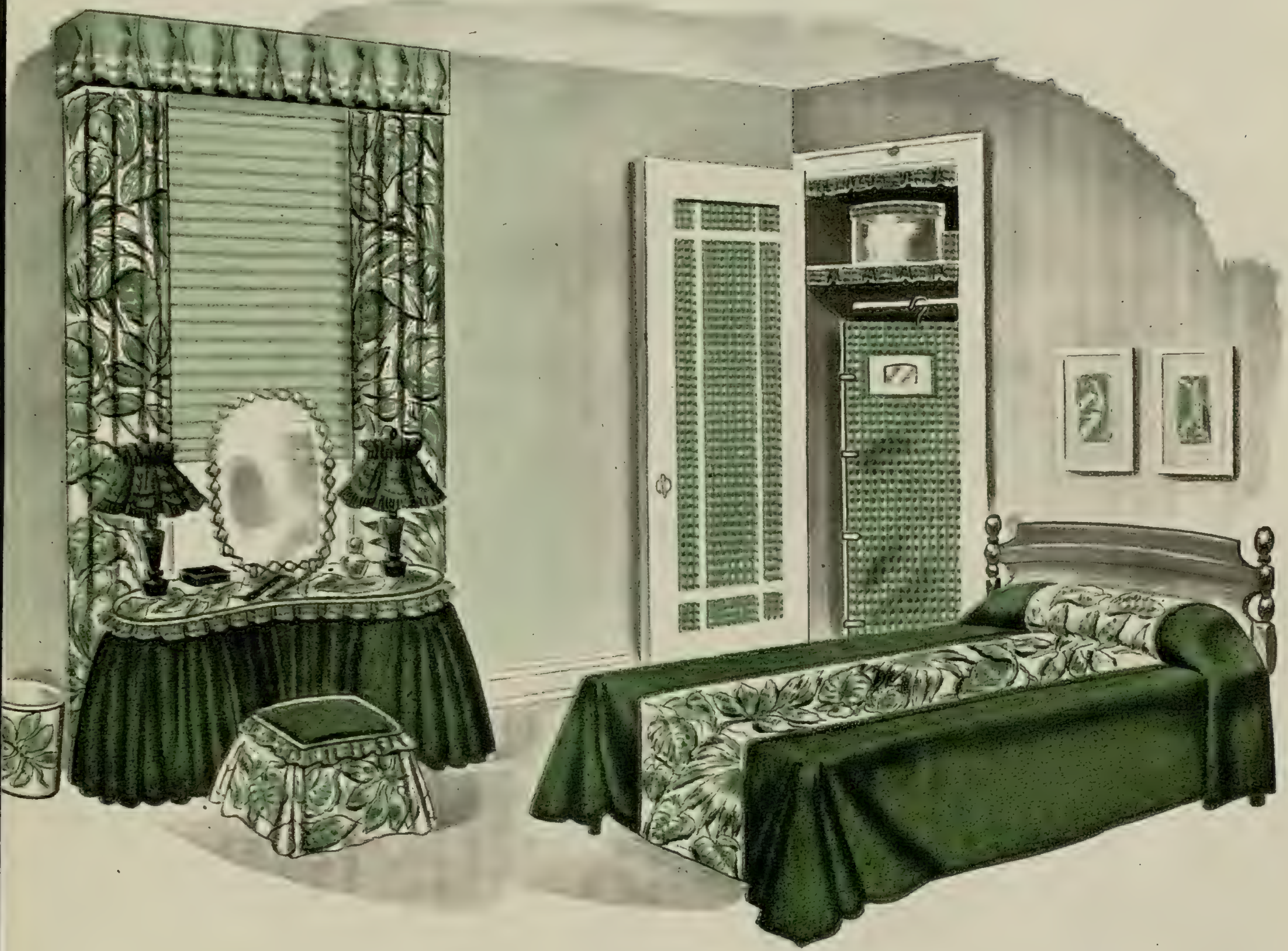
Staple at bottom corners to hold screening in position while placing other staples.



For a professional finish, tack down a molding to cover the hems. Your new screen is ready in about 20 minutes.

DECORATING for under ten dollars...

y L. L.-Christensen



magination plus ingenuity with the use of paper shades nd draperies will transform your bedroom into a cool, gay, nd welcome retreat during the coming hot months

Now's the time to prepare for he hot summer months to come. ack away your winter draperies nd rugs and concentrate on cool ummer living.

Using paper shades, draperies, edspreads, dressing-table skirts, as ictured above, plus a fresh color cheme, will do much to make liv-ng more bearable and cheerful.

These smart plasticized, cellulose drapes are pliable and you can even pinch-pleat a cornice. They look and hang like expensive cloth, too. And, what is probably most important to most housewives, they are easily dusted. The use of a two-tone window shade will insure deep, cool shade in the room, and at the same time be bright and cheerful with the gay, light color facing the room.

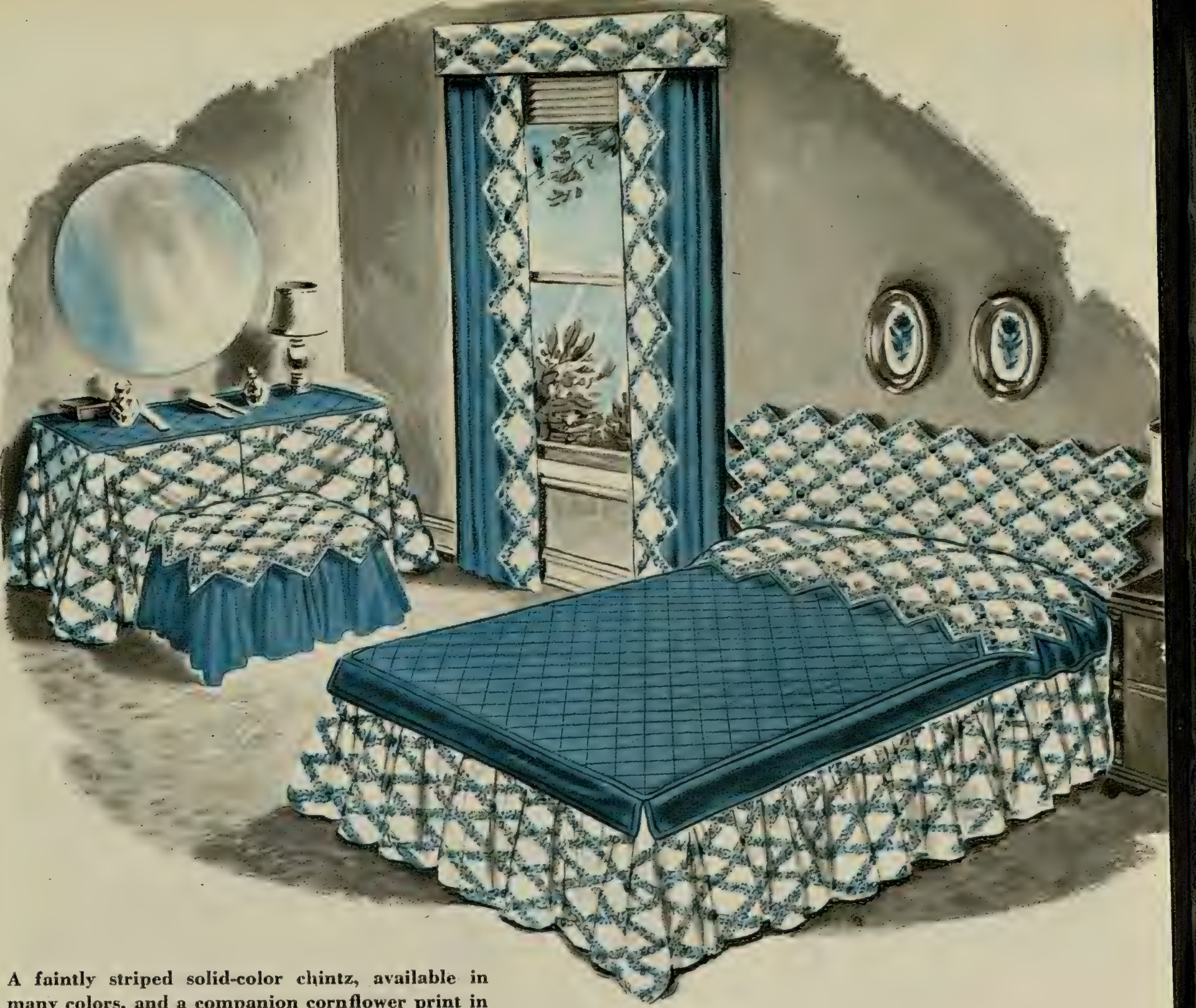
The intriguing use of paper curtains sewn into a summer bedspread makes the room more inviting and decorative. Use paper valances for pretty lamp shades and see how they brighten up your dressing table. A frilly dressing-table skirt with matching or contrasting skirt for the stool will give a frivolous touch to the room.

Don't forget the closet—you're in and out of it so often. Mothproof bags in bright colors, and an extra pair of matching drapes to line the inside panel of the door, will transform a dull closet into one you won't be ashamed of.

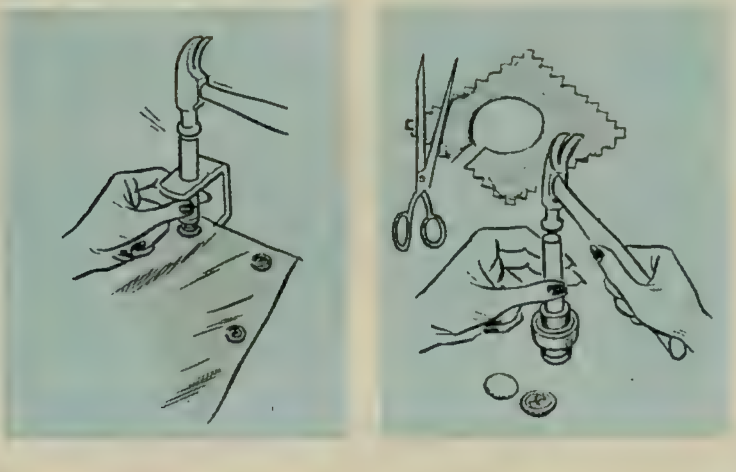
The cost of these paper shades and drapes is modest, and they are available in most stores. All they need are your nimble fingers. See the prices listed in box for items illustrated. For instructions on how to sew the various items mentioned, write for Reader Service Bulletin on page 36.

3 pairs Clopay plasticized drapes, "Hialeah" pattern No. 18-56, green on yellow, 98¢ a pair....	$2.94
2 pairs Clopay Royal Weave drapes, pattern No. 61-60, green, 98¢ a pair....................	1.96
2 Clopay duplex washable window shades, on rollers, 36 by 72 inches, green and ivory, 65¢ a shade	1.30
2 pairs Clopay Hollywood-style curtains, green-and-white check, 39¢ a pair...............	.78
4 Clopay garment bags at 59¢ a bag	2.36
	$9.34

All prices are approximate.



A faintly striped solid-color chintz, available in many colors, and a companion cornflower print in matching colors seem designed just for this easy-to-make, easy-to-care-for hot-weather bedroom.



With handy tools and dot wood snappers, plus a hammer, you can readily "button" fabrics to wood (left). This kit (right) contains equipment for covering tufting buttons with no sewing. Directions for making slip covers, spread, and valance are in the Bulletin offered on page 36.

Drawings by Cappello. Dot Wood Snapper and Button-maker Kit, courtesy of John Dritz. Fabrics, courtesy of Everfast.

SEW IT WITH A HAMME

Cool off your bedroom this summer—and yourself too— with these gay washable chintz fabrics, simplified pa terns, and a short-cut method of sewing with a hamme

◆ Good news—especially for those who've always believe their needle-and-thread talents are limited to sewing on bu tons. You can have that crisp summer bedroom you' hankered for, with a minimum of snarled threads and temper We've combined a bit of sewing, with straight strips of fabric and a new method of attaching those fabrics to wood. Instea of sewing the dust ruffle to a cumbersome under-mattres sheet, or fixing the dressing-table skirt with sure-to-pric tacks, swing to with a hammer and dot snappers. (Might eve "Let Pop Do It.") Just hammer one snapper on the woo and its mate on the fabric. When washday comes, it's n trouble to extricate the ruffle and dismantle the headboar or valance or dressing table. There are only straight pieces o fabric to launder and iron. You've simplified decorating, sew ing, and laundering, treated yourself to a summery bedroom and stayed cool all during the process.

Continued from page 25

kind of a hatchery there, sells off trout fingerling when he gets overstocked. Friend of mine bought some off him. That catch you up any?" he asked companionably.

Arranging a grateful smile over his preoccupation, Kenny said, "Gimme another watermelon." *Building sites and trout*, churned in his head, *and I can't use either one*. But hey, wait a minute, hold on—*trout!* In a mused daze he filled the rest of the order and drove back to the ranch.

◆

After supper Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick Henry bustled their young off to bed, fell exhausted into large leather chairs, kicked off their shoes, and divided up the daily papers. Prudence Henry's brother Kenny, who had been acting oddly ever since he came home from town covered with watermelon, sat bolt upright, wearing the latest word in corduroy jackets suitable to informal country wear. He was reading the magazine he had practically torn down the house to find—a search deliberately synchronized with the chores.

These chore coincidentals were neither new nor any longer amusing, his sister summed up, glancing fretfully over her paper. Kenny was turning out to be even more difficult than she had anticipated—this was the busy time of year and they were short a man; he could just as well throw in his weight. But, more important, he was arming her with no proof of the benefits to be derived from ranch living, to wave triumphantly at her mother. He was not aiding the argument that keeping up a large-family apartment in Los Angeles for herself and Kenny to rattle around in was extravagant and absurd, with the other children all married and Father gone. Mother couldn't, or wouldn't, see how she was spoiling Kenny (her "baby") with too much adoration, idleness, and spending money.

How disheartening that so many of the local girls were away for the summer or else "going steady," and Pru was not widely acquainted in that age group. Her own friends were young married people with very young children; they swarmed out to the swimming pool Sedg had built for young Sedg and Brooksie—and they bored Kenny to extinction. The pool was doubtless the reason for his consenting to summer there at all—and now he treated the place with the tolerant air of one lending his decorative presence to a disappointing resort. If only she knew of a nice girl—

"Say, Sedg," Kenny glanced up innocently from his magazine, "did you happen to read this article in here about the man with the trout farm?"

Folding the paper to the green sheet, Sedg hunkered down in his chair. "Man with— Oh, yes; quite a while back." His tone was distant.

"Well, I was just thinking," Kenny pursued, "it sure would be nice to have some trout handy in your freeze box, wouldn't it? All cleaned, ready to put in the pan. Nice tender trout. When you had sudden company you wouldn't all the time have to give them fried chicken."

Sedg lowered his paper in slow motion. "What do you have in mind?"

Having captured his audience, Kenny shrugged carelessly. "Seems a shame, the way you're wasting that swell pond out back."

Sedg said, "Didn't know you'd been out there enough to see it."

"It says here," Kenny gracefully ignored this remark, "the water for trout has to be cold, partly shaded, and constantly freshened, and that is."

"Sedg," Pru exclaimed, "I think Kenny has something!"

"Just a minute. I have a number of animals to feed; you and the cook have certain caloric responsibilities. Who's going to feed trout?"

"Shucks," Kenny leaped in, "who feeds the fish in the streams? They would feed themselves, catch things. You don't want more than fifty or sixty. Toss 'em in, forget 'em till they're pan size."

Sedg fastened him with a melancholy eye that had lived long and seen much. "Chum," he said, "don't kid yourself. Nothing is that easy."

Pru looked up brightly. "Where can we get some baby trout?"

Her brother's expression was smooth and bland and lighted by optimism with a shining overlay of triumph. "I think I know," he said.

After a moment he sauntered out and upstairs. Speaking in a subdued tone over the phone in his sister's room, Kenny sent a telegram. "Dear Jack," the message said, "hold it. Plans have changed. Letter follows."

◆

He tried the blue polka-dotted bow tie, then the salmon pink, then the foulard—bending to squint critically in the too-low mirror. Now, fawn slacks or gray?

In the garage, after a lightning dust job on the station wagon, he backed it out full throttle. A sound arose over the roar of the motor, a sound such as that of an urgent voice calling *"Kenny!"* But of course he couldn't be certain in all that noise.

Applewood Acres. Pretty name. Some distance beyond town, he very nearly passed the sign, pulling up so short that a lumber truck directly to the rear broke out in shivers and the driver made spirited signs. What a world, Kenny reflected benignly—no one looking where they're going.

There was a wide iron gate. Beyond, a sheet of water glistened and dimpled in the sun. And beyond that, on a knoll among trees, stood a charming house—the perfect house for her. Off to one side stood a long cement building that he took to be a garage. Climbing out, he opened the gate.

Glancing up, a figure could be discerned in the doorway of the cement building. It was Howdy. He would know her anywhere, at any distance. A rocket arose in his chest, exploding in a shower of iridescent sparkles. There she was the very first thing—oh, this was perfect, this was easy as falling off a log. As he approached, a dismaying fact became increasingly evident: the girl wore some kind of icky disguise—ragged jeans, streaked face, cinched hair under a faded bandanna; barefoot. He felt obscurely betrayed. Driving with one hand, the other pulled off the bow tie and crammed it into a pocket.

◆

The girl stood in the doorway, balanced for flight, as if she was terribly busy with something implausibly urgent and life was real, life was earnest, so state your business, brother, and get on your horse.

"We're not open Tuesdays," was her greeting, "but since you're here, how many do you want?" Her glance set a new record in detached impersonal glances. "Did you bring a container?" she added.

Staggered, but consoled that he had indeed brought a container, Kenny lifted out the shining toy sand pail picked up on his flight to the garage, holding it before him like an admission ticket. "Why, uh—around fifty or sixty would be fine," he said.

The girl eyed the sand pail and then Kenny in pitying disparagement. "In that thing? H'm." Turning shortly, she went inside. Kenny followed. The cool cement interior was furnished with long redwood troughs that had water churning down small artificial falls at the head of each trough. The place was sort of like a cave; it was nice, he decided; a nice cool place to get acquainted on a warm morning; only, brother, what a resistance! She was still a beautiful girl, even in that get-up. That is, he amended, she was if you had seen her before.

"By the way, how does your pond test?" Howdy asked. For a second he had her confused with his chemistry teacher. At his blank expression, she explained carefully, as to a witling, "A lot of the water in this area shows signs of arsenic from minerals in the soil."

His mind meshed into cumbersome gear. "Well, this water runs off into the pasture and the stock drink it, and they're not dead yet."

"You should have had a chemical analysis," she reproved. "But we'll let that ride. Cement-lined pond?"

His attention strayed momentarily to the moist little curls in the back of her neck. "Nuh-no," he floundered. "Just the usual thing. It's a nice pond, though, cold water from a spring, and shaded." He

Liberty SHORT CUTS TO BETTER LIVING

EDITED BY NANETTE KUTNER

◆ This month Liberty takes pride in heading Short Cuts with a contribution from our First Lady, Mrs. Harry S. Truman. Mrs. Truman's Short Cut is a recipe, used in her family for years. Good—winter or summer—but particularly in the heat, when a cool dish creates a Short Cut to comfort. So herewith is the Truman recipe for BING CHERRY MOLD SALAD.

THE WHITE HOUSE

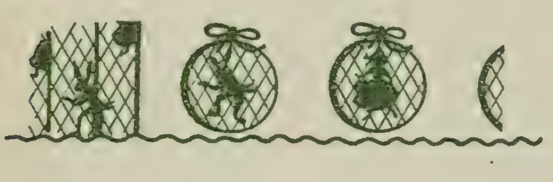
WASHINGTON

1 large can Bing cherries, 2 packages cream cheese, 1 package cherry Jello (or any red), 1 package lime Jello. Measure juice from cherries and add water to make 2 cups; heat and dissolve cherry Jello in this. When partly set, add cherries. Make lime Jello with water. When partly set, beat in cream cheese. Put cheese Jello in bottom of mold; let set; then put cherry mixture on top. Serve with mayonnaise.

LAWNS Soak new grass seeds in bluing water, then birds won't eat them.—*Mrs. David Martin, Olympia, Wash.*

CUTTING BANGS To cut my little girl's bangs I take a piece of lined paper and slip it up under the bangs, then I cut straight across, following one of the lines. This eliminates the evening-up afterward and also keeps the hair ends from my child's eyes.—*Mrs. Donald Cossin, Detroit, Mich.*

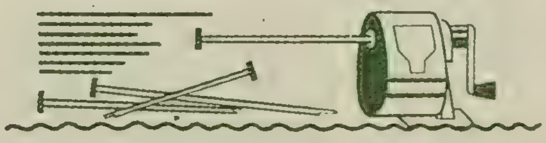
PRINTS When using character prints in a child's room (I use Uncle Wiggily), slip embroidery hoops about the left-over fabric and you have pretty pictures that will match the draperies. To hang these hoops, tie a ribbon through spring at the top of each.—*Mrs. P. W. Ekholm, Pomona, Calif.*



OUTDOOR LOCKS Cut from old inner tube a sheet of rubber over two inches bigger than your garage lock (on all sides). Nail rubber sheet above the lock so when lock is snapped closed the sheet falls right over it, thus keeping rain and rust away.—*Stratis Simon, Long Island City, N. Y.*

COPPER CLEANSER When copperwork is in need of cleaning, use *stale beer*. Tarnish disappears without one bit of rubbing.—*Katherine Dowd, Washington, D. C.*

KNITTING NEEDLES If the point of a bone needle snaps, it can be resharpened in an ordinary pencil sharpener.—*Mrs. Dorothy Townsend, Camden, N. J.*



SEWING MACHINE If machine belt becomes too loose, do not cut. Remove belt and soak in cold water. Put in sun to dry. This will shrink belt.—*Miss M. C. Synnott, New York, N. Y.*

TOAST To keep toast crisp while in lunchbox, place in cellophane bags, bought at dime store. Close openings with hot iron.—*R. Sims, Dallas, Texas.*

MOPS You can prolong the life of a new mop by tying knot at end of each cluster. This strengthens the whole.—*Henry Galus, New Bedford, Mass.*

GARBAGE CANS To hold cans stationary I set each in an old rubber tire, and I paint the tires green or white.—*Mrs. C. F. Miller, Utica, N. Y.*

BAIT Instead of digging for worms, my husband takes a steel rod one foot long, and makes one end pointed. The dull end he hooks up to our house electric current. He plunges rod into ground, turns on current, and in one minute the worms pop out all around the rod. This is not for kids; let Pop do it.—*Mrs. T. Wetzel, Vancouver, Wash.*

DOG PATIENT To give a canine liquid medicine, put dose in small bottle, insert opening under the upper lip at side of mouth, and pour slowly.—*Norma Davis, Jackson Heights, N. Y.*

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recalled brightly, "My sister has a swimming pool. That's cement."

"Well, all right, why didn't you say so?" she exclaimed as if everything were now solved and simple. "You can put the fish there."

She couldn't be serious, but something assured him she was. "And swim in the pond?" He tried laughing lightly. "I don't believe the family would quite go for that; it's too shallow. But perhaps we could all swim together in the pool. How would that be?"

She made an outraged headshaking survey of him and all his relatives. "For heaven's sake—you couldn't swim in the same pool with the fish! That would be terrible. They're very delicate!"

Kenny said, "Gosh, is that so?" He began to be quite tired of fish. His inward thoughts leaped to Jack; this was just the kind of a deal Jack would go for. Perhaps the telegram last night had been too hasty.

◆ Evidently Howdy's tolerance was being severely strained. If you are going to raise fish, her attitude said, at least you might go about it with a little care and forethought. "Have you your transportation permit?" she asked on a down note.

Kenny's mouth opened in a fishlike gape. "Trans—"

"You're supposed to have a permit to move live trout; you get it from the fish-and-game warden. How far do you have to go?"

"Wuh—er—I didn't exactly notice. About ten miles, I guess."

"Oh. You're not taking them out of the state?" tapping a bare foot.

He exhaled a long weary breath. "I'm not positive," he commented elaborately. "I don't happen to have it in writing, with my brother-in-law's signature witnessed by a notary. I am merely under the impression that the trout are to be placed in the pasture pond, in this particular county and state. We are fairly reliable people who can no doubt be safely trusted with a few fish." That ought to hold her. In the letter I'll tell Jack there's a wonderful girl I'm leaving to him, ha-ha.

He observed that his diatribe made an impression, because she peeled a lipstick out of a skintight pocket and applied it as if unintentionally, hitting the target for a perfect score. "All right," she relented. "You can have sixty. They're ten cents each; that'll be six dollars and fifteen cents tax." Her hand extended without the slightest nice reluctance to accept the wrinkled five and the change, which she studiously counted. "O.K., thanks," holding her breath in to shove the money down a pocket. "But you can't carry them in that ridiculous pail. They must be aerated."

Tragic that such a beautiful girl should be so hipped on trout. He tried recalling how she had looked yesterday, before this obsession showed on her. The recollection was stimulating. "What's aerated?"

"Trout breathe, you know," she explained with almost her final measure of patience. "The water has to have air in it. Here," Howdy indicated, "you can take them in this twenty-gallon milkcan, if you promise to get it right back here. I need it. Will it go in your car?"

He leaped for the door, thrilled to discover some small situation he could master. "Easy. The rear seats come out."

Climbing inside the station wagon, Kenny wrestled heroically with the second seat. At length, wrenching it up by the roots, he discovered it would not go out over the third seat, so he tore that one up, opened the rear end, hurled both seats to the ground, returned the third seat to place, poked in his shirttail, and beamed. "Can the other one stay there till I bring back the milkcan?"

"Just place it right side up under that tree," Howdy directed in a neat voice. "Now, if you will please carry the milkcan to the lake and fill it about to—there," indicating the three-quarter line.

It was incredible that anything could be that heavy. His shoes were full of water, the gray slacks had a sickening mud streak.

Howdy poised over a long trough, holding a sieve. He stood alongside, watching the hundreds of small trout frisking in the animated water. The curve of her cheek, the tilt of her nose kept getting in his way. She dipped the sieve tenderly, counted waving tails, transferred the fish with infinite pains to the milkcan. "Any special ones you prefer?" she asked.

"They all look alike to me, like gray minnows," he said carelessly. "Are you sure they're rainbows?"

◆

The corners of her eyes shot a glance that wouldn't trust anyone that ignorant around the corner. "The colors develop later," she said in a refrigerated tone, drying her hands down the jeans seams. "By the way, you'll have to be kind of ambidextrous to get them home. Are you?"

Drawing a lungful of bold breath, he grinned down into the sapphire eyes. "I can drive with one hand. Is that ambidextrous enough?"

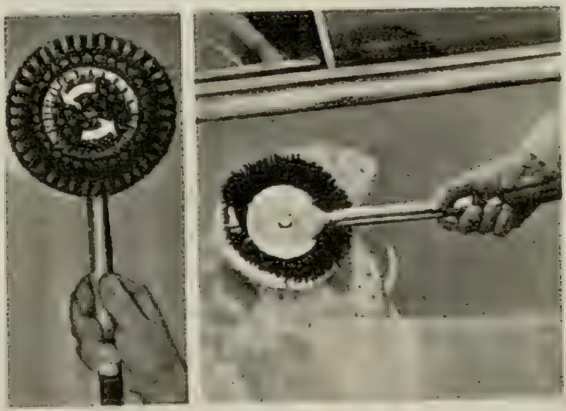
"That's good, because that's just what you'll be doing," she advised briskly. Reaching into a corner, she picked up an ingenious device and held it up for his inspection. "This is an aerator. I made it." The aerator consisted of a coffee-tin punctured with small holes; in the center was fastened a length of broomstick. "Now look." Lowering the tin into the milkcan, she drew it up, water spouting from very pore. "You do that," demonstrating again, "continuously—all the way home. Lift it high—carefully—to pick up air, and lower it. So the fish can breathe."

Kenny surveyed this remarkable invention dubiously and not with-

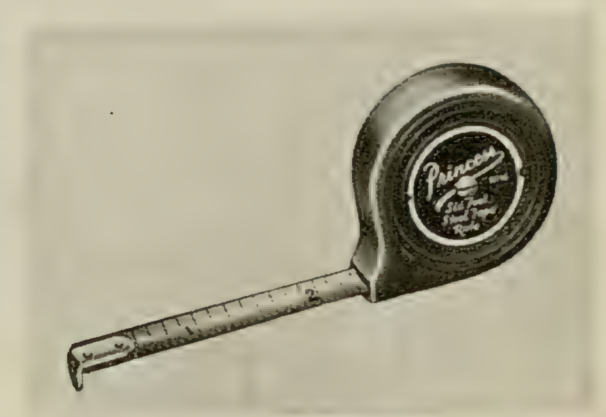
Liberty SHOPS FOR THE FAMILY

For Liberty families: Up-to-the-minute equipment for you and your home; new products and new materials to lighten work and increase your comfort this summer

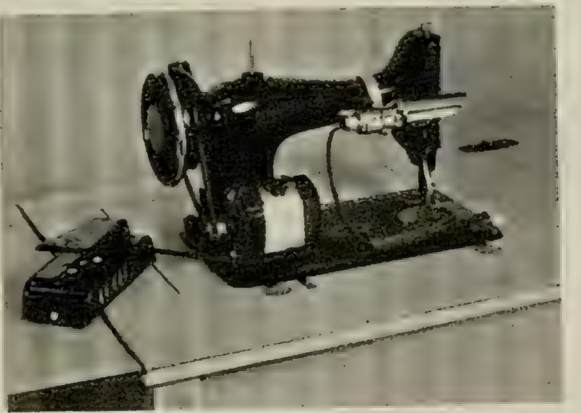
By EILEEN BURKE



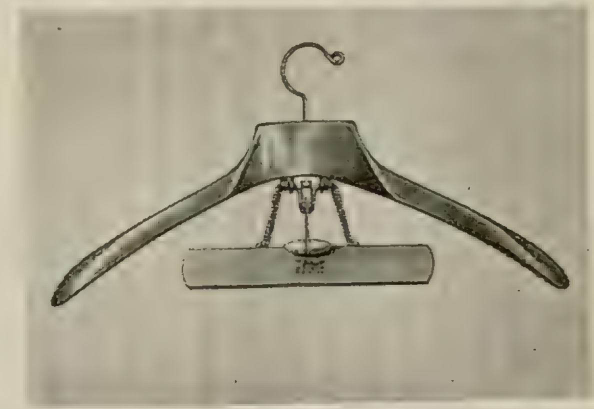
Clean and polish your car or other outdoor equipment in one swoop by attaching the Swirl-O-Matic to a garden hose. Water pressure drives a revolving brush; a stationary brush does the rest. Melaire Distributing Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; $6.95 ppd.



Here's the Princess, a flexible lightweight steel tape measure for sewing basket or purse. The accurate six-foot rule has an automatic "brake" to keep it extended while you measure hemlines or furniture. In colors. Department and variety stores; under $1.



Stop pumping away at your old-fashioned treadle-type sewing machine. Electrify it with the Brownell motor kit, which you can install with only a screw driver. Fits any make. Kit also includes a lamp. Brownell Distributors, 308 Canal St., New York, N.Y.; $16.75.



Properly hung clothes last longer and fit better. The Setwell combination hanger smooths and rounds the neck and shoulders of a man's coat; hangs it straight. Notions and men's stores; 17-inch hanger, size 40 and under, $2.95; 20-inch, size 42 and up, $3.25.

The new spun-aluminum Upside Downaire is made to order for those of you who specialize in *tortes*, upside-down cakes, and other desserts served with a sauce. One-piece seamless construction. Comes in two sizes. Department and housewares stores; $1.19 or 89 cents.

A modern louvered screening material, Venetian Screen will invite more breezes into your house this summer. Made of lifetime bronze, it's easily tacked on ordinary screen frames. Hardware and building-supply stores, various widths; 39 cents square foot.

Prices are approximate.

out a certain resentment. Good old irresistible Kenny, the guy that knows how, could drive expertly with one hand under certain conditions—but it now occurred to him that to lean over the back of the front seat and lift the aerator with one hand, while looking forward and driving with the other hand would require more dexterity than even he possessed.

"Oh, dandy," he said, not without bitterness, "and when I go over in a ditch, who's going to aerate me? Not you, I bet!"

Howdy was quite unmoved. "The best thing for you to do is go home and bring someone back with you to sit the trout."

"A trout sitter?" he inquired in a sardonic voice.

"O.K., be funny." Turning away purposefully, Howdy announced, "Now, if you will excuse me, I have a lot to do. My father is busy showing prospects over the property and I volunteered to handle this trout angle, and it's my job—I'm not letting Father down, or the trout either, and besides, I get half, so if you will just kindly—"

"Listen," Kenny took a belligerent stance before her. "What have you got against me anyway? Why can't I help you? What you got to do?"

"Things." Howdy glanced bleakly at his clothes, his smooth fastidious hands. "Things you wouldn't enjoy."

"Well, then, neither would you," he deduced. "So why not let 'em ride and come sit the trout home? I'll bring you right back."

◆

There was a curiously disapproving silence. "It may sound rather quaint to you," she said, "but I always do my work first and then go for rides." Good night, she sounded just like Jack!

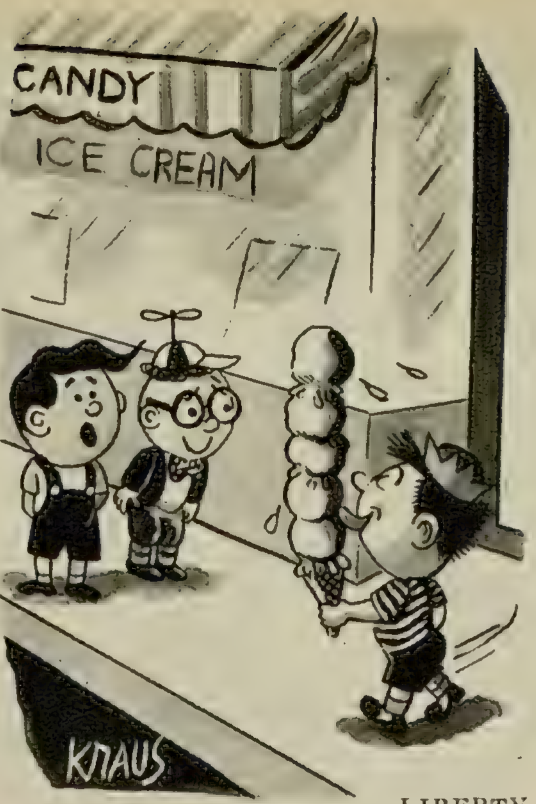
"All right, all right," he submitted, "if you insist." The open door to a small service room revealed overalls hanging from a hook. Kenny headed there with a humorously defeated swagger, closed the door, removed his gray slacks and drew on the overalls. The size forty-two was a long way from his twenty-eight waist. Pulling the folds in under his belt, he loped out, according himself an enthusiastic "Ta-da" fanfare.

Howdy spared him a meager glance from her sizable repertoire of meager glances, and went on turning the handle to a large meat grinder.

Rippling his muscles in playful undulations, Kenny ordered, "Give over." The handle was a sudden shock, when he discovered how resistantly it turned. Howdy busied herself with a broom, leaving it at intervals to aerate the milkcan.

"Listen," Kenny said reasonably. "What do you do—just work all the time? Don't you country people ever have any fun?"

At that moment the meat grinder froze in gear. He put up a tough fight, all but wrecking it, when Howdy brushed him away, dismantling the works while he stood by helplessly. She said, faintly exasperated, "You might hose out in here." He did, sprinkling both of them liberally. "If you can tear yourself away," her tone was held down even, "let's go." Kenny dropped the hose at once.



LIBERTY

"Guess his brother got that job as soda jerk."

"I have to run to the house and tell Mother," she said, "and will you *please* turn off that hose? After you load the milkcan, fasten up that 'Closed' sign, and see if you can manage to lock the door. Oh—and don't forget to put your pants on; my father wants those overalls."

When Howdy entered the house, her mother literally pounced at her. "Harriet! Mercy's sake, child, you look like something dredged up! I can't imagine what your father's thinking of—but all right, all right, skip it. Go take your shower, dear—My, I'm certainly glad you came in right now. I have some interesting news for you, and your pink shantung is all pressed. Listen, dear. We're invited to—"

"Mother," the girl edged away, "I'm in a frightful rush."

Mrs. Harper's answering look suppressed a certain maternal exasperation. "You've fussed enough with those messy fish. Now, look here—"

"No time. Really and truly I'm sorry, Mother, but I do have to get back right away and help a big dumb ox aerate his fish home. If I don't, there won't be one left alive. Now, please—he's going to bring me right back." She moved fleetly for the door. "See you pronto, darling."

Seating herself in the rear seat of the station wagon, Howdy grasped the aerator; it came up spraying in all directions. Kenny stopped the car and turned around. "You're going to get soaking wet. Why don't you drive and let me do that?"

"You go ahead and drive. I aerate better. Soaking wet is my occupational condition. "Hey," she called, when the car started up again, "what are you going to feed these fish?"

"Feed them? Who feeds them in the streams?" He had a sinking premonition that this was going to be bad.

"That's *native* trout in their *wild* state!" Howdy cried in righteous indignation. "These are hatched; they have no idea of how to forage; you have to *feed* them—liver and things, ground up fine. Fish eat like horses," she said. "I grind up pounds of gunk every day."

"Liver?" A shopping memory returned. "At eighty cents a pound?"

"Oh, dear," the girl sighed enormously. "Look. Turn right—next turn; keep going. That big building down there you can see the top of—that's the slaughterhouse. They have fish food, seven cents a pound. You'd better get— Look. Do you-all have a freeze box? . . . O.K. Get forty or fifty pounds. That'll last you a while."

Mrs. Sedgwick Henry's brother hastily blotted out a lively presentiment of his sister's face, confronted by this addition to the already crowded storage in her beloved freeze box.

To Kenny's relief, no one was in sight at the ranch when they drove in. He preferred not to introduce this bedraggled girl in the rear seat. A yellow envelope stuck in a screen door caught his eye—he had a feeling it was a telegram for him; and it was:

HELP. THIS CLAMBAKE IS A RAT RACE WITHOUT OUR FAVORITE BIG TIME OPERATOR. DRIVING UP THAT WAY THURSDAY. COME HOME WITH US LOVERBOY AND ALL IS FORGIVEN. JIGGER AND POOTSIE AND THE VILE VIOLET.

Ah! What perfect timing! He stood there, dazed with this overwhelming good fortune. The girls could bring Jack with them, and Jack was welcome to this Howdy dame. He'd even throw in the bus fare. Straightening his shoulders with new confidence, Kenny sauntered back to the car and Howdy, who gazed around as though she hadn't noticed his departure.

"Nice place," she approved. "How many acres?"

Who cares? "Oh—several hundred, I presume." He dismissed it. "Let's get these fish dumped. I have urgent things to do."

Howdy was swiftly interested, gazing up to his face. "What is your detail around here? Do you milk or garden or do the chickens, or what?"

Heaving the sloshing container to the ground, he grandly ignored the question and began walking the milkcan toward the pond, Howdy trotting alongside, admiring everything. "You certainly have a wonderful break," she looked all around, "even a pool. I know some boys who work for the Forestry during vacation. Would they go for that! About all they do is douse fires all summer."

He removed his hands from the burden, stood up, and declared himself. "Doesn't anybody ever do anything in this crummy country but work? Listen. Any dumb droop can milk a cow and hoe corn and put out fires, and they can have it. Is there a law against enjoying yourself?"

Looking down forcefully, he could see replies formulating back of her forehead, her round high childish forehead; but then she chose against giving them. "You wouldn't understand," she said.

All right, if that's the way she wanted it. There were places where he was appreciated, and he couldn't get back there too soon. Thursday—only two more days to go—hurrah. He'd never thought of hayseed girls as snobs before, but that's what they were, work snobs. Sullenly resuming his onerous burden, he achieved the bank of the pond.

"What do I do now—dump this thing out?"

Howdy clutched at his arm. "Goodness, no! This water's an entirely different temperature. The fish have to be introduced gradually or it will shock them." Leaning down, she dipped a testing hand into the water. "'Mm, about seventy-five degrees, and they're conditioned to sixty-five. That's our optimum. You see, temperature controls the growth rate," she informed earnestly. "The maximum they will tolerate is eighty-three; the minimum is forty."

Kenny registered the most frugal interest. "O.K.," he said. "Suppose you get off your podium and tell me what to do next."

Having found an old pail, she was dipping water diligently from the pond to the milkcan. "All right—pour them in now. Oh dear, I do hope they're all alive."

"If they're not, shall I shoot myself?" Kenny suggested.

◆

The liberated little fish darted exploring through the water. Then they formed into squads, all pointed the same way—Waiting for some of that gunk I'm supposed to grind up, Kenny meditated. He sat down on the bank, chewing a reflective blade of sweet grass, and it was impossible to avoid noticing how pretty Howdy looked—in spite of everything—leaning over to gaze in the water. Perhaps at long last she had relaxed. Perhaps the time had come when they could mention something besides trout. He was on the tip of mentioning the movies for that night, when the blissful silence was broken by a loud *glug*, followed by widening circles.

"A frog!" The girl turned on him accusingly. "You didn't tell me you had frogs! Go get a shotgun, quick, before he swallows half the fish!"

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She shot the frog. Then she sat down on the grass with the shotgun over her lap and a grim Hatfield-McCoy expression. Kenny turned abruptly and went back to the house, straight to the telephone, and gave a message to the telegraph operator: "I can hardly wait. Bring Jack with you."

When he returned, Howdy advised him in a highly disapproving tone, "I just shot a water snake," implying that the company he kept would bear investigating. Handing him the shotgun with a gesture of resignation, she said, "I have to go home now. It's lunchtime and I can't stay here all summer to protect these poor helpless little fish. Probably there won't be one alive by next week—not if they're left to you."

"If I never see another fish," Kenny assured her feelingly, "it'll be too soon. Are you ready?"

"I certainly am." She walked ahead with clipped steps. "Are you sure you have the energy to sit up and drive?"

The ride proceeded in electric silence.

He left her at the gate, at her request. "So long," Kenny said, "if I don't see you again. I'm thinking seriously of going back to the city. The excitement up here is killing me."

Howdy leveled a scornful, pitying glance. "Can't take it, uh?" She slammed the door, hard. "Have fun," she said cuttingly.

"You too. I *do* hope you raise lots of dear darling little trout." His long, bent arm was thrust out over the door. He conferred upon her his most devastating leer to treasure.

She stopped still and aimed a firm look squarely into his eyes. "I do hope you raise your average," she said.

◆

He drove back to the ranch at a thoughtful speed, far under his customary rate. He was burnt to a fine throbbing blister. What a country! What a dame! Of all the overbearing smarty-pants; of all the— No sense of humor, no sense of fitness, no sophistication, no fun. Every word she had said came back edged and clear. Anyone would think he was a dimwit, a no-good-nick. Quite at random he recalled, with rather a sense of shock, that Jack was a whole lot of guy; handsome, and never so happy as when he was doing something dismal that added up to work. His own life ambition to be a movie actor receded and left him faintly embarrassed.

By gosh, he could do anything these yokels could do! Any day. Let's see—the rest of Tuesday and all day Wednesday to go. Well, he'd open their eyes, just for the hell of it. Just show them.

After raiding the refrigerator, he made straight for the pond with the shotgun and surprised himself almost unconscious by shooting a frog. Returning the shotgun, he recalled a yearning remark of Pru's and took off at once for the raspberry patch. The full flat of berries was left on the back porch—he was keeping out of Pru's sight so as not to answer questions as to where he had been—and from there he took a hoe to the sweet-corn patch. Hot work. Squirting himself with the hose and resisting the shouts of his young nephews from the pool, he tackled the henhouse for a light policing job. After another hosing, he sprinted for the kitchen garden and gathered corn, tomatoes, and string beans, reluctantly admiring their combined colors in the basket. At milking time, Kenny preceded Sedg to the big red barn by three cows. The hired man named Pete watched him, utterly stupefied. On his return trip, Kenny paused at the pond and scrutinized it thoroughly for marauders. The little fish darted merrily; he felt surprisingly tender toward them.

◆

With twenty minutes to go before supper, Kenny ran through a shower, pulled on a clean work T-shirt of Sedg's and a pair of elderly jeans. The heady consciousness of virtue coursed cleanly through his veins as he dragged out his suitcase and began automatically taking things down from his clothes closet. Discovering he was not in a mood to pack, he drifted to the mirror, idly lamenting his crowning lock as sacrificed to an old misguided passion now cooled. He suffered a curious ache that did not seem to be entirely muscular; it was more as if he had lost something precious. But if he went back and looked right away, maybe it could be found.

Sauntering downstairs in a state of fog, Kenny progressed to his sister's living room. He walked in on a whole flock of strange people.

"Kenny!" Pru cried, jumping up and running to him, throwing an enthusiastic arm about his shoulders. "I looked high and low to thank you for the berries and things, you *dear!* And I wanted to tell you"—her amazed glance took stock of his sartorial inelegance—"some old friends are here. We happened to discover each other today when I was phoning all around trying to locate some young trout." Everyone laughed. Kenny twitched. "Mr. and Mrs. Harper, this is my brother Kenneth. And," the arm on his shoulder turned him, "Miss Harriet Harper; Ken Slater."

In the wing chair sat this vision, this leggy terrific blonde vision with the short plush upcurl, the eyes. *Boy!* The melting apricot tan in a pink shantung dress, and the cool clean freshness—all there.

"Kenneth," Pru was saying, "would you like to sort of show Harriet around the place before supper? We're having it later tonight."

He stepped out with brisk confidence, explaining impersonally, "Over there is our berry patch, Miss Harper—of course there aren't many berries right now; I just about stripped it this afternoon. And that's the chickenhouse—there's some old biddies in there"—his smile was indulgent—"that talk to you while you're swabbing out the joint. . . . Nice stand of corn, uh? . . . This is the barn. A beauty, isn't it? My brother-in-law has milking shorthorns, twelve fresh at this time; and—"

Their wanderings ended at a curly white-iron garden bench still pleasantly warm from the heat of the day. Sitting down at either end, Kenny observed her charming profile. She turned by degrees until he was looking into her eyes, her warm admiring eyes.

"Hello," she said shyly. "Hello there, Kenny."

"Hello there, yourself, Howdy. Fancy meeting you here," Kenny said in a hearty voice. "What would you like to do now—see the trout?"

"Oh, no, thank you," she said in haste. "I wouldn't care to do anything except sit here in this lovely spot. To tell you the truth," with a misty smile, "right now I am rather tired of trout."

"Well!" he exclaimed expansively, as if they had discovered a wonderful area of agreement. "That's funny. So am I—right now. But," he leaned nearer, "would you care to hear what I'm *not* tired of?"

The girl's face tilted very near to his own; he caught a little intoxicating whiff of talcumy fragrance rising from the neck of her dress. "Why, Kenny," she crooned, "you just know I would." Her eyes waited.

And at that very moment a horrifying thought struck him: The girls; *Jack!* What if they started early? There wasn't a minute to lose; they must be stopped. Suppressing a wild panic, he arose from the bench as by magic levitation. "Howdy, I just remembered, got to make a very important long-distance call, be right back, quick as I can. Listen," turning urgently. "don't go away. You hear? Wait for me? Promise?"

"I'll be waiting right here," Howdy said sweetly. "Hurry up."

◆

When he returned, she eyed him for a tingling moment, then prodded gently, "What was that you were going to tell me? Something about something you're not tired of, you said."

His mind wheeled back. "Oh, that!" He recaptured it, beaming at her. "The fact is, I just discovered this place isn't a bit tiresome. I really kind of like it—so I'm not going back to the city at all." Stretching his arms complacently over the bench back, Kenny exuded the comfortable well-being that follows a good day's work.

"Sedge needs a really good man around this place," he said. His newly enamored eyes turned happily toward the beautiful warm red barn. ◆ ◆

Liberty pastime

DESERT HONEYMOON

What happens when you win on a radio give-away program? Mr. and Mrs. Ursel E. Coulson, a typical young American couple from Kansas City, won a honeymoon at a swank California resort, and here's what happened to them

See Next Page ▸ ▸ ▸

Mr. and Mrs. U. E. Coulson, the newlyweds, are welcomed at the Apple Valley airport, and then in traditional Western buckboard style are escorted to the inn, where they are to occupy a guest cottage.

Saturday night is square-dance time in Apple Valley, and the Coulsons (center) join in the gay fun at the Branding Iron.

The Coulsons quickly lose their Kansas pallor by romping
the inn's pool, surrounded by mountains and sagebrus

ESERT ONEYMOON

ntinued

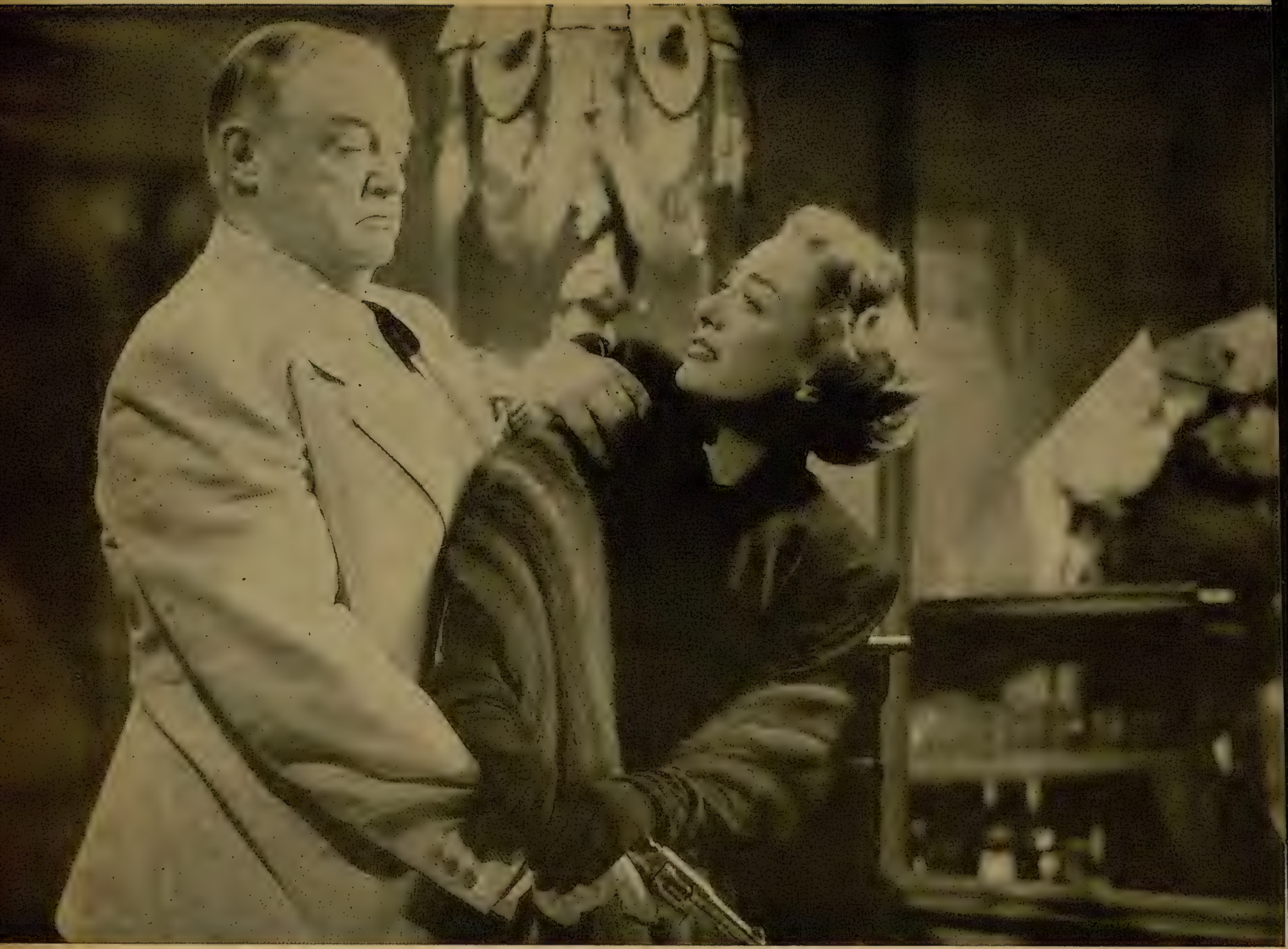
Here's a romance that began er the library counter of the ansas City Star. It started when -naval flyer U. E. "Burtt" Coul- n tried to recover a letter he had ritten to the paper on his war xperiences and met pretty news- aper librarian Joan Williams. No- cing her attractiveness, he lost time in making overtures, but an received them with polite olness just as she did the ad- nces that came after Burtt him- lf was hired by the Star some me later. Joan agreed to date im after four months of Burtt's leading. On deciding finally to arry, they figured that, having et through a letter, another let- er to the radio program Bride nd Groom might win them a oneymoon. The story of their romance won, and they paid their wn way to California. After a igh-noon wedding at Los An- eles' Chapman Park, the newly- veds were flown to Apple Valley Ranchos, Victorville, California, as he guests of the American Broadcasting Company. There they occupied the "Bride and Groom" cottage at the Apple Valley Inn. Following a week at the desert resort, the Coulsons returned to Los Angeles, where they hope to make their permanent home. At present they are visiting friends until Burtt, 31, finds a job. He wants to be an announcer in radio or television. Joan, 23, wants to raise a family.

"China was never like this," says Burtt, who flew the Hump 99 times during the war. And Sunday breakfast in the inn's "Bride and Groom" cottage is a meal to rave about.

APPLE VALLEY
RANCHOS
LIVERY S LE

Newt Bass, genial owner, offers the newlyweds some "tips" on the horses.

Apple Valley, once an Indian pueblo, abounds in bridle trails and joshua trees. Joan points to a spot with a rare view where she would like to have Burtt build a home.



The sheriff (Sydney Greenstreet), a ruthless, small-town politician, tries to kill Lane Bellamy (Joan Crawford), a former carnival girl, because she knows he is a crook.

Lane Bellamy and her dancing friends of the carnival get word that the show is going to pull a quick night sneak.

Dan Reynolds (David Brian center) and his henchmen are conferring on a political deal at Lute-Mae's roadhouse.

BERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

flamingo road

y ELIZABETH WILSON

ere is an exciting melodrama that
o-stars Joan Crawford and Zachary Scott
nd gives moviegoers a realistic look
t behind-the-scenes politics

Flamingo Road (Warner Brothers), produced by erry Wald and starring Joan Crawford, is a tense, xciting melodrama which is bound to be one of the op box-office favorites of 1949.

Based on a play by Robert and Sally Wilder, it eunites Miss Crawford, Mr. Wald, Michael Curtiz nd Zachary Scott—a collaboration that three years go made the film, Mildred Pierce, a huge success nd brought in an Oscar for Joan. Sharing honors his time are Sydney Greenstreet and David Brian. This is Brian's first screen appearance. A former New York Roxy Theater doorman, he got his professional tart as an understudy and chorus boy in New Moon. He came to California to enter the contracting usiness, but the business flopped for lack of cement. Joan Crawford heard about him from her children's urse and sent him to Curtiz, who tested him and igned him. Gladys George plays Lute-Mae who runs the town's roadhouse. Gertrude Michael plays a wisecracking waitress. Flamingo Road is the fashionable street of Boldon, a small southern city. Lane Bellamy, a carnival girl, finally makes the grade to the exclusive Flamingo Road. As Lane Bellamy, Joan Crawford gives an intense, emotional performance. Sydney Greenstreet is sheriff of Boldon, a ruthless, cold-blooded man who aims to be political boss of the state and send Deputy Zachary Scott, son of one of the oldest families on Flamingo Road, to the Senate as his personal henchman. When the deputy arrives to serve an attachment on the carnival, he finds that everyone has fled except Joan. He falls for her, takes her to town, where he gets her a job as a waitress. The sheriff sees in Joan a menace to his plans and has her railroaded out of town on a trumped-up charge of "soliciting." Scott marries the socially acceptable Virginia Huston, and goes to the Senate. When Joan has finished her jail sentence, she returns to Boldon and meets Dan Reynolds (David Brian), the head man of the state political machine. Reynolds becomes interested in her, and they marry. Now she is ready to deliver a body blow to her old enemy the sheriff. What follows is first-rate melodrama with a cold, realistic look at behind-the-scenes politics. Miss Crawford's performance will further endear her to her fans. Her clothes range from prison denim to chic creations, and as she scales the social ladder her hair is changed from brassy yellow to dark brown.

The deputy sheriff (Zachary Scott) finds that Lane is the only one who didn't run out when the carnival left.

Lane, tired of carnival life, gets a job as a waitress. Trouble begins when she and the deputy fall for each other.

Liberty

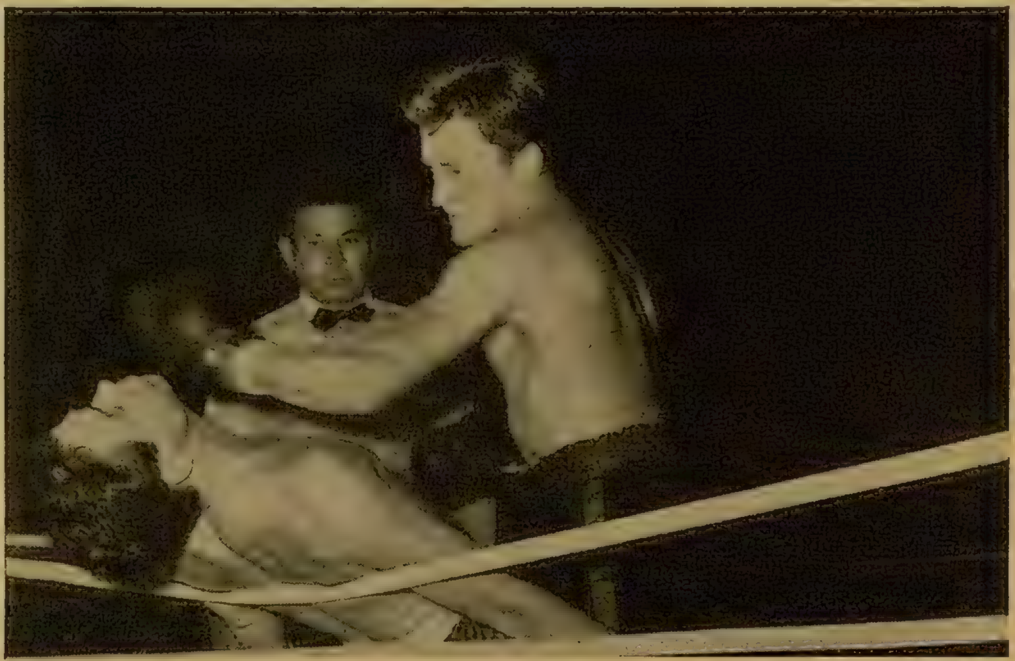
PICKS THE PICTURES APPROVED FOR ALL THE FAMILY

By Elizabeth Wilson

THE WINDOW (RKO) is one of the best suspense films to come out of Hollywood in ages. Adapted by writer Mel Dinelli from Cornell Woolrich's short story, it brings out slews of goose pimples. Bobby Driscoll plays a ten-year-old New York tenement boy who has a reputation for telling tall tales. His parents (Arthur Kennedy and Barbara Hale) warn him to stop his fibbing. One night the boy sees a murder committed by the tenants (Paul Stewart and Ruth Roman) in the apartment upstairs. However, no one believes him—neither the police, nor his hard-working parents. But the murderers believe him and decide he must be killed as quickly as possible. That's when your blood runs cold and your hair stands on end as the youngster attempts to outwit the killers in a chase through a condemned tenement.

Scenes such as this keep you on the edge of your chair as Tommy (Bobby Driscoll) tries to outwit a couple of tenement murderers.

CHAMPION (Screen Plays, United Artists release) is a first-rate fight picture. Adapted from Ring Lardner's bitter satire on the prize ring and packed with an emotional wallop by producer Stanley Kramer and screen-play writer Carl Foreman, Champion is fine entertainment for all audiences whether they are interested in the fight racket or not. Kirk Douglas gives a cruelly realistic performance as Midge Kelly, Lardner's young fighter who is a hero to his fans and a heel to his friends and family. Ruth Roman plays the pretty wife he walks out on. Marilyn Maxwell and Lola Albright are the women he uses to further his ambitions. Paul Stewart is his manager and Arthur Kennedy the brother he betrays. Among the supporting players who come off well in the film are Louis Van Rooten, John Day, and Harry Shannon.



Midge Kelly (Kirk Douglas) wasn't supposed to maul this particular foe, but he did it to get even with a girl who had turned him down.

CITY ACROSS THE RIVER (Universal-International) is a vigorous and exciting adaptation of the Irving Shulman novel on juvenile delinquency, The Amboy Dukes. Maxwell Shane—tripling as producer, director, and writer—has whipped together a hard-hitting picture which never strays from its prime purpose—entertainment. The story centers around a gang of boys brought up in Brooklyn's slums, who call themselves The Dukes. They are a tough lot, who stop at nothing, not even murder. Except for Stephen McNally, who plays the youth-center instructor, there are no marquee names, which is as it should be. The Dukes are Peter Fernandez, Al Ramsen, Joshua Shelley, Anthony Curtis, Mickey Knox, and Richard Jaeckel, who play their gun-toting and strong-arm roles with unusual skill.

The Dukes, one of Brooklyn's many boy gangs, stopped at nothing, not even murder. These two, sore at being flunked, kill a teacher.

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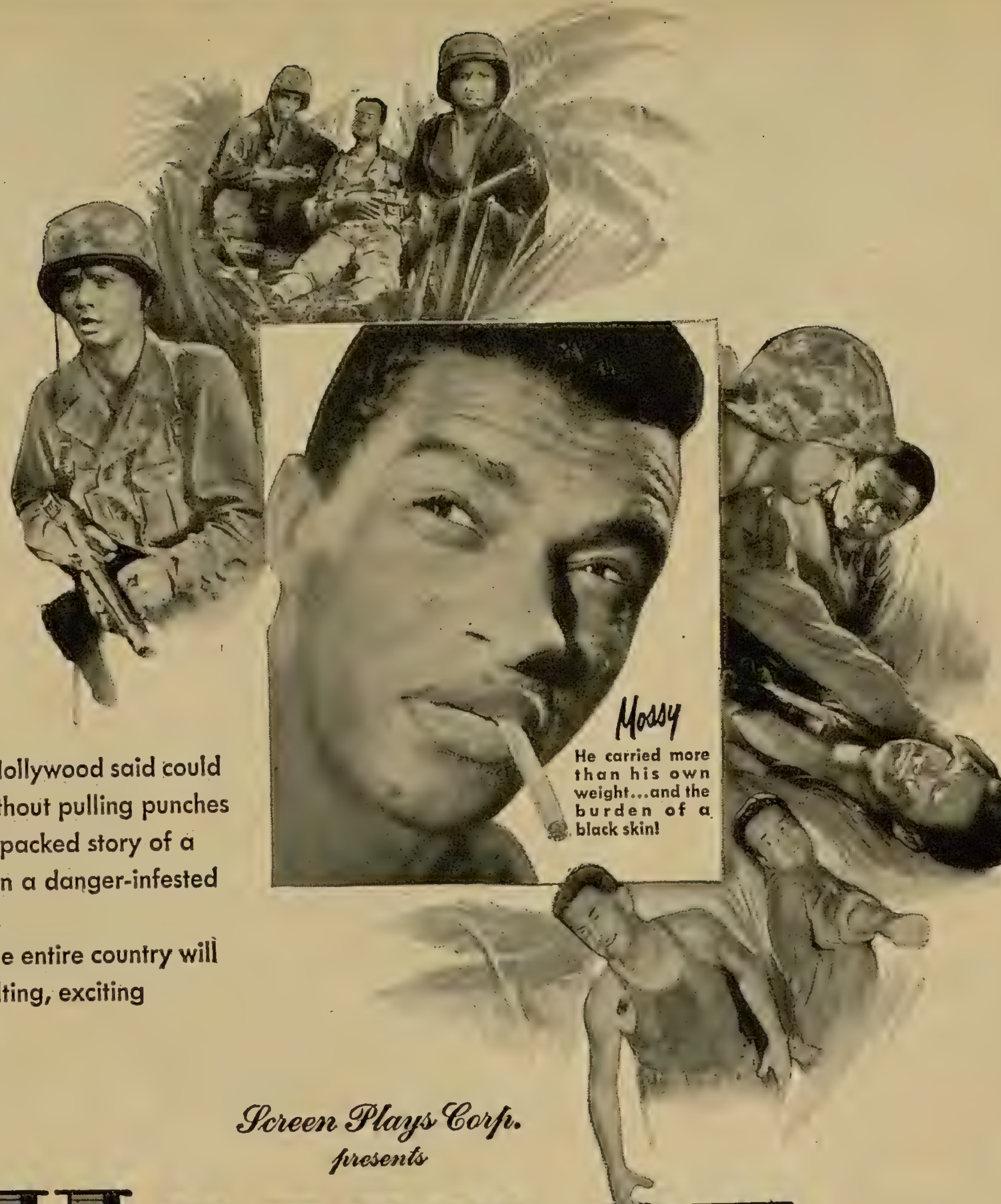

Mossy

He carried more than his own weight...and the burden of a black skin!

Here is the picture Hollywood said could never be made. Without pulling punches it tells the suspense-packed story of a top-secret mission on a danger-infested island in the Pacific.

It is a picture that the entire country will acclaim for the exalting, exciting entertainment it is!

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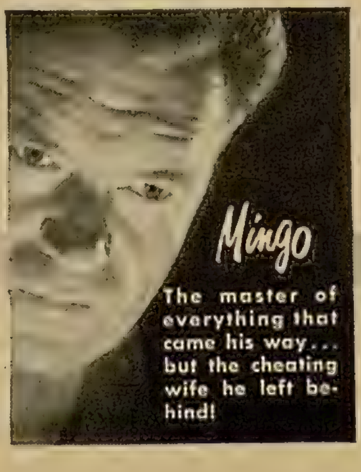
"HOME OF THE BRAVE"

with
Douglas Dick · Frank Lovejoy · James Edwards · Steve Brodie · Jeff Corey · Lloyd Bridges
Produced by Stanley Kramer
Based on an original play by Arthur Laurents · Screenplay by Carl Foreman
Associate Producer Robert Stillman · Directed by Mark Robson
Musical Score by Dimitri Tiomkin · Released thru United Artists

the Major

Twenty-five years old by the calendar...three times that old by grace of the war!



Mingo

The master of everything that came his way... but the cheating wife he left behind!

Finch

In his book... the word "surrender" was missing... the word for him was under "G"—for "Guts"!

"T.J."

The Corporal with two stripes on his sleeve... and one down his back!

satiny walnut, the wheel hub and its eight spokes, each an afternoon's lathe-work, and he felt the way Miss Magruder in English looked when she was reading poetry.

Odd lad, the instructor thought. Small for twelve years and Irish as the pigs of Dublin, with his blue-black hair and his dark blue eyes startlingly alive in his tough little mug. Something of a hard case, Cartwright had insisted at the last staff meeting, unco-operative and sullen. Father away in hospital, mother making ends meet as best she could. Well, there were still plenty such these days, boys badly in need of a father.

But O'Neil at least had the craftsman's touch, the carpenter's appreciation of tools and fine wood.

Sharing a bench with Pinky Keller was less a nuisance than it had been before their fight, but you still needed to watch out for the overgrown slob. Tip drew his wheel spokes to safety as Pinky crashed an armful of umbrella-stand slats on the bench. He said automatically, "Careful, Fats," his attention on the lamp base.

"Well," Pinky said, loud enough for other kids to hear, "the old maestro! What'sa matter, O'Neil? You out a thousandth or a trillionth or something?"

Absently Tip told him, "Lay off or I'll kick your teeth in." He'd been thinking a lot about the lamp base since last period. It was shaped like a shallow bowl, so Pop could put things in it. A sweet job—but something wasn't quite right yet, and he knew for sure now it was the base. The edge was too thick by maybe an eighth of an inch.

He leaned both mended elbows on the bench, gnawing his pencil stub, figuring in his head. Two weeks for the rubbed glass finish; a week—better allow ten days—for the lamp to get to Pop. He still had time to fine the edge down.

He picked up the base and crossed to the corner lathe where the light was best. Wood mounted and secure, he was choosing a round-nose chisel from the wall rack when the band saw next him began to scream.

◆ The din knifed through Tip's preoccupation. He swung around to see Pinky Keller, grin plastered on his plump face, occupied with one of his favorite stunts. He'd twist the wood till the band-saw blade was almost at breaking point, then give one quick shove and jump back. The blade would snap, and until Mr. Burgess cut the power at the master switch, the shop would be ugly with the thrash and clatter of a hurt machine.

It had happened twice already this term. Pinky would say he was sorry, and Mr. Burgess would explain to him again, real patient, how to use the saw. And all the time, kids would be grinning behind his back and Pinky would be doubled-up-laughing inside.

Without quite knowing how he got there, Tip found himself at the band saw. He jolted Pinky away with one shoulder, reached under the table and threw the switch.

Pinky's face got red. "What you do that for? Who asked you to horn in?"

"Make something out of it?" Tip challenged promptly.

The fat boy's eyes were mean, but he didn't pick up the dare, and Tip knew there'd be no second scrap behind the gym after school.

"Jiggers!" someone was hissing at them. "Here comes Bugs!"

Tip went back to his lathe. Behind him, as he set the lamp base spinning, he heard Mr. Burgess showing Pinky how he ought to hold his wood.

David Pascal

"I beg your pardon. Are you real?"

Just for a minute Tip's hand stayed unsteady. Then the tight feeling let go of his stomach and he was part of the machine again, everything in him concentrated on the cutting edge and the dark wood flashing smoothly beneath it, and the fine-spun shavings that sprayed over his thumbs.

Struck hard above the elbow, Tip's right arm jerked forward. Pain stung his fingers as the chisel was wrenched from them. It flipped over the lathe and smacked hard against the wall.

The lamp base still spun, but with a lop-sided wobble. Tip groped for the switch, tingling of hand and arm forgotten in the surge of anxiety that turned him sick and weak.

He stared down, still not believing what his eyes told him. A pie-shaped slice was broken out of the rim. Past it, the wood showed a crack that ran clear to the center.

At his feet lay an end of two-by-four. Tip looked over his shoulder. Pinky Keller was pushing a jack plane as if he'd been doing nothin else all afternoon.

Mr. Burgess' voice came to Ti from a long way off:

"What happened here, O'Neil?"

"Nothing," Tip said. The word didn't seem to belong to him: " guess I just—spoiled it."

Maybe Mr. Burgess knew, jus like he knew about Pinky Kelle and the band saw and how kid called him Bugs. His heavy eyebrows were pulled together, and fo a minute he looked hard at Pinky where he was still planing a birch slat against the grain. But all he said was, "Not like you, O'Neil. You don't spoil wood."

"I guess I did this time, sir."

"Well," Mr. Burgess said, "drop this in the wastebox. You'll need another square of walnut. You know the size." He said thoughtfully and kindly, "Suppose you bring it in at noon hour tomorrow. You can make a start then, and working after classes till Friday you'll catch up the lost time. Would you like to do that?"

"Yessir," Tip said through the numbness.

◆ The rest of the period passed like a dream. After school, still without any feeling as definite as anger, he caught Pinky at the bus stop and pounded the fat boy till he rolled blubbering in the slush. Then, hands deep in his pockets, Tip mooched on down the street. The numbness was wearing off now, and the thing he hadn't been able to tell Mr. Burgess swelled till it left room in his head for nothing else.

Walnut, a chunk thick enough for a new lamp base, would cost a dollar anyway. With Christmas twenty-two days off, he might as well look for a million bucks.

He could tell Mom, of course, and she'd shuffle her budget-money envelopes around till she dug up the price somewhere. But you couldn't put the bee on Mom, any more than you could tell in your letters how tired she got working three days a week at Grayson's Department Store and looking after the twins and doing housework as well. Anyhow, even if she had a dollar to spare, it wouldn't be the same. The lamp had to be all his to make it right for Pop's Christmas present.

Tip crossed the railway tracks and turned into Front Street. He knew where his feet were taking him—on along Front to Anderson's wood yard where Mr. Burgess had sent him to buy his walnut the other time.

It was nearly four thirty, and snowing again, when he stepped into the office. The clerk glanced up from his desk behind the railing and gave him an impatient "Well?"

"I thought," Tip began—"I was wondering if maybe there was an old piece of walnut I could have."

'We *sell* wood," the clerk told him appishly; "we don't give it away. at it!"

Then, as Tip still stood there, the g cranky face under the green eshade softened a little. "You ds! Look. Go out to the yard. Ask gan if he has a scrap end."

Mr. Hogan was big and red faced d smelled of beer, but he pulled his gloves and helped Tip dig the scrap bin. They turned up a uple of walnut ends. The biggest, ough, was only six by eight.

Tip trudged out of the yard with r. Hogan's "Sorry, bub," a comrtless sound in his ears.

He wandered on. The men at the offin works were a bunch of soursses. No use hitting them up. The ooperage was out too: in barrels ey only used softwoods. And even r Pop, or maybe because of Pop, e couldn't brace the kraut.

◆

Old Jake Freidman had walnut, ure. He had every fancy wood you ould think of, stacked in the leano shed behind his shop on Vine Street. Mahogany for cabinets and ables; gums from Australia; wilow and applewood, cherry that ubbed up so soft and warm it was s if firelight glowed through. The kraut never used veneer, Mr. Burgess said. It had to be the genuine article, and he took so long over every piece, whether it was a coffee table for some rich dame or a high-class restocking job on a hunter's gun, that no one could figure how he made enough to eat.

The thought pulled him on. He tramped two blocks farther along Front, then turned into Vine, the side street narrow as a lane where Jake Freidman had his shop. The windows were dim with dust and failing light, but by pressing his face against a pane, Tip could see inside.

The kraut was working at his bench under the skylight. He had a gun-stock blank in the vise and was bending over it, studying it as if he could see clear into the wood. After a while he put out one big hand and ran it along the blank like he was stroking a cat's back.

Tip watched him, not feeling the snow that sifted inside his collar to melt against his neck. Jake Freidman was a German, and you hated all Germans because of the war and what it did to Pop, grinding him night and day until he passed out right at his desk in the Seaboard Transport Company dispatcher's office. But stronger than hate was the thrill that shivered through him. Nobody needed to tell him what the hand on the half-shaped walnut was doing. The picture of the finished job was moving up through those blunt fingers into Jake Freidman's brain.

It had been that way with him when he first clamped his lamp wood into the vise. He had seen the lamp exactly as it would look when the last thin coat of gloss was dry. Then his hands had simply gone ahead, working to that picture in his mind.

Shocked and angered by the treacherous rush of sympathy, Tip forced himself to look away, down into the window. Long ago, near as far back as he could remember, Jake Freidman used to move his Bethlehem scene into the front window around this time of year. One December, when Pop was still a trucker, they'd stood here together, he with his mitten in Pop's leather glove. They'd filled their eyes with the little carved figures, each one perfect — the kneeling shepherds, the cows and donkeys in their stalls, the three tall camels striding over a borax desert with the Wise Men perched on their backs. There had even been a kind of canopy of blue cloth sprinkled with silver stars.

Old Jake Freidman, he remembered, had stood smiling behind the Bethlehem scene, white haired even then. Pop had nodded to him, holding his hand up with the thumb and forefinger together to show it was a super job, and the cabinetmaker had beckoned them into his shop.

Jake had given him a peppermint cane from a cedarwood drawer with loose screws and brads and fancy hinges in it, and had let him touch the chisels and work the pedal of his creaky old lathe.

He'd said to Pop, more than ever like Santa Claus with his big nose and brushy eyebrows and the fireglow red on his cheekbones, "He vil be a carpenter, this one, *ja*. See, mister, the vay he touches mine wood. It iss in his hands already, what makes a goot carpenter!"

The Bethlehem scene hadn't been in the window for years now, not since early in the war. People had somehow found out Jake Freidman's son was fighting on the other side, and there was a rumor the F.B.I. had been to his shop a couple of times. Kids took to hollering after him in the street, and even some grown-ups started to call him the kraut.

Jake Freidman glanced up from his bench, and his face was just the same. He still looked like Santa Claus. With a hard pain in his throat, Tip whirled and ran, head down, butting into the wind-driven snowflakes. He was crying like a sissy now, torn by a grief and an anger too bitter for his heart to hold. Anger for his wrecked lamp, grief for things as they used to be, for the Bethlehem scene with its stars in a blue-silk sky, and most of all for the feel of Pop's fist around his hand.

Days that Mom worked in Grayson's, she didn't get home till near seven. Tip rounded up the twins from Mrs. Olmstead's, across the street. He fixed them their supper, and was buttoning Gracie into her pajamas when he heard Mom's key in the front door.

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She was busy in the hall a minute, pulling off her overshoes and hanging up her coat, then she came through to the kids' room. Tip, squatting on his heels while he did Gracie's top button, felt her hand ruffle lightly over his hair. Then Gracie and Jack were piling onto her while he stood by, wishing he were still small enough to run into her arms that way.

She started the twins to bed with a smack on each striped pajama bottom. Tip followed her out to the kitchen. Maybe she wouldn't notice his puffed lip this time, or ask him how things went in class today.

◆

Mom didn't. With the Christmas rush already started, he guessed she was pretty tired. But she told him about the big crowds downtown, and how a short circuit almost set fire to the tree in Grayson's corner window, and lowered her voice to ask if he thought Jack would like a four-engine plane for Christmas. There was one, Mom said, with just a little paint knocked off, and if Tip could fix it . . .

"Sure," Tip said, wiping dishes beside her at the sink. Mom didn't need to tell him the plane would be half price on account of the scratches. "You get it. I'll put it right."

Mom emptied the dishpan and hung it under the drainboard. "It's nice having a handy man on the premises," she said. "I'm looking forward to seeing the lamp, Tip. About done?"

"Just about," Tip told her. "'Nother week."

Mom turned her head, smiling still, but with a hint of worry between her gray eyes. "Aren't you going to chew my ear off about it tonight? Usually you do, you know."

"Yeah," Tip said, folding the dish towel against his chest, not looking at her. "But not any more. There's only so much you can say about a lamp."

"Still," Mom said, "I like hearing about it." She yawned, her eyes crinkling. "I'm going straight to bed. Don't stay up too late, dear."

Miss Magruder was giving them an oral exam in composition tomorrow. Tip tried to study for it, sprawling his elbows on the kitchen table, but the words turned into meaningless squiggles under his eyes. Walnut. A piece of walnut, twelve by twelve by six. It wasn't much to want. Old Jake Freidman, he bet, had pieces that size in his scrap box. He began to think about the shop on Vine Street, still disturbed by the strong rush of memories that had swamped him there, and getting angry with Jake Freidman because of them.

If it weren't for Japs and Germans, Pop would be home. They'd never have hauled him off his truck, into the Seaboard office, and let him knock himself out trying to do three men's work. If Pop were home there'd be all the dough they needed. Money to get the twins toys with all the paint on. Enough for shows every Saturday and lunches in the cafeteria. Maybe even an allowance like Pinky Keller had that would make the price of a length of walnut just peanuts—if it weren't for the Germans, damn squareheads like that son of Jake Freidman's who'd fought on the other side.

Look at it that way and the very least the kraut owed him was an end of walnut out of his scrap, a chunk he'd probably never miss.

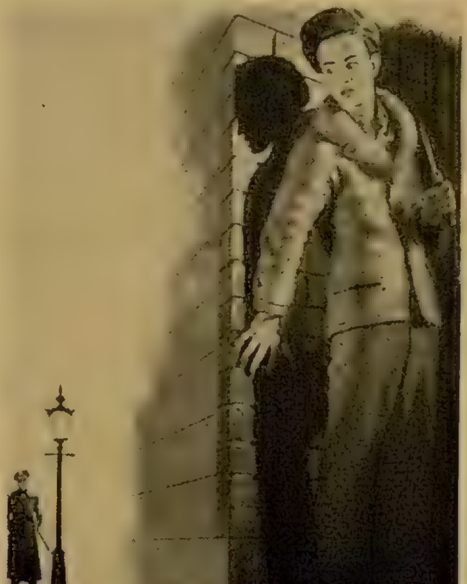
Tip stared hard at the page under his eyes, trying to prevent the thought from turning into an idea. But it was like trying to keep his tongue away from his cut lip. He sat for a long time, cheekbones on fists, scowling at the composition page, hearing the quiet tick of the clock on the front-room mantel. Raising a buck would be easy enough if Mom would only let him take a job after school, a paper route or delivering for a drugstore or something like that. But she wouldn't until his grades picked up, so that was out.

There was no use trying to fight the idea away. It just came back stronger than before. Mom and the twins were fast asleep. He could be down and back in an hour. And tomorrow noon he'd be mounting a new lamp base in the lathe.

He closed his composition text. Miss Magruder would flunk him for sure, but that didn't matter. Nothing mattered except to get the ship's-wheel lamp finished and crated and on its way to Pop. Moving quietly, he fetched his windbreaker from the hall closet, then tiptoed out to the kitchen, hearing Mom's even breathing as he passed her bedroom door. From the cupboard under the sink he took his heaviest screwdriver.

The front door opened with a creak that seemed to echo through the house, but no one stirred. He was outside then, trudging through dry snow that squeaked like mice, under a sky dark blue as the star-peppered canopy above Jake Freidman's Bethlehem scene.

It wouldn't do to run into cops. They might want to know what a kid was up to, out this late.



On Front Street he slowed to casual walk, past Anderson's wo yard and on along to the Vine i tersection. He stood on the corn a moment, peering down the na row street. It lay white and empt its shadows blue against the silv snow. No cars, nobody walking. N one except himself.

This time he didn't pause to loo into the kraut's front window. Wit a last glance up and down stree he darted into the black gap between the cabinetmaker's shop an the laundry next door. Icicles glittered from the lean-to's eaves. Th padlock on the shed door looke big—big as the kind they'd use o a jail. Tip gave it a tentative pul The top rocked back. He needn have brought a screwdriver. Th old dope hadn't locked his shed.

Heart pounding, Tip edged inside. He listened, mouth open and ears straining for the least sound If so much as a mouse stirred, he was sure he must hear it. But the shed stayed quiet.

He popped a match head against his thumbnail. There was the kraut's lumber, stacked neatly against the far wall. Not so much as he'd expected—not a lot at all. He must be using it up fast to lower the pile like that. Making good money, Tip told himself fiercely. Socking away the dough while Pop lay in the hospital.

By the dying flicker of the match, he saw that the third plank down was walnut, heavy and wide, the kind Jake Freidman used for those made-to-order gun stocks.

◆

He groped toward the door that connected shed and shop. The little square room was quiet and shadowy, warm still from the stove in the corner. Enough light sifted in to show him the tools gleaming dully in their racks and the scrap box by the stove.

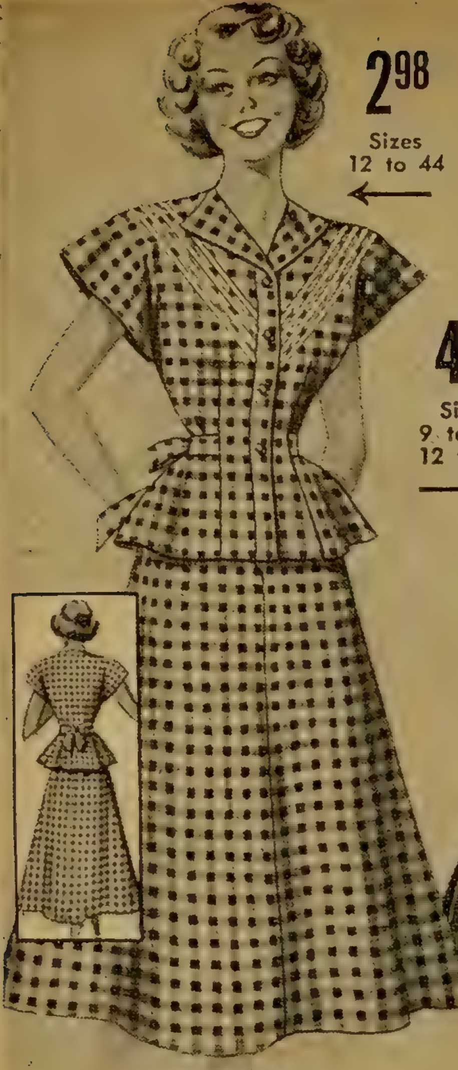
Doubled over the edge of the box, Tip fumbled inside. There wasn't much scrap; but then the kraut was never one to waste lumber. He felt around till his fingers were clawing through loose sawdust in the bottom. Hope died out of him—the biggest piece would fit his pocket without crowding.

For a minute he stood entirely still, while his heartbeat settled to a slow, heavy throbbing in his throat. Then he crossed to the bench and lifted a saw from the rack.

Back in the shed, he strained against the end of the walnut plank, trying to work it from under the mahogany. No use. But by shoving and tugging at the mahogany, he managed to slide those top boards back a couple of feet. That gave him room enough. If the cop on Vine Street happened to be passing, he was sunk.

But it was a chance he had to take. Working blind, hands trembling, he measured the length of his forearm from the end of the walnut

(*Continued on page 60*)



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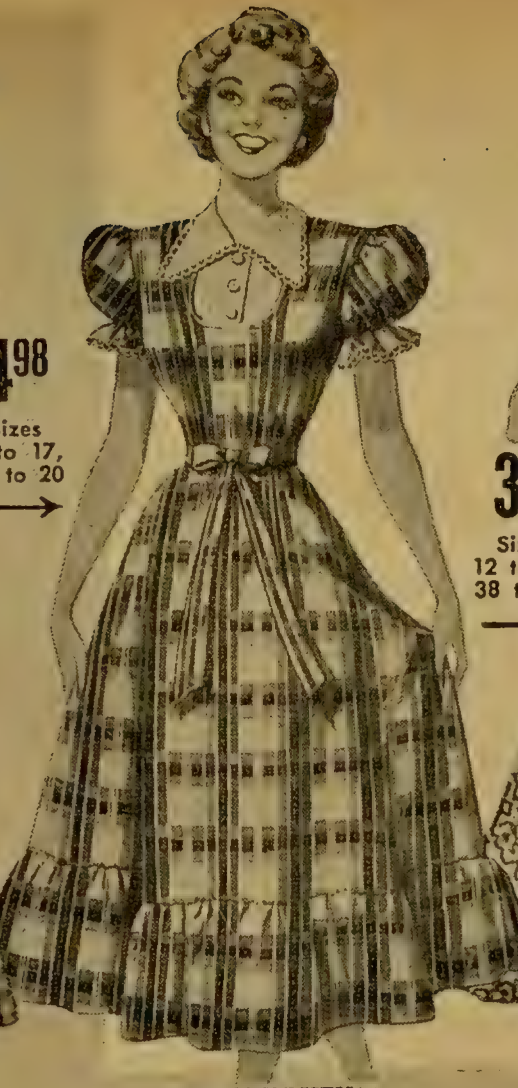

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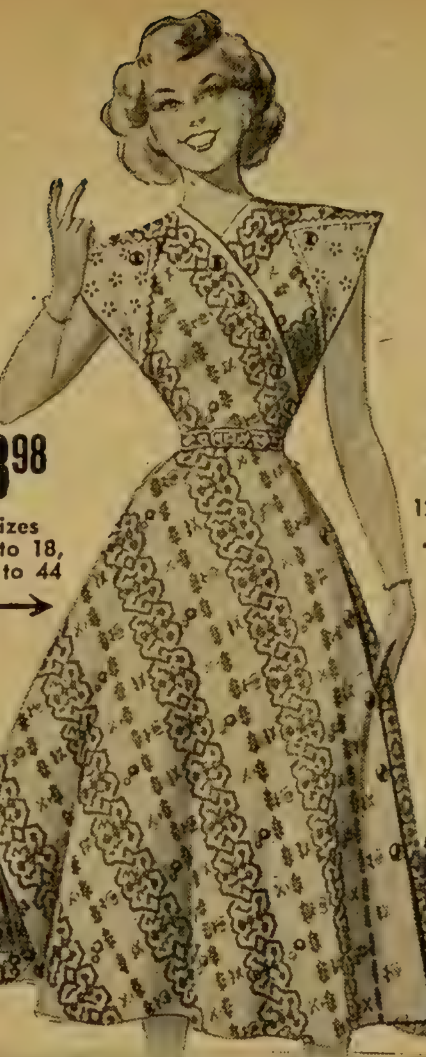

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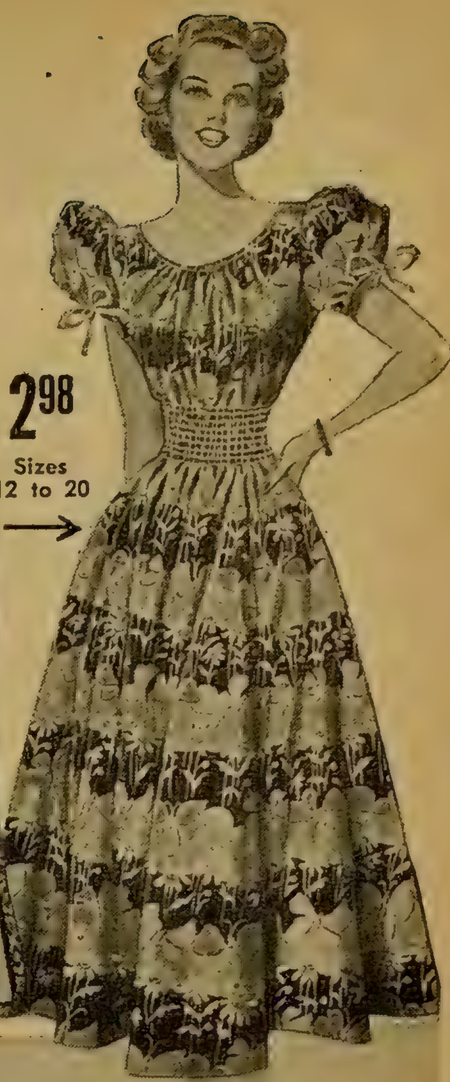

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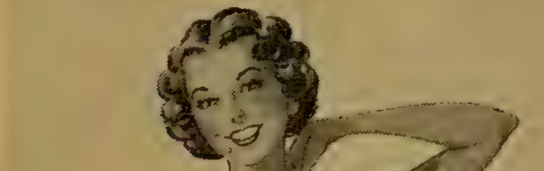

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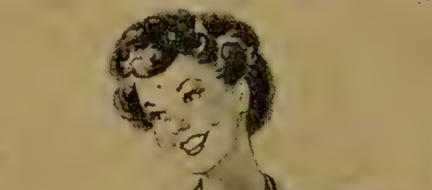
12 to 20



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(*Continued from page 58*)

plank. Then he started his cut. This wood was tougher than any he'd ever handled before. For an eternity, the snarling of the saw filled the shed. His forehead was wet when the end sagged free.

Tip hauled the mahogany planks into place and took the saw out to the shop. He was reaching up to replace it when something fell with a tiny clatter. Stooping, pawing in the dim light, he found the thing. His fingers told him it was a camel, one of the carved pieces from Jake Freidman's Bethlehem scene.

He was crying again, for no reason. He pulled notebook and pencil stub from his shirt pocket. In the dark, notebook open on the bench, he printed, "I.O.U.—$1.00." Then he ripped the page out and left it on the bench with the hardwood camel atop.

With the walnut end zippered under his windbreaker, he blundered out through the shed. He was wrong. Jake Freidman didn't really owe him anything. But he wasn't a thief; he was just borrowing a little piece of lumber. Some night, soon as ever he could scrape a buck together, he'd slip it under Jake Freidman's door.

Snowing again. The flakes struck cold against his face. He ran, careless of cops now, wanting only to be safe home in his room.

◆

It wasn't fear, the feeling he carried with him into the manual-training shop next noon hour, solid and heavy as the walnut end under his arm. What it was he didn't know; only when he laid the wood on a bench and bent over it, studying it, stroking his fingers along the grain, he couldn't see it as part of the lamp. Something was missing. There was a break in the circuit that ran from fingertips to brain.

He heard Mr. Burgess come in from his office, but he didn't turn or look up. Mr. Burgess was standing beside him now. His voice was pleasant, mildly surprised.

"You're in luck. I didn't know Anderson's had anything like this in stock."

Tip said, through the dryness in his throat, "Something special, huh?" *The good feeling mightn't come back, not ever. And if it didn't . . .*

"Look at the grain. It's Circassian walnut." Mr. Burgess reached his hand to the wood, a large hand with blunt fingers furred behind the knuckles, like Pop's. "You mean you didn't know that, O'Neil?"

"No, sir." The sensation that wasn't fear had settled in the pit of his stomach. Go away, he urged Mr. Burgess from inside him. For Pete's sake leave me be!

But Mr. Burgess didn't go. He said, "They tell me you haven't been doing so well upstairs."

"No, sir."

"That surprises me. You're no dumbbell, O'Neil."

"What was your second choice for dinner, Ed?"

Tip didn't answer. Mr. Burgess went on casually, standing beside him with a hand still reading the curly-grained wood. "Principal Cartwright doesn't think so either. He says no boy is stupid who can do such a job as you've done on the lamp."

Tip turned then. It was as if Mr. Burgess' eyes were pulling him around. "You showed it to him?"

"I took it up to his office yesterday morning." Mr. Burgess smiled. "You see, I'm proud of the lamp too."

The thing was too big for him. Even knowing what would happen, he couldn't go on carrying that weight of misery. "You shouldn't be proud of it," he said.

Mr. Burgess' eyebrows were pulled together, but his lean face told Tip nothing. He just stood and waited.

"I didn't get the wood at Anderson's," Tip said. "It's from Jake Freidman's shop." And, when Mr. Burgess still didn't speak, "I guess I stole it. I figured he owed me something on account of my father."

"Do you still feel that way, O'Neil?"

"No, sir. It was a crazy idea."

Mr. Burgess turned away from the bench. He said, "My car is in the parking lot. Go there while I get my coat. We'll take the wood."

Huddled in Mr. Burgess' coupé, Tip waited dully, the walnut end on his knees. It seemed a long time before Mr. Burgess came crunching through the snow. He got in, not saying anything, and ground the starter till the cold engine caught. Tip guessed they'd be going down to the police station. But when Mr. Burgess kept straight on toward Front Street, he knew where they were heading. His hands tightened

(*Continued on page 62*)

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(Continued from page 60)

around the wood. This was going to be worse than being turned over to the cops.

They turned into Vine, and the coupé stopped across from Jake Freidman's shop. Mr. Burgess didn't move to get out, and his silence held a question that demanded an answer. Tip reached for the door handle. Mr. Burgess spoke then, and his voice was quiet and kind: "Do you want me to come in with you?"

Tip shook his head. He stepped out and plodded across the street. Not giving himself time to think or get scared, he opened the shop door.

Maybe Jake Freidman didn't hear him. The old man kept on tap-tapping at the chisel in his fist. Tip watched him, knowing that when he spoke his voice would come out a squeak. In full daylight, he could see that the cabinetmaker was thinner, and his bald spot larger, than when they'd come here, he and Pop, that long time ago. But his Santa Claus whiskers were just as bushy, and when he finished cutting his groove and glanced up, the eyes behind the steel-rimmed spectacles still held the same kindliness.

"So?"

Tip held out the wood. "This belongs to you," he said. His voice surprised him by not cracking. "I pinched it last night."

Jake Freidman laid down his mallet. He took the walnut block and studied it for a long time, turning it slowly in his freckled scarred hands. At last he said, "There wass a paper. Thieves do not leave such papers behind, saying vat they owe."

◆

He put the walnut end back in Tip's hands. "Boys used to come here vonce. I liked to have them come, maybe because my own boy did not turn out so goot. He iss dead now, since the war." Tip had the feeling that the pale blue eyes were reading him as they would read the tangled grain of hardwood in the vise. "Boy, ven you need wood again, ask me. Business iss bad. People got to have everyt'ing quick and shiny. I do not work that way. But I vill find you wood if you need some."

It was like standing braced for a blow that didn't fall.

"Look," Tip said. "I can't keep this. You've got to let me tell you—"

"*Nein.*" Jake Freidman shook his head. "We forget about that. It iss for the lamp, eh?"

"Yes," Tip said, wondering how the old man knew. "For my Pop's Christmas present."

"A lamp iss a goot t'ing to make," Jake Freidman said. "One can make nodings better than a lamp."

He crossed heavily to the tall cabinet on the far side of the room, and from a drawer which Tip remembered, took a red-and-white candy cane. The cellophane wrapper was dusty, and Jake Freidman rubbed it on his sleeve.

"A big boy like you vould not want this," he said. "But you have maybe a little brother or a sister. When the lamp iss finished, you come and show me."

"Sure," Tip gulped. "Sure!"

◆

Mr. Burgess hadn't got out of the car. He said, "Squared away?" and Tip nodded. "You told him about the lamp too," he said.

"I showed it to him," Mr. Burgess said. "He came up to the school this morning." He reached into his coat pocket and brought out a dirty folded sheet of paper. "Jake brought this with him."

Tip stared at it. Pop's letter. It must have fallen out of the notebook when he opened it there in the dark.

"My name was on it," he said, "and where I live. He could have taken it to the cops."

Mr. Burgess smiled. "When I showed him the lamp he said you and he were *kinder*. He meant the same kind of people, O'Neil. Brothers in a craft." He looked at his watch. "There's just time for a sandwich on the way in."

Tip looked back once as Mr. Burgess started the car. Jake Freidman was setting his Bethlehem scene in the front window. Not this year—maybe not even next year—but some Christmas he and Pop would stand there together again and watch the camels and the Wise Men and the shepherds under the blue-silk sky. He felt warm inside, and good, better than he had since Pop went away. Even without looking at the walnut square, he could see the lamp, shining and perfect, behind his eyes.

Miss Magruder would flunk him today, but next week would be different. Next week he'd have all the answers. ◆ ◆

THE BULL ON MRS. BUSBY'S CUFF

Continued from page 27

latest rumor at the Cider Barrel, Pa Suggs had told her, was that Beulah had taken up with an admirer who had a canny eye on the exhibition value of her poundage, if not on the two hundred dollars she was said to have saved. Mrs. Busby sighed. Always something to worry about. And now Stoneman, ahead of time.

As Mrs. Busby slipped under the fence bars to the road, a dapper little figure emerged from the red roadster and made its way toward her, smiling ingratiatingly.

"Mornin', Mis' Busby—"

Mrs. Busby regarded the intruder with acute distaste. A year's agonizing efforts to meet monthly payments had definitely conditioned her against Mr. Stoneman.

"What brings you here?" she inquired grimly, going straight to the point. "It ain't the fifteenth. I got

(Continued on page 64)

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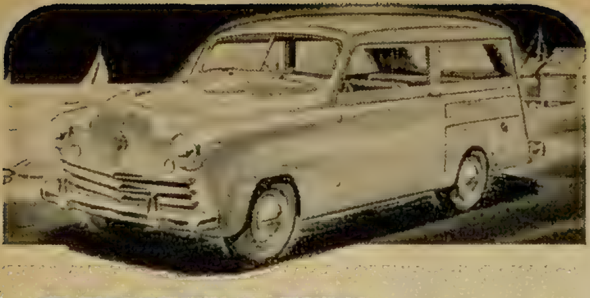

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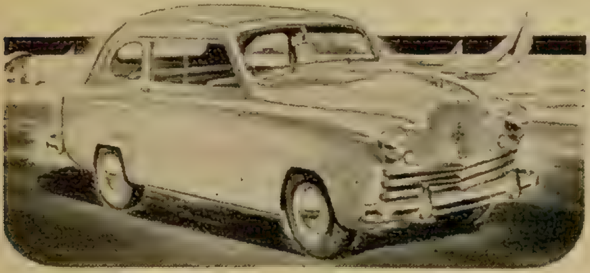

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(Continued from page 62)

the date marked with a red ring in my head. The day after the hay's in you get your last payment." The thought lent her boldness. She tucked in a stray curl and added, "And 'sfar as I'm concerned, I'll be seein' the last of you. Well, what's brought you round this early?"

Mr. Stoneman cleared his throat. "I just stopped by to remind you the bull has got to be all paid for by the end of the month."

Mrs. Busby stood stock-still, her body stiffening.

"What do you mean, end of the month? I paid you two weeks ago. Tomorrow's the end of the month. I got a couple of weeks yet before the last payment's due."

"Well, you see, Mis' Busby," the man's voice took on its soft purring note and he smiled upon her gently, "I was kind of afraid the terms of the contract might have slipped your mind, since all the other payments fell on the fifteenth—"

"Other payments? They're all due the fifteenth 'sfar as I'm concerned."

"Not this last one, Mis' Busby. The contract clearly stipulates that the final thirty-five-dollar payment shall be made on or before July thirty. Of course that brings the last two payments close together—"

"Nothin' was said about July thirty to my knowledge," Mrs. Busby insisted with a sinking feeling.

"It was clearly stated, Mis' Busby," he repeated, his voice taking on an unpleasantly brittle and authoritative tone. "And, unfortunately, in the event the entire obligation is not cleared by the date mentioned, the contract calls for the bull to revert to the original owner, which is me, Mis' Busby."

Mrs. Busby's voice was stubborn but thin: "Fust time I heard anythin' about the thirtieth, contract or no contract."

"Oh, no, Mis' Busby," J. Stoneman Jr. corrected gently. "It isn't the first time you heard of it. If you will recollect, my legal counselor, Mr. Winters, read the terms to you very carefully."

◆

He withdrew his hands from his pockets and extracted a copy of a document from inside his coat. Striking an attitude, his voice taking on an official tone, he began to read. The words drifted dimly but appallingly into Mrs. Busby's consciousness: "'It is further agreed . . . July 30, 1948 . . . in the event the aforementioned . . . fails to comply . . . terms herein stated . . . party of the first part . . . retain ownership in said bull . . . title therein shall not be relinquished . . . party of the second part . . . sacrificing thereby all moneys previously paid. . . .'"

Mrs. Busby flared up. Her pretty face was rosy with indignation.

"A crook," stated Mrs. Busby emphatically and with contempt. "You and your legal counselor together. Crooked as a hog's tail, the both of you. I ain't got book-learnin' but I got sense, an' I can see right through your little scheme. You aim to keep my hard-earned hundred and sixty-five dollars an' get the bull back besides. Well, you ain't a-goin' to do it! Givin' me a day to get thirty-five dollars in! A-comin' up here without even leavin' me time for a crop loan or nothin'. You'll get your money the fifteenth. Now get on out of here!"

The face of the salesman hardened into a curiously tight little ball from which the eyes peered, small, sharp, and menacing. In a blustery tone he told her, "A contract's a contract. If I ain't paid in full by the thirtieth, I got a legal right to take back my bull. Moreover, you got no claim by mutual agreement to moneys paid."

"Never mind all them law words," Mrs. Busby retorted with spirit. "Just let me ketch you touchin' a hair o' that bull before the fifteenth! I work a lot faster than the law, Stoneman, an' twicet as definite!"

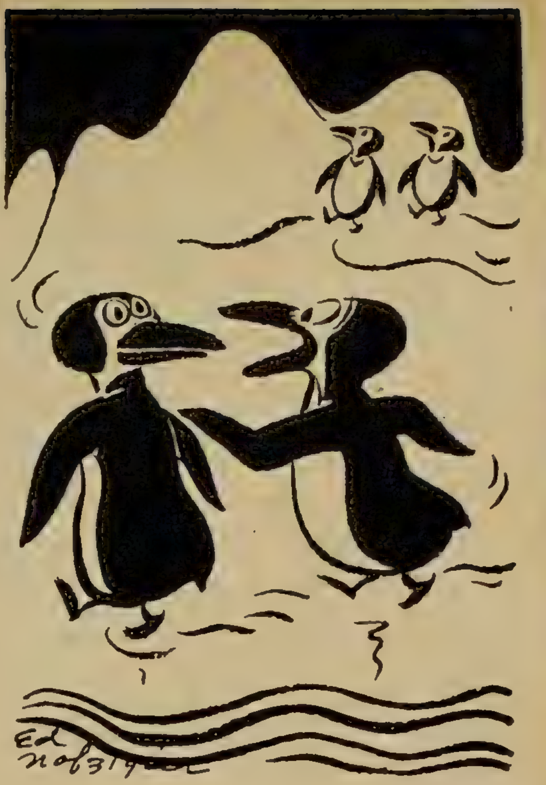
"Don't think you can threaten me, Mis' Busby. I'm within my rights. An' if I ain't paid accordin' to the contract, I'm leadin' my bull back tomorrow."

"Got another customer for him already, perhaps," suggested Mrs. Busby with a flash of intuition. "How many you figgerin' on sellin' him to before you get caught up with?"

J. Stoneman Jr. was definitely momentarily flustered. Then he said in a bullying tone, "Tomorrow noon, Mis' Busby, or I take back my bull."

Mrs. Busby measured him with appraising eyes.

"Stoneman," she said, "I come from a long line o' folks that allus shot first an' didn't bother much about the law till it was too late for legal counselors or parties of the first part to appear in court anyways but feet first. All the time you



LIBERTY

"Sir, or madam, as the case may be."

spent learnin' them fancy words to trick honest folks with I been a-learnin' how to hit what I aim at. I ain't as soft as I look. None of the Suggs women was. If I see you up here before the fifteenth, I'll fill your britches so full o' lead from Pa Suggs' shotgun you won't be able to make it to yonder gatepost under your own steam. An' now all I got to say to you is get on off my property."

Mr. Stoneman edged toward the red roadster. As he turned to slide under the wheel, he raised a threatening finger. "Tomorrow, Mis' Busby, or the bull goes back with me."

◆

Mrs. Busby shoved her chair back from the supper table.

"You clear the things away, Elvira," she told her young sister-in-law. "I got business down the road."

"What kinda business, Marietta?" Suggs looked up as he reached for a second helping of potatoes.

"I'm a-goin' to telephone Beulah."

With Mrs. Mortimer's interested aid Mrs. Busby succeeded in getting the call through to Beulah's boardinghouse before the roller-skating queen had left for the evening performance.

"Beulah, you got thirty-five dollars you could let me have till the hay's in?"

Beulah was disconcerted. Her voice, thin and piping as a child's, came apologetically over the wire:

"If you had ast me last week, Marietta, I could've give it to you."

"What happened last week?"

"I got married—you c'n hang me to a nail feet upwards, as Jimmy says, if I didn't." Beulah chuckled heartily.

"Lawdamighty, Beulah! Who to?"

"Oh, a real nice feller, a very fancy dresser an' good-lookin'. He's a-goin' to book me for private exhibitions."

"What doin'?"

"Roller skatin'. He wants I should put on a few more pounds to make it more interestin', he says. I had two hundred dollars saved up an' I would've been glad to let you have the thirty-five if I hadn't've give it all to Jimmy to arrange bookin's. He didn't get it till we was married, though—I learned a few things. He's away right now, linin' things up."

Marietta Busby's heart was heavy.

"Well, bring that feller down here first chancet you get, Beulah. I'd like to look him over," she admonished her sister.

"I was aimin' to, Marietta, soon's he gets back. How's Pa?"

On her return to the cottage Mrs. Busby found a stranger sitting in the parlor. Erect upon the best sofa, he faced Suggs, who sat stiff and upright on an opposite chair. Silence hung between them like a veil.

"Who's that, Pa?" inquired Mrs. Busby on entering the parlor, nodding her head briefly in the general direction of the stranger.

"Danged if I know, daughter. He came to see you."

"Evenin', Mis' Busby," the man nodded.

"What's on your mind?" Mrs. Busby inquired briskly.

"Mis' Busby," began the stranger, removing his hat from his knees and placing it carefully on the floor beneath the sofa, "my name's Hawkins, Thomas L. Hawkins. I come from the next county. An' I come soon's I heard you bought a yeller bull off a travelin' salesman."

Mrs. Busby dragged a chair into the circle of lamplight and seated herself with interest.

"You an' me, Mis' Busby," Mr. Hawkins went on impressively, "an' Lord knows how many other victims, seem to have bought the selfsame bull. An' I understand another victim is lined up."

"I figgered as much," Mrs. Busby nodded, adding with somewhat morbid interest, "How fur was you when he took him back?"

"I had bought, as you might say, Mis' Busby, half a bull." The stranger sighed. Mrs. Busby nodded her blonde head again in sympathetic understanding. Mr. Hawkins leaned forward.

"Near as I can calc'late, Mis' Busby, M. Barney Westover has made a pretty penny out of that one pore animal."

"M. Barney Westover?" inquired Mrs. Busby.

"The feller that sold the bull all along the line. He worked through Prince Georges County, then come on down to Montgomery an' got goin' here when we tracked him down. His wife helped us. She lives over in Baltimore an' was tryin' to get in touch with him. Seems he run out on her. That's how she come to contact us."

"Little feller? Black hair, smooth talker?" asked Mrs. Busby, her head on one side like a bird, her blue eyes sharp.

"The same."

"He was 'J. Stoneman Jr.' in my contract," offered Mrs. Busby.

The visitor clucked his sorrow and disapproval.

"Ain't there nothin' we can do, Mr. Hawkins?"

"Don't seem like it," sighed Mr. Hawkins. "He's a pretty slick article an' seems he's tied up with some crook lawyer that puts him wise how to word his papers. I hoped to warn you in time, Mis' Busby."

"That was right neighborly of you, I must say. But he's coming after the bull tomorrow."

◆

Suggs, whose neck had been turning back and forth from his daughter to their guest in a concentrated effort to follow this disheartening conversation, spoke now for the first time: "Mebbe Mr. Hawkins here would be favorable to a small loan?" he suggested.

"I'd be proud to do it, neighbor," Mr. Hawkins assured his host, "but the truth is, all of us is in the same boat till we get our hay in. It's been a pore year all round, with all the rain we had, an' I already lost a lot on that bull."

"Well," announced Mrs. Busby, bringing her hand down smartly on the arm of her chair and standing up with decision, "'Sfar as Marietta Busby is concerned, Stoneman's took back that bull for the last time. I don't aim to hand him over, meek as Moses, like you fellers in Prince Georges County done."

Mr. Hawkins rose. "Long as he ain't broke any law, we can't touch him, Mis' Busby."

"There's times, Mr. Hawkins," Mrs. Busby commented with finality, "when a good aim is a powerful lot more convincin' than a good argyment. Pa, where's your shotgun?"

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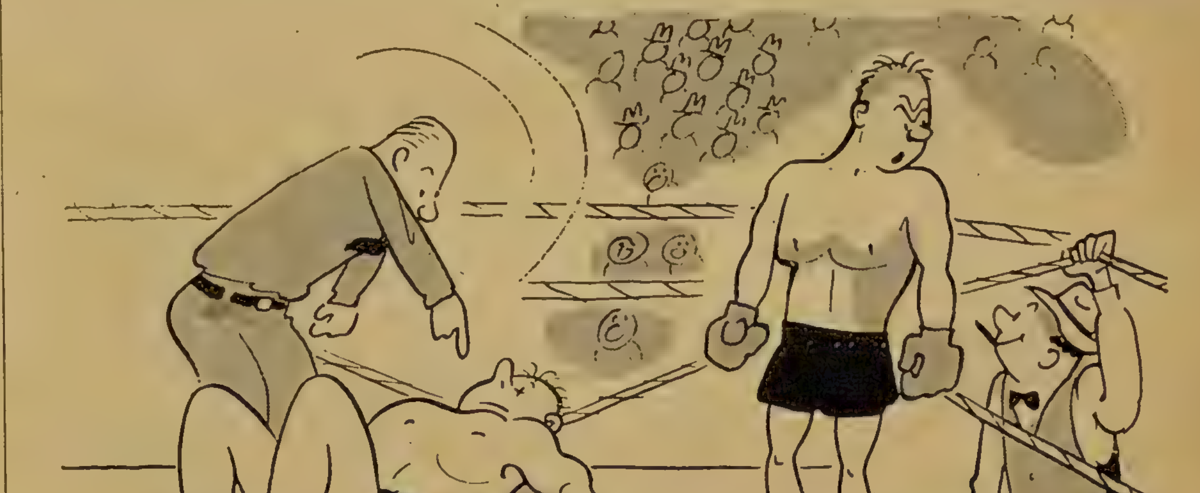

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8						
9			■	10		
11			12	■	13	
14				15	■	■
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19			■	20		
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24	25	■	26			
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30			31			
32						

ACROSS

1 Treat us to a TL, will you, Mr. Big Mouth!
8 Ether Express has A-1 liner
9 Before ERP
10 Sticky little nipper
11 A dais for Cantor's wife (pl.)
13 Money in music
14 Waiters do err in its return
16 Come, Mut, let's ride the rails
19 I'm a Frog's boy friend
20 One of the most interesting studies among the girls at Vassar
21 Bartering 'Ell's gin
23 S.S. H_2Opulence
24 It has a weight with it (abbr.)
26 Alma is a holy terror
27 Stash in the tea
29 IG
30 Abe has lien in Kansasity
32 Set reds in hotspots (and then leave 'em there!)

DOWN

1 Oat-sized picas of nourishment
2 Rome raid leaves Ether Express Garage
3 Miller got a DT getting nowhere on Squirrel Cage RR.
4 Mutual Admiration Society currency (abbr.)
5 Kind of sticky stick
6 Dame to dine with
7 It makes oner out of twoer
12 Shem has the h—— knocked out of him
15 Marie the runt is a dreamer
17 10 men et in slumansion
18 Caruso sang ever and impresses
22 Diamond lover is ill
24 Date has anti-radio-active pants
25 Child to the Abbe
28 Sit drawkcab
31 Article seen on Paris el

M	A	R	I	T	A	L
I	M	I	T	A	T	E
R	E	G	A	T	T	A
E	N	O	■	T	I	P
■	D	R	■	E	L	F
A	S	S	■	D	A	R
G	■	■	■	■	■	O
I	F	S	■	B	A	G
T	E	E	■	E	L	■
A	L	I	■	G	A	G
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O	C	E	A	N	I	A
R	E	S	P	E	C	T

May Answer

◆ The next morning Mrs. Busby came down from the upper pasture leading the beige bull at the end of a frayed rope. Pa Suggs was rocking and smoking in the sunny sandy patch at the doorsill. As his daughter came down the slope to the house he looked up, shielding his eyes against the sun with an upraised hand.

"Ain't that Marietta a-comin' down the hill?" he asked Elvira, the thirteen-year-old Busby, who had appeared in the doorway to fling a pan of sudsy water into the front yard.

"Yep," confirmed Elvira laconically, and turned back into the house.

"What's she a-doin' with the bull?" Suggs persisted.

Elvira thrust her head around the door again and squinted without interest up the path.

"She's a-walkin' it," she announced, and disappeared.

"What you got there, Marietta?" Suggs called out as Mrs. Busby approached.

"A bull, Pa—don't be a dang fool."

"What you aimin' to do with it?"

"I'm a-bringin' it into the parlor," stated Mrs. Busby firmly.

Pa Suggs almost rose from his rocking chair, so great was his astonishment. But not quite. Dropping back, he exclaimed, "The parlor! Good gravy, what's the idee bringin' a bull into the parlor?"

"Oh, shet up, Pa, an' go fetch me that tire chain that's hangin' in the woodshed."

Force of habit caused him to call out, "Elvira, bring Marietta the tire chain outa the woodshed." But curiosity nudged him at length from his chair as he saw his daughter proceed calmly across the doorsill, bull in tow. He followed.

Mrs. Busby stood in the center of the front parlor, the rope dangling from her hand, while the bull gazed apathetically about the dim room. Elvira entered from the kitchen with a great clanking, dragging the tire chain after her. Dropping it at Mrs. Busby's feet, the phlegmatic Elvira, without a backward glance, returned to her housework in the rear of the house.

Scratching her firm round chin, Mrs. Busby regarded the mammoth bulk of the highly polished parlor stove. Now Mrs. Busby measured it with a speculative eye.

"Looks like it oughta hold him," she considered aloud. "Leastways it's the heaviest thing in the house; 'tain't as if he did much movin' around."

"You ain't a-goin' to tie no bull up in here?" Pa interposed, fixing his daughter with a wary eye.

Mrs. Busby seemed not to hear. "Pa," she ordered, "you roll up the best carpet. Then go get a few forkfuls of hay outa the barn to lay down in here."

"Good gravy, Marietta, what's come over you? He's a purty fine animal, but it don't seem right no bull should be tied up in the front parlor."

His daughter's blue eyes, turned on him, were stern and unyielding.

"Pa," she said, "you heard Mr. Hawkins last night. You want us to keep the bull or don't you?"

His answer came hastily:

"Why, shore, Marietta. It's jest that the parlor don't seem fitten."

"Then do just like I say an' don't waste no more time," she said.

Under her efficient direction the parlor rug was rolled up, hay was brought in and strewn across the floor; the tire chain was linked around the animal's foreleg and the leg of the stove to augment the frayed rope that dangled from his horns. Mrs. Busby surveyed the final picture with enormous satisfaction. If that low-down cheat Stoneman had any idea of sneaking her beautiful bull out of the upper pasture, he had a surprise coming, she reflected. She intended keeping her treasure under the direct eye of the family until the fifteenth and even the barn was too distant for comfort. These matters attended to, she placed Pa Suggs' shotgun just within reach around the frame of the front door. Then she sat down to wait the coming of J. Stoneman Jr.

◆ Shortly before noon she saw his red roadster turn off the highway into the dusty lane that led to the cottage. Long since, Suggs, ignominiously ejected from the front parlor by a beige bull, had sought the consolation of his brass bed abovestairs. Her housework finished, Elvira rocked dismally in the parlor, obeying her sister-in-law's injunction to keep an eye on the bull. Mrs. Busby sat behind the lace curtains of the parlor window waiting grimly for J. Stoneman Jr. to put in an appearance. As the roadster made the dashing turn before the house, she strode out to the doorsill and, feet astride, confronted the unwelcome intruder. The man opened the door of the car and slid from under the wheel. Stepping into the road he faced the truculent figure of Mrs. Busby.

"Evenin', Mis' Busby." He nodded. Mrs. Busby did not respond to his greeting. Instead, she said, "Get off my property, Stoneman, an' don't come back here till the fifteenth. An' see you bring the contract when you do come, turnin' the bull over to me, every last hair."

"You got the thirty-five dollars, Mis' Busby?" Stoneman's voice was arrogant and assured.

"You know dang well I ain't," Mrs. Busby retorted tartly. "Go get on out of here an' no more of your foolishment."

"I already told you, Mis' Busby, that if you ain't prepared to pay today, I got the right to take the bull. I been up around the upper pasture and see you moved the animal some place else. That ain't goin' to do you a mite of good, Mis' Busby.

(Continued on page 68)

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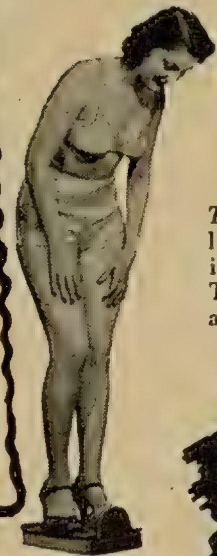

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(Continued from page 66)

I'll be back before sundown an' the law'll be with me to protec' my legal rights. I reckon even a woman smart as you think you are, Mis' Busby, has to step aside for the law."

Mrs. Busby's pretty jaw set.

"I'm a-goin' to count," she announced briskly, "an' if you ain't off my property by the time I say 'three,' I'm fillin' you full of buckshot." She reached around the doorframe and withdrew Pa Suggs' shotgun. J. Stoneman Jr. stood his ground, though he retreated a few steps as she lifted the muzzle and sighted along the barrel.

"You ain't a-goin' to intimidate me in that fashion—"

"One!" thundered Mrs. Busby.

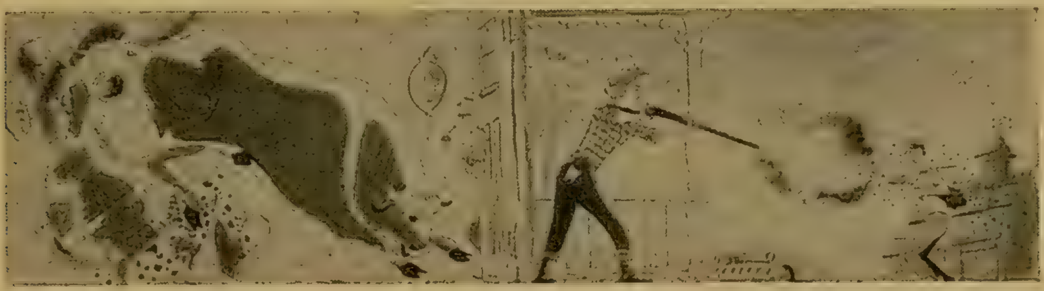
"If you think you can bluff me outa my legal—"

"Two!" thundered Mrs. Busby.

"Rights—"

"Three!"

Aiming three inches above Mr. Stoneman's hat, Mrs. Busby pulled the trigger. There was a shattering report, a scattering of buckshot. The result was effective wholly beyond Mrs. Busby's expectations, effective and altogether astonishing.



Within the parlor, the beige bull, standing dully before the shining stove on a patch of straw, was shaken from his melancholy reverie by the unexpected blast. With a terrified lurch he reared, tugged frantically at his moorings, tugged and reared wildly again, the clanking chain adding to his rage and frenzy. The parlor stove—one of those ingenious contrivances that is assembled in sections—gave way first at the front joint of the leg to which the bull's restraining chain was fastened.

Deprived of adequate support, the great bulk of the body leaned and tottered. Legs, body, grate, doors, and finally each separate segment of chimney fell apart, crashing amid a cloud of thick black soot with an unholy clatter. The clatter set off a series of piercing screams from the aroused Elvira and the combined pandemonium sent the bull thundering blindly out of the parlor's gloom through the open door and headlong down the yard, snorting and roaring through the settling soot, one iron stove leg still attached to his clanking chain.

If Mr. Stoneman had stepped lively at the report from Mrs. Busby's gun, it was as nothing to his present agility. Across the meadow he tore, the bull clattering frantically behind, Mrs. Busby, waving Pa Suggs' shotgun, bringing up the rear. Over the bars of the fence at the highroad unceremoniously leaped J. Stoneman Jr. in a single leap, and only the stove leg and the blinding soot kept the enraged animal from following after. Caught in a tangle of hardware and wooden bars, the bull stopped short, bewildered, at the boundary fence. Long since, Mr. Stoneman was lost to view in a cloud of dust up the Pike.

Three pails of water, methodically toted out by the now restored Elvira, and all the cajolery and strength of which they both were capable were necessary to subdue Mrs. Busby's bull. But tamed at length, his rage subsided but his faith shaken, he was led back on tremulous legs to the parlor by Elvira, who looked like a blackamoor.

Viewing the shambles from the doorway, Mrs. Busby decided that no further damage could be done and waved the animal in. The room was indeed a sorry sight, its center filled with the blackened heap of the segmented stove, its walls, ceiling, and floor showered with soot. Between the kitchen and the parlor, looking aggrievedly in on the wreckage, stood Pa Suggs, blinking.

"You gotta be so dang noisy, Marietta?" he inquired petulantly.

Delectably recalling the sequence of Stoneman's retreat, Mrs. Busby suddenly threw back her head and howled with appreciative laughter.

"Pa," she declared finally, showing all her pretty teeth in a bewitching smile—"Pa, danged if it wa'n't wuth it!"

◆

All afternoon the deserted red roadster stood in the dusty road before the house, a mute but effective reminder that J. Stoneman Jr. was bound to return. Mrs. Busby confined her activities to a restricted radius about the house, keeping a wary eye upon the highroad.

In midafternoon a black sedan turned into the lane and pulled up before the house. A distinguished-looking man of middle age, dressed in a store suit, got out from under the wheel. From the other side of the car emerged J. Stoneman Jr., keeping close to his companion and glowering.

Tying up the bean vines in the garden patch at the left of the house, Mrs. Busby looked up as the men approached. She wiped her hands on the knees of her blue jeans, got up slowly, and faced them. She recognized Stoneman's companion at once from the posters that had lined the Pike just before the recent election. He was Mr Poole, the new sheriff.

"Evenin', Mr. Poole," she greeted him. "Ain't it a little early after elections to be seen in such bad company?" She chuckled at her own joke as she put back a stray lock of blonde hair with the back of one hand. Sheriff Poole returned a half-hearted smile, glancing casually at Mrs. Busby. He looked again, less casually. The third time he straightened his tie. It was obvious that Mr. Poole was finding it difficult to associate the lovely, if disheveled, image before him with the murderous ogre so recently described by J. Stoneman Jr. Frankly, it set him back a bit. Mr. Poole was a bachelor and not without gallantry. Obviously he was now called upon to revise his carefully planned gambit.

"Well, now, Mrs. Busby," he began, while Stoneman, sensing treachery, glowered, "I'm here to see the law is carried out and Mr. Stoneman is protected. I—er—I've been over the contract you made with Mr. Stoneman here and his lawyer, and everything is—well—everything seems to be in order."

Recalled to duty by the scornful eyes of J. Stoneman Jr., Mr. Poole went on more decisively, "There's no reason that I can see why the bull in question should not be turned over to Mr. Stoneman without delay. We'll take up the—er—the matter of—er—" here Mr. Poole's eyes swept Mrs. Busby from top to toe incredulously—"of assault with a deadly weapon, when this is disposed of."

◆

Spluttering with suppressed rage, J. Stoneman Jr. interposed, "I'll see her in jail for that! Hang me to a nail feet upwards if I don't!"

At the words, Mrs. Busby sank abruptly back on her heels and her rosy mouth dropped open. Straight and steady, as if hypnotized, her gaze fell upon Mr. Stoneman, oblivious of his malevolent regard. Mrs. Busby was not seeing Mr. Stoneman; she was hearing again the thin piping voice of Beulah as she had heard it on the telephone the evening before: *"Hang me to a nail feet upwards, as Jimmy says, if I didn't . . ."* As Jimmy says . . . So she had met Jimmy sooner than she expected apparently.

Her eyes took in the immediate and gratifying significance of the bright blue sports jacket, the flamboyant tie across which disported semi-nude bathing beauties, hand-painted. A "fancy dresser," Beulah had also said. Well, it all fitted neatly, even to the fact that Stoneman was just the ticket to be on hand where two hundred dollars was reported to be in possession of a trusting and susceptible female like Beulah. The gossip about Beulah's savings had circulated long enough at the Cider Barrel, goodness knows, for Stoneman to be aware of it. But it had taken marriage to pry that two hundred lollars loose from Beulah! An afectionate and appreciative grin ent sudden enchantment to Mrs. Busby's countenance. Dear, dear ittle Beulah.

She turned guileless blue eyes upon Mr. Poole.

"I don't think we need to bother bout that there assault charge nuch," she said slowly, "nor about he yeller bull neither, for that natter, Sheriff Poole. And now, I'd admire to have a few words with you in private."

"Ask her where my bull is. Ask her that!" stormed the outraged Stoneman.

"The law," Mr. Poole admonished him, twirling one end of a really fine mustache thoughtfully, "is bound to hear both sides, Mr. Stoneman. We must proceed in orderly fashion."

He stepped into the sandy patch of garden beside Mrs. Busby with the air of a judge entering his chambers, if somewhat more eagerly. Under the glowering and watchful eye of the indignant salesman, there ensued a hurried but animated sotto-voce conference between Sheriff Poole and Mrs. Busby.

"You ain't been in office long, Mr. Poole," that artful lady was whispering into Mr. Poole's willing ear. "Think what this will mean to your reppertation if I'm right."

◆

Sheriff Poole stroked his mustache. "H'mm," he reflected, "bigamy."

He could see the headlines playing up his astuteness, his success in accomplishing what all the official forces—here Mr. Poole's imagination ran away with him—of neighboring counties had failed to accomplish. It was a sensational charge in a rural community, and as such promised sensational political returns. But despite Mrs. Busby's fine eyes, he must be sure.

Back of her cupped hand, Mrs. Busby urged sweetly, "Just try it. Just ast him about Florence Le Floor, the roller-skating queen—that's Beulah, Mr. Poole."

Mr. Poole stepped out of the garden patch, taking on a new personality with the gesture. He now addressed his companion in the capacity of prosecuting attorney and hoped Mrs. Busby was taking note of his knowing and official manner.

"Just how long, Mr. Stoneman," he questioned, "have you known Miss Florence Le Fleur, the—er—roller-skating queen?"

Mr. Stoneman's tardy reflexes were his undoing. It was not until he had blurted out "Two weeks!" that he realized he had been foully tricked.

"What's that got to do with getting my bull back?" he demanded furiously.

"Ast him," prodded Mrs. Busby, smiling and nodding from between the bean vines, "when was they married."

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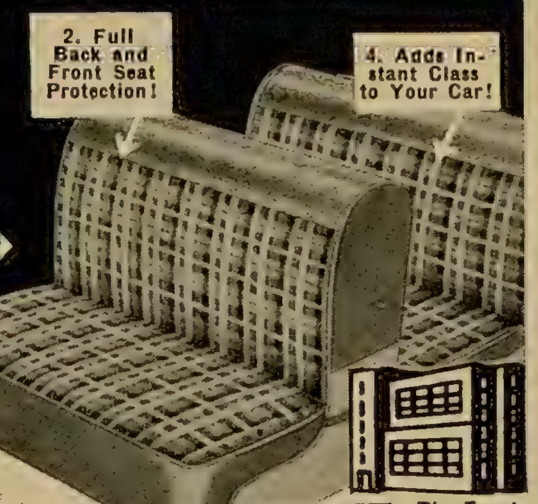
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Mr. Poole took over the inquiry as graciously as if Mrs. Busby had tendered him a gardenia.

"Ast him," commanded Mrs. Busby now, triumphantly tossing her blonde curls, "what he done with Beulah's two hundred dollars. Ast him about the wife he's got in Baltimore."

When Mr. Poole got through asking, it was only too evident that far too much unpleasant information had been uncovered for him to release Mr. J. Stoneman Jr. He would just hold him, he told Mrs. Busby, until he and the neighboring authorities could compare notes.

"What about Beulah's two hundred dollars?" persisted Mrs. Busby as Mr. Poole turned to escort the unhappy salesman back to the black sedan.

Mr. Poole halted to investigate this interesting angle.

"He says he's only got one hundred and sixty-five of it left, Mrs. Busby," the sheriff reported. "He spent thirty-five of it coming down from Frederick—" It was almost as if Mr. Poole had swept off his hat.

"That's fair enough," chuckled Mrs. Busby, wiping the garden dirt from her capable hands with the tail of her checkered shirt. "That thirty-five just takes care of the final payment on the bull. It's a little in advance, but I'll let that go. I reckon that makes the animal mine without no more argyment, Sheriff Poole."

"I reckon it does," Mr. Poole agreed heartily. "But of course I'll have to check about Beulah letting you have the money and all the details later, you understand, Mrs. Busby. But I'll see to it you get a proper receipt and the contract back. In fact," promised Mr. Poole with a significant smile, "I'll bring them over myself."

"A pleasure, I'm sure, Mr. Poole," beamed Mrs. Busby. Then, bestowing upon Mr. Stoneman a charming smile, she added, "Sorry I can't ast you gentlemen into the parlor to tend to all of these little formalities, but to tell the truth, the parlor's occupied, as you might say, at the moment."

As Mr. Poole started up the black sedan he called through the window to Mrs. Busby that he would send for the red roadster later that evening and that he wouldn't keep her waiting long for the receipt, she could count on that. Mrs. Busby thanked him courteously. Mr. Poole said not to mention it and any time he could do her a good turn not to forget where his office was and he'd see her soon anyway.

J. Stoneman Jr. said some very uncomplimentary things about Mrs. Busby, Mr. Poole, Florence Le Fleur, the wife in Baltimore, the beige bull, and the Maryland countryside.

◆ When she had watched the car out of sight, Mrs. Busby extracted the red cotton handkerchief from the hip pocket of her blue jeans and tidily folded one hundred and sixty-five dollars into a small square. This she knotted into one corner of the red handkerchief, thrust th kerchief into her bosom, hitched u her jeans, and approached the fron door of the house.

"Elvira," she called into the dimness of the front parlor, as sh turned the knob, "you can brin him out now."

Shortly there appeared the imperturbable Elvira, leading th beige bull by the frayed rope.

"You get that bull out in the goo fresh air for a spell," Mrs. Busby directed sharply, "and after you water him down at the crick, take him for a nice walk, slow, so he don't get overheated. Then stake him up in the pasture. Hunt around for a clover patch. Fix up a leaf fan and set there a-keepin' the flies off of him. He's been through enough for today."

"Yes'm." Elvira's voice was listless. She waited for further instructions.

At the doorsill Mrs. Busby turned. Over her shoulder she warned imperiously, "An' don't let me ketch you tarryin' to play with no pore white trash, neither. It ain't fitten for property owners."

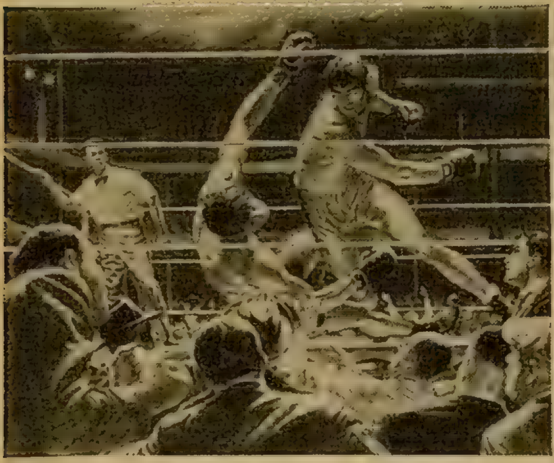
"No'm," said Elvira.

As she stepped across the threshold, Mrs. Busby carried her blonde head a notch or two higher than usual. After all, there were even loftier goals to which a Busby or a Suggs—or a Poole, for that matter—might aspire.

"Pa!" she called up the back stairs. "You get on down here an' help clean up this parlor." ◆ ◆

YOU CAN'T BE A CHAMPION ON A 30-HOUR WEEK

Continued from page 11 • • • • • • • • • •



a mental and psychological pride in the sense of achievement. It was John J. McGraw who took his New York Giants to the best hotels, because they were big-leaguers and he wanted them to act that way. It was Joe McCarthy who made his New York Yankees wear ties when they entered a dining room. They were World Series champions and he wanted them to look it.

It is that recognition and inborn pride of achievement that inspire thousands of youngsters voluntarily to forgo the comforts of life so that they can make the school team. These athletes, and the men who work long hours to build their own business, know that you can't be a champion on a limited training or work schedule. To be a champion you must be free to follow your career, be encouraged to spend every possible hour making it come true. The rewards must be there, be it an amateur looking for glory, or a professional seeking a fortune. The same applies to men who utilize their physical advantages or capitalize on their mental capacities. They must know that after working hard and clean, they will be allowed to keep a fair percentage of what they have earned and must not be handicapped by the coddling of nonproducers who sit back or watch while someone else carries the ball.

I started work as an office boy at five dollars a week. I worked until eight, nine, ten o'clock and sometimes until midnight, with no overtime pay, not even supper money. Often I had to work on holidays, without extra compensation. I never griped, because I'd heard of former times when boys served as apprentices for nothing more than their keep. I recognized that I was well off in comparison, and I also was aware that those apprentices, while not materially enriched, had gained a pride of achievement and a knowledge of their trade that nothing could take from them. They became real craftsmen—champions in their profession—and the world was eager for their services.

The rule has always been the same: the men who have forged ahead have always been the ones who have been unwilling to stand still. It is as true today as it ever was. But today, obstacles are being placed in the paths of young men who want to go ahead. *It is easier to loaf than to work, when you know that you will be paid either way.*

What confronts a boy today who starts an office job—at five times the salary which I received and with hardly more than half the working hours? If he has courage and faith in the future, he must apply it all to resist the sentiments that surround him. He finds a tendency among his fellow workers to measure the value of a job by the amount it will bring in unemployment compensation. In such terms, the beginner's job is unattractive. The basic groundwork of all craftsmanship—upon which every guild or trade is founded—is thereby undermined.

No man ever became a champion through only a partial or superficial knowledge of his trade. Andrew Carnegie found his first employment as bobbin boy in a cotton factory. Henry Ford started as a ma-

MEATS
MEAT
MEATS

LIBERTY

"My steak was swell. How was your roast beef?"

inist's apprentice. Frank Woolorth as a clerk in a drygoods store. oes the young man of today study e biographies of such men, or es he read the newspaper acunts of the thousands of nonrkers living at vacation resorts state unemployment checks?

In the old days, those who reived community help repaid it in nd. When government relief came to vogue, it should have been ased upon that principle. Instead, was accepted as a gratuity, and at attitude has persisted in relaon to unemployment compensaon. It softens a man to accept harity, no matter how it may be eiled. Yet did you ever hear of nyone, other than James J. Bradock, ex-heavyweight champion, ho returned the money paid him uring a period of unemployment?

Unemployment compensation is ontrolled by the states, each with ts own regulations, fitted to its inividual needs. Presumably this vould mean that the states have ecome enlargements of the local ommunities of a former day and hat the states are, therefore, takng care of their own. But far from eing a return to the days of couageous doers, this process has creted handouts on a national scale.

People have come to accept farm subsidies, low-cost housing, social security, and increased pensions as part of the national scene, with the federal government as the administrator. This is carrying the community principle to the limit. It is moving us toward an inefficient Socialism in which no one can hold ambition for his future. Such paternalism leaves nothing as a goal for the energetic, imaginative young man or woman with initiative.

Formerly, a considerable portion of people's earnings were banked against a rainy day, or held in readiness for some business opportunity. Provision was made for old age through annuities and endowment policies. Taking care of one's own future was regarded as an American privilege. We now seem to be embarking into a period where banking and insurance institutions —of which America has the greatest in the world—will no longer be required. Bureaucracy will supplant them. The welfare state, it is called.

Because of the increasing activity of the government in controlling our earnings and ambitions, federal staffs are at their greatest strength; consequently the national budget is the largest in history. Today we have a $275 billion debt, and the only way to service it is through hard work. A majority of our citizens have proved that, so far, the tactics have not penetrated into the heart and core of American workers. Our men and women proved that they were still tough when they went to war in the armed forces and in our factories. The ill effects of pampering have not incapacitated production, for in spite of everything, industry and labor have combined to give this nation its highest earned income; yet our national debt remains outrageously high, and our taxes are such that the average man finds he cannot put aside anything for his future.

Now is the time to assert our heritage. We must further the doctrine of the individual. To preserve our future, we must look back to the days of our forefathers, when living was not harnessed to any political legislation; when we were not dependent on what our government would do in order to know what our future would be; when man had to work to survive.

We have made social progress by required adjustments to meet the conditions of a changing world. Our problem now is to keep the best of it. We must avoid the very sops that the dictators, whom we conquered, used to destroy the individualism of their peoples.

◆ Free medical and dental care is now being proposed as a cure-all for the American public, including its waning pocketbook. For a few pennies more from each overtaxed dollar, the entire medical and dental professions would be socialized against their protests. Years of training are required at the student's own expense before he can practice medicine or dentistry. If socialized medicine should result in lower medical fees, who would pay for those preliminary years?

The government, of course. Gradually the cost of socialized medicine would rise, or would result in new tax burdens. It would be better to gear our own occupations to the standards of the medical profession than to force doctors to punch a time clock.

Great physicians, like great scientists, are champions in their own right. They do not think in terms of hours, nor even years, where research in the cause of humanity is concerned. Medicine and science

Don't imagine you are different!

Quite naturally, when a product appears which is *completely unlike* past methods, your first thought may be "Is it really meant for *me*?" or "I wonder if I am any different"...Well, *Tampax* is just such a revolutionary product in the field of monthly sanitary protection—and here are some facts to help you make up your mind about it.

Tampax has been adopted by millions (*yes, millions*) of women. Very popular among trained nurses for their personal use. Invented by a physician; designed to be worn *internally*. Only one-ninth the bulk of older kinds. No belts, no pins, no external pads. Causes no odor, no chafing. No bother to dispose of.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax relieves embarrassment and mental strain at such times for all classes of women—college students, secretaries, housewives, nurses, vacationers...Buy Tampax today at your drug or notion counter. It's made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented individual applicators. Three absorbency-sizes for varying needs. Full month's average supply goes into purse. (Also 4-months economy box.) Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular TAMPAX
SUPER TAMPAX
JUNIOR TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

are among the fields still open to ambitious young men who refuse to be hampered by the restraints imposed by less willing workers. What America needs for the future is a host of courageous young pioneers who will carry that same spirit into all other fields of endeavor.

Such men must face these facts squarely: We are being discouraged from being a nation of champions. Instead, we are being encouraged to be mediocre. Once, an American worker was proud of the work he turned out. Now he boasts of his restraint in turning out too much; the fastest worker must limit himself to the output of the slowest.

Having faced those facts, the next step is to ignore them. The young man who wants to forge ahead must be heedless of ridicule when he uses his spare time to learn all angles of his business or occupation. Since, in many cases, he works only 30 hours a week, he will have spare time to study. He should be ready when Opportunity arrives, and the chances are all in his favor, because few others will be waiting for its knock.

It takes long, hard hours to make a champion, and there are many whose hearts have been broken because of failure. Often years go by before the challenger gets his opportunity. Even then, his day of glory may be brief, his reign unproductive financially. But those who stay on top know that they cannot rest; that they have become the inspiration to others who try to emulate them. The champion must continue to keep in trim. He must not lower his guard and give in to the temptation of easy life, for that is the surest way to fail.

Once a man becomes a champi
he is touched with an invisi
crown. Unconsciously he acqui
the bearing and pride of a man w
has risen above the crowd, and it
such men who make nations.
have had many champions in o
history; that is why we are t
greatest nation in the world. And
a champion among nations, we ca
not afford to go soft. We must pr
serve our heritage and be so toug
that we can resist any form of a
tack against us.

America's crown was entrusted
us from the past. We must preser
it for the future, a gift to our po
terity. We must guard it constant
and faithfully, even more than
hours a week. Unless we do, we ma
be sitting by, despairing, watchin
America take the count. ◆

A HAIR-RAISING STORY

Continued from page 34

later his hair was an inch long and his eyelashes and eyebrows were coming in. By the end of the year, new hair was taking on a healthy color and was steadily growing.

Carl didn't wait that long to put his preparation on the market. Thoroughly convinced that he had something of value to offer the public, he gathered together his last $140, bought a small ad in a Portland paper. Orders poured in from every part of the state. Soon Carl was telling about his preparation through full-page ads in newspapers and national magazines.

Within a year Carl was employing 60 people in a new St. Helens building and grossing up to $90,000 a week. By the end of 1946 his gross was a million dollars.

Then the government agencies struck. Early in January, 1947, the Food and Drug Administration stopped shipments of the Brandenfels' hair preparation in Chicago and elsewhere. The Post Office Department refused to deliver the company's mail. The Federal Trade Commission got busy on the theory that the preparation must necessarily be a fake.

Feeling that he was being unjustly accused, Carl decided to fight back. He telephoned Washington, arranged a hearing before Senator Wherry's Small Business Committee. When he appeared before this group he had with him all the Oregon senators and congressmen. He also had thousands of letters from satisfied users and an array of photographs showing "before and after" shots of customers, many of them prominent political and national figures.

Confronted with such an array of evidence, the Food and Drug Administration released the shipments of Carl's products in Chicago. The Post Office Department told him to go ahead and use the mails. The Federal Trade Commission stopped right where it was. Carl Brandenfels was in business again.

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But to sell his product he had to have a license, since his hair grower contained sulfa. When the skirmish with the government agencies occurred, Carl's license had been revoked and, while he was given permission to continue in business, he was not given a new license. Under the circumstances, he could be out of business again overnight.

One of the reasons given by the Food and Drug Administration for their anxiety concerning his product was the fact that Formula A, containing sulfa, might have a harmful reaction on many users. Carl agreed to allow a recognized medical group in Oregon to conduct a toxicity test on at least 200 people, to find out if the formula was as harmless as he contended it to be. The report issued by the medical investigators stated flatly there was not a single case of harmful sulfa reaction in the 200 tested.

◆ A second report gave indications that Brandenfels' preparation was beneficial in the growth of hair and the elimination of dandruff and scalp deficiencies. About 40 per cent of those tested said it "improved the condition of the scalp with respect to dandruff"; about 20 per cent with some degree of baldness or thinning of hair reported definite new hair growth.

In February, 1948, Brandenfels received his new drug license.

It was at this point that the writer visited Portland and St. Helens to conduct an on-the-spot investigation.

At 2905 North Portland Boul
vard, Portland, Oregon, lives Eldo
Beerbower, who was one of the fir
to try out Carl Brandenfels' prepa
ration. Instead of the bald head h
used to have, he has a very health
crop of brown hair.

"I had my first haircut si
months ago," he said, his eyes light
ing with the memory. "Boy, wa
that a happy day for me! I'll neve
forget it—or Mr. Brandenfels
either. When my mother firs
phoned him to tell him my hair wa
starting to grow, he was as excite
as we were. He promised that if
used his preparation faithfully and
grew a full head of hair, he'd pay
for all my haircuts for the rest o
my life!"

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hoffman, who
live on the outskirts of Portland
are other users of Brandenfels
formula.

Hoffman had the usual receding hair line, but he also has a new crop of almost colorless hair growing in front. It isn't very long, but he is confident it will grow. Mrs. Hoffman is a more striking case. She had lost about two inches of hair, receding from her forehead. The hair had simply fallen out, leaving her partially bald. Her remaining hair began to thin out at an alarming rate and there were little patches where the hair had come out completely. After trying everything else without results, she tried Brandenfels' preparation. In eight months the bald parts had filled in, the two inches of receding hair line had gone, leaving hair up to four inches long right to the forehead.

Her hair generally was thicker and had stopped falling out.

An example of an unusual case is that of Marjorie King. Young and attractive, Miss King was just one of many customers to Brandenfels until he received a note one day that made him hurry to Waldport, Oregon, to investigate for himself.

The young woman had become

mpletely bald and had spent a eat deal of money visiting spe- ılists and taking treatments with- t any appreciable difference in r condition. She then tried Bran- nfels' treatment.

Within a few months her hair ew back. She continued to use e liquids until she had a beauti- l lustrous head of dark hair. oking at her now, it seems unbe- vable that she could ever have en bald.

"I *was* bald," she insists, "and I ve letters from specialists to ove it."

None of the persons interviewed id they had received a penny from randenfels for the use of their mes for advertising purposes.

Mrs. Amy Clevenger of Central oint, Oregon, is an ardent Bran- enfels crusader. A former school- acher, now 62 and a grandmother, e became completely bald after n accident which required hospi- alization and an operation.

"I really did try everything to eep my hair," she said, "but noth- ng helped. For two years I was ald and had to wear a wig."

Taking the advice of a nurse in a ortland hospital, she began to use randenfels' preparation. Results ere apparent in a few months. She egan using the liquids on October 0, 1946. Except for a small sparsely overed spot in the back of her rown, Mrs. Clevenger now has a ood head of hair, most of it a ealthy black. Before her accident er hair had been rapidly turning ray.

"I don't say my product will grow hair for everyone," Brandenfels said emphatically. "That would be ridiculous. When the hair follicles are dead, nothing known to man can bring them back to life. But I maintain that in many cases the follicles are just dormant and my preparation and method of massage can revive them. Thousands of people have written to me telling me that I am right."

◆ Brandenfels now has three doctors in Portland making exhaustive analyses and new tests of his product. Some 6,000 cases (about half those he has on file) of people who have benefited from the preparation are being broken down and analyzed. A young and brilliant physician with special training as a bacteriologist is conducting experiments on human and animal guinea pigs. Results will be announced, Brandenfels hopes, in a reputable medical journal in two years' time.

"There has been so much skepticism about any product claiming to assist hair growth," Brandenfels says, "mainly because up to now such products have been marketed for one purpose—to make a quick killing financially. I intend to show that my product is a legitimate one, with a scientific basis for its efficiency." ◆ ◆

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I have been placed among them for a purpose which perhaps an ordinary person could not comprehend. It is a part of my destiny."

Little Eva, who not long ago was throwing her hips (size 34) around instead of her weight (111 pounds), has toiled with tremendous if not entirely commendable enterprise toward the achievement of this phase of her destiny ever since she borrowed the idea from the script of a radio soap opera in which she played a minor part some years ago.

"I feel something strange rising inside me," she told fellow artists after the broadcast. "I have come upon a realization. . . . I have been placed here to carry out a mission. I have a destiny."

And she achieved it. Through devious, interlocked schemes, timely and generous outpourings of love, a strategic spreading of loyalties and dinner dates, she worked her way upward to become the most powerful woman in the hemisphere —perhaps in the world.

◆ Driven by a burning hatred of Argentina's oligarchy, a deep but practical love for the poor, and a relentless will to be all-powerful, Evita Perón has been the main force behind virtually all of Argentina's recent broad social reforms—but there is more than charity involved.

Even her enemies, who dare speak her name only in discreet whispers, confess she has done fine things for the masses. She has shod the shoeless, fed the hungry, and put up homes and institutions for the homeless, the aged, and the misguided. Due to her efforts, peons who never slept on anything but cool pampas soil now have innerspring mattresses; the sick have medicine and free clinics; and wayward girls have switched to purity. Most of all, the shirtless ones all have shirts. Evita gives them the shirts right off the backs of the rich.

While Evita's accomplishments bubble with altruism and sweet benignity, however, one who peeks backstage emerges with a raised eyebrow, a shocked expression.

The "give" is big. The "take" is colossal.

It's actually the brashest national shenanigan in history. The career of anyone who doesn't do things Little Eva's way is worth something less than a plugged centavo.

Evita's formula is not complex. It is outstanding chiefly because of its proportions. She forces the rich to "kick in," and much of what she gets she gives to the masses so they will vote for her husband; so she can remain in power and thus keep the show on the road.

It costs the rich plenty. They used to refuse, but don't any more. It doesn't pay.

An example of why it doesn't pay is the experience of one store owner who was asked for 100,000 pesos for the poor.

"I haven't got it," he said.

"Get it," she told him.

"I can't."

"Then there will be obstacles."

Next morning a delegation of obstacle-bent inspectors called. They found ventilation and lighting "improper." They found fire precautions "inadequate." They found other "violations."

The man is now out of business.

It is not known precisely what method was used on the Buenos Aires Stock Exchange — the gift might even have been given voluntarily—but that starched organization alone contributed half a million dollars to Evita in 1947.

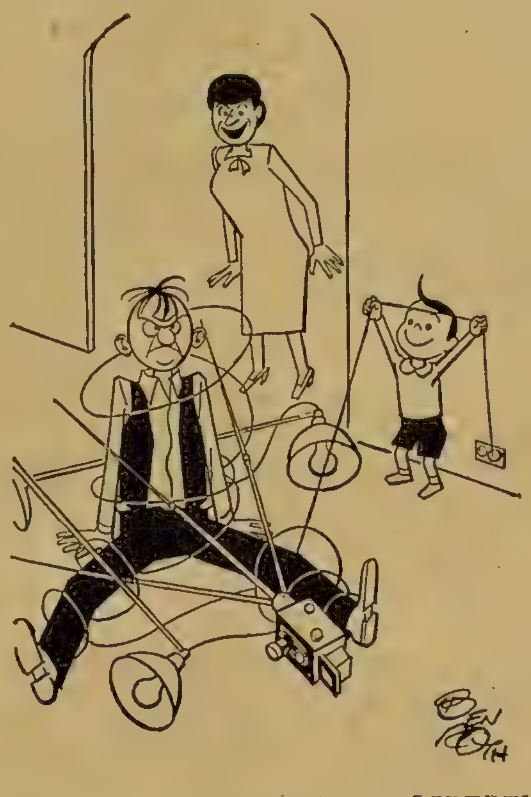
Last Christmas there was nothing a big department store could do but grant Evita's request for 600 bicycles, 750 dolls, and 25,000 pesos' worth of other toys.

The gifts were shipped to various parts of the nation, and Evita personally journeyed to central areas to present them to deliriously happy children.

She also treats groups of boys to haircuts, secretaries to manicures, and babies to sterilized nipples. Once, she treated an entire village to new bathtubs.

It all works like magic, and takes care of everything at once: it wins assurances of votes, helps the poor, hurts the rich, and gives Evita the feeling that she is fulfilling her destiny.

But there are two possible stumbling blocks in Evita's path. One is the Argentine army, which from time to time has applied pressure to have her removed from public life. At this writing, she was standing her ground against the army. The other is the oligarchy. Her battle with the oligarchy, particularly the women, is strictly cattish.



LIBERTY

"Now, if you'd only gotten a picture of him doing *that!*"

Frequently the oligarchy pla right into her hands. Once, stirr by a regulation affecting their ser ants, seven old-school society wor en had anti-Perón handbills prin ed and began distributing the personally along Buenos Aires' bu shopping street, Florida. But befo they had given many away, Evita *espións*, who seem to be in a places at all times, hauled them c to jail.

Evita had them transferred to tl jail for streetwalkers and saw to that the incident received a big pla on the front pages.

The oligarchy glowered. Evita an the masses loved it.

Convinced they can do little of material nature to strike back— there is no organized opposition t Evita—the oligarchy concentrate on the last weapon of the defeated gossip.

◆ Evita does not like to be reminde of her past. Therefore the oligarch never lets her forget it. They neve miss a chance to spread tidbits fron Little Eva's life story. The favorit tidbits are from the Little Madonna's theatrical career. There wa the time, for instance, when Evita did a bubble-bath scene in a movie The scene was so torrid that wher the producers tried to distribute it in the United States, the Hays Office sent it straight back to Argentina. It was even banned here.

A press agent, however, managed to get a still of the bubble-bath scene, and made a small fortune selling copies to Evita's enemies after her rise to power. Today the picture is kept in a vault. Sometimes it is taken out for foreign visitors.

The oligarchy also like to whisper about Evita's childhood and family background, which they know the Little Madonna would give plenty of pesos to have forgotten. . . .

Evita was the fifth-born of Juana Ibarjuren. She was born in a ramshackle house, overrun with chickens, in the colorless village of Los Toldos in Buenos Aires Province on May 7, 1919. The date is from official records. Some of her foes insist she was born ten years earlier.

"With her influence," one whispered to me, "she could easily have the records changed."

Her father, Juan Duarte, died soon after Eva was born, leaving the family destitute. When Evita was very young, her mother gathered the brood and moved to near-by Junin. There she opened a boardinghouse and made enough money to send her children to school.

Evita, whose curves and hatred of the rich formed early, was in high school when she received a letter from a friend who had run off to Buenos Aires, found work as a singer on glittery Calle Corrientes, and married a rich man.

"That is for me," said Evita. She came to the capital and struck out for a theatrical career. She couldn't sing and her acting was somewhere beneath mediocre, but she had a nice personality and other pleasant attributes, and producers interested in a girl with her high ambition hired her for small parts in movies and on the radio. It was a scant existence—until she found her "destiny" in the radio script.

Evita spent much of her time trying to find a way to get on her streetcar to destiny. Then she found it. She managed to get to know people of note, and soon her parts in movies and broadcasts became better, she received higher billings, and her income rose.

"I do not do these things for frivolous reasons," she once told an intimate. "It is my way of getting where I am going."

She got there in a big way. Before long she was charming one and all at the most important social and state functions. It was at one of these parties that she met the handsome, dashing Under-Secretary of War, Colonel Juan D. Perón. At that time Perón was in poor spirits: his first wife, the daughter of an itinerant park photographer, had died and he was lonely. Evita filled the gap.

The two had things in common: Juan—her Juancita—had a background of poverty, contempt for the rich, love for the poor, plenty of ambition and, like Evita, a destiny. An understanding developed out of which grew the Perón coup that gave Juan the Presidency.

Evita began beating Juan's drum in a big way. She addressed labor rallies, public gatherings, and anybody she could get to listen, telling all that Perón was a friend of the masses.

"Watch Perón," she would say.

◆ Everybody watched. In 1943 they saw him go to jail after a government shake-up. They saw Little Eva trudge daily to his cell with hot soup, hope, and word from the outside world—word that thousands were rallying behind him through her efforts. When Perón was released, after another shake-up, she met him at the prison gate and told him, "We have many friends. Our time is near."

And when Perón engineered his own coup, there was scarcely a protest from the people. Later, at La Plata, Evita and Juan were married. And Evita was very near her destiny.

She achieved it fully on February 24, 1946, when Perón was elected for a full six-year term. She was now First Lady of the strongest republic in all Latin America.

Immediately she set about getting her broad social reforms enacted. She established her fabulous social welfare agencies and brought about regulations to make the wealthy pay for help to the needy. She sat at the side of her husband at the most important plenums of state and influenced many decisions of the government.

Also, she fixed up her relatives and close friends with nice positions.

There was also some trouble with Evita's brother Juan. Juan got into an argument with the President some months ago and disappeared. As this is written he still hasn't been heard from. Observers say that Juan Duarte's disappearance is a harbinger of a rift between the Peróns.

Be that as it may, from all outward appearances the Peróns are at least getting along. They appear together constantly. They smile at each other and even hold hands in public.

"Where the President goes I go," Evita told me. "It is my duty to be at his side. Together we rose and so we will continue to rise."

◆ And their song-and-dance goes on. When Juan makes a speech in public, she invariably follows him to the podium, shrieking out promises of "more and better" things to come for her "shirtless ones." And after the speeches, mobile kitchens bring the listeners sandwiches wrapped in paper bearing the Peróns' pictures and bottles of soda pop. Juan and Evita are even together, all smiles, on the pop-bottle labels.

Many wonder how Evita does it all, but she finds time to personally run the Presidential household. She keeps the books, looks after the servants, orders and plans the meals, and even sees to it that the President's clothes are in good repair and properly creased.

As for her own clothes, she boasts of having the biggest and smartest wardrobe in Argentina.

"Perhaps in all the world," she says.

Most of her 350 costumes, which range from slinky slacks to brocaded evening gowns, have been made especially for her by Parisian designers to whom she became partial during a tour of Europe in 1947.

When she meets the poor she wears her snazziest outfits. To keep them from drooling, she tells them: "Once I wore clothes like yours. Look at me now. Stay with me and one day you, too, will have fine things."

They really fall for it.

It is said that Evita wants to be, among other things, the world's best-dressed woman. In particular, she wants the reputation of being better dressed than the women of North America, whom she dislikes.

"They are too frivolous," she says.

She has been invited to the United States for a first-hand look, but she says, "I am too busy."

Reminded that Panagra can fly her from Buenos Aires to Miami in about 20 hours, she says:

"I haven't the time."

Apparently she hasn't. It takes a gal every minute she can scrape up to keep 16,000,000 people in love with her. ◆ ◆

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I PAID TO MEET A MAN

Continued from page 31

few single girls, he tried getting back into circulation by going to bars, "But those female barflies just made me nostalgic for nice girls."

Steve has been a Lane member for two months and has met six women. The first puzzled him, because all she wanted to do was to go to a movie and hold hands. Since she had to make an early train to New Jersey, they just went to a newsreel, "And there we sat, two perfect strangers, holding hands while Clem McCarthy described a horse race. She didn't even want dinner; insisted she'd eaten," Steve explained. He looked at the steak on my plate admiringly. "I like a woman who likes food—means maybe she can cook."

He told me that he found the other girls nice, but so far he had not fallen in love.

Arriving early for a new appointment one evening, I asked Clara Lane how she got into the introduction service business. She told me that she had been a matchmaker most of her adult life, pairing up dozens of acquaintances and friends as a hobby. Finally one couple asked why she didn't make it a business.

She had lived in a great many cities and has an understanding of the tremendous amount of loneliness that exists in America. She knew that from a business point of view a friendship center was worth a try. Today this former Iowa farm girl is a success largely because she understands who will click with whom.

On my third appointment, I was introduced to George, 48, a stockbroker and interested in science. He proved to be elegant, courtly, only mildly interested in stocks, but wild about entomology, the science of insects. A widower for two years, he finds insects absorbing, but, as he put it, "a trifle inconvenient to take out dining."

Over a dinner we discussed what every Lane member is most curious about—What sent you there?

"I was lonely," said George, "and marriage becomes a habit, so I found my way to the Center. Almost immediately Miss Lane gave me a little scolding, for I carried with me a picture of my dead wife and demanded someone just like her."

About nine o'clock, George took me to a lecture on *Siphonaptera* (fleas), and later explained that he was working on a collection of rare Balkan fleas, mounting them under a magnifying glass. "One of the best places for fleas," he confided, "is a certain hotel in Budapest. I found splendid specimens in what was once the Royal Suite."

Though George had been a Lane member for three months, he was evasive about his other appointments. Discussing women was not in his code.

◆ Next I was introduced to Al. His questionnaire listed him as "37, real-estate salesman, likes almost everything."

Tall and handsome—the sort of man who will look and act boyish at 60—Al didn't seem the type to be lonely. But he was, for, living and working in a small Rhode Island town, his social circle was narrow. He had been driving to New York weekends for nearly four months. Friday he met his new date; Saturday and Sunday were spent courting three Lane members he was especially fond of. He was deeply worried because he thought that indicated he loved none of them.

"Everybody I knew as a kid, also all my college chums, are already married, with homes and children. I feel left out, like a third arm or something," he said.

Al took me to dinner on Long Island, and then for a drive in the country. He disliked large cities and hoped that the girl he eventually clicked with would like his small New England town.

Bill was entirely different. A bank clerk, 35, fond of the theater, he was rebelling against a dominating mother. "She doesn't know I joined Lane's," he said, "and I won't tell her, yet. She'll only talk me out of it, because I suspect she doesn't want me to marry. Well, I'm going to. I want my own family and home!"

A member only three weeks, he had met only two women so far, including me. "The first one," he explained, "had fire and spunk. She wanted to go and tell my mother off, but I had tickets to a show, so we went to the theater instead."

Bill told me he lived with his mother and had been her main support ever since his father died fifteen years ago, and he'd been so busy working that he hadn't had time to meet many women.

I reported to Clara Lane my reactions to Bill, as I had done with my other dates, this being an important part of the Lane system. She doesn't pretend to be able to pair up the right people immediately. But careful study of clients and their reactions to each other usually insures a match-up of two people on the fifth or sixth try.

I learned that the men who seek mates through the Center are not the pathetic types I had expected to meet, but the normal, varied assortment of American males. The only difference is that they have done something about their loneliness. While most of us wait around, maybe for years, for the chance meeting with someone we can hope to love, these people take action by going to Clara Lane. These men and women find it a practical approach to romance, love, and marriage. In my case, if the Center's averages work, I'm due for my "click" next week. I meet my sixth man. ◆ ◆

HOW JANE RUSSELL GOT THAT WAY

Continued from page 28

nights and Hollywood night clubs. She likes to go to a small club in the Valley where her best friend, Portia Nelson, sings. Portia was Betty Mae and a secretary until Jane talked her into being Portia and a singer.

Jane believes in churchgoing. That's the way she was brought up. She goes to church two nights a week. On Saturday mornings when film work doesn't interfere, she attends a Bible class conducted by her mother. "The world is in a pretty lousy shape," she says, "but as long as I can fill a car full of friends for church twice a week, maybe I'm doing something to make the world less lousy."

Of all the unusual careers in Hollywood, Jane Russell's is one of the most unusual. She became a legend long before she became a movie star. Pictures of her, sultry and semi-clad, appeared in magazines and newspapers all over the world. She had more art than any other well-stacked star, including Betty Grable. During the war years a reasonable facsimile of her charms graced the snouts of fighter planes all over the world. But no one ever saw her on the screen. The Outlaw, made in 1941, was not released until 1945, and then was withdrawn after playing a few key cities. (It is to be re-released this summer.)

Credit for this overwhelming publicity splash goes to press agent Russell Birdwell, who was told by Howard Hughes to spare no expense to exploit Jane. *Cleavage*, long frowned upon by the Hays Office, came into its own. Cleavage is the refined word for "too much talent too well exposed." With no films, Jane was in the sad position of being a poor little girl with the biggest build-up in history and no way to cash in on it.

Since the release of The Paleface, every producer in town would like to sign her for a picture. But Hughes had his own plans for her. Sometime this summer she will be co-starred with Robert Mitchum.

Jane was born in Bemidji, Minnesota, June 21, 1921. For the records, she is five feet seven inches, weighs 135 pounds, has brown eyes and brown hair. She is the oldest child of Geraldine and Roy Russell. Her mother, as Geraldine Jacobi, was a former Broadway actress, and she named her first-born after Jane Cowl. Although the Russells were living in Canada at the time, Mrs. Russell raced the stork to Bemidji, so Jane could be born in the United States.

The family moved to the San Fernando Valley in 1928, and have been living there ever since. Jane attended Joaquin Miller Grammar School, and graduated from Van Nuys High School.

Jane had brief dramatic training at the Max Reinhardt school in Hollywood, but after her father died she turned to photographic modeling for some quick money. Leavis Green, an actors' agent, saw a picture of her hanging in an advertising agency, quickly annexed it, frame and all, and hurried with it to Howard Hughes' office. Hughes had decided to resume screen production with The Outlaw, and was looking for an unknown to play the half-breed. From her portrait, Hughes decided Jane had definite possibilities. A hunt was started at once for Jane Russell. They found her serving as a receptionist in a doctor's office, where she was doing much for the morale of the patients. Hughes tested her, signed her on a long-term contract, and starred her in her first picture. With her first pay check she made a down payment on a Ford.

On Easter morning of 1943, Jane married Bob Waterfield, the football player, in Las Vegas. "Robert" had been her ideal ever since she was in the ninth grade at Van Nuys High. He was in the eleventh grade and rarely spoke to Jane except to say, "Hi, there." "I had a hard time landing him," says Jane. In '41 and '42 Waterfield was the star quarterback of U.C.L.A. He doubled in pictures for Michael O'Shea, to make money to date Jane. Soon after they married, Bob went into the army. When he was stationed at Fort Benning, Jane set up housekeeping in Macon, Georgia, to be near him. She got herself a job in a beauty shop, where she became famous for her excellent manicures and make-ups. From her customers, who never suspected her identity, she heard weird tales about Jane Russell, the Hollywood movie star who went to wild parties, drank champagne as if it were water, and had five children. It was interesting but monotonous.

The Waterfields recently finished building their own home in the Sherman Oaks section of the San Fernando Valley.

The Waterfields are said to be about the happiest couple in California. Unlike other Hollywood stars, Jane never seems to be beset with career troubles. The fact is that Bob, 28, is a bigger star in his profession than she is in hers. He earns $20,000 each season as quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams of the National Football League.

If there has been much speculation in Hollywood on Jane's reaction to the quips about her, there has been twice as much on her husband's reaction. "Bob," says one of his friends, "is a deadpan artist. Even his closest friends have never heard him mention his wife's physical attributes." Another says, "Bob has known Jane ever since they were school kids. He takes her anatomy for granted." Still another, "He's the kind of guy who takes everything in his stride—even Jane Russell gags. He's no more excitable than Jane." Well, could be. ◆ ◆

FRIDAY FOR DEATH

Continued from page 33

lipstick. Up and around swung the beam of yellow, illuminating his easel and the crayon sketch upon it, the rakish nude, bawdy and grinning. Gwen?

An opened dresser drawer was loaded with sketchbooks and tracing paper and an assortment of menus. I pulled at these and unearthed a small black book. Backer had written these names hastily, perhaps at bars, perhaps on street corners. And here was Gwen! Gwen Hibbs, the name alone, followed by no address, no phone number. Was it because he dared not put her address here? He would be crafty, this Backer. I put the little book in a pocket. There was no time for further research here.

And then the phone rang. I dropped the flashlight in a spasm of terror. I crawled for it. I recovered it and stayed kneeling on the floor, trying for quick and decisive thought.

The police again? The phone shrilled at me, challenged me, set up a clatter in my mind, moved me to action. I watched my hand reach out to grasp it. Harvey! He was in Linda's apartment.

"Have you made the locate?" he asked.

"Backer? Not yet."

"Where is he? You've got to get him. I figured you'd tail him down to his studio, Steve. You're late. You're slow." His voice was out of key, excitedly overquick in the syllables. "The police'll be down there to check him any minute. They must have tagged Frugi hours ago. That would give them Consuelo, and after Consuelo, Backer. Get out. Now."

"I'm getting out," I said.

He barked at me. "Get up here, fast. Your friend Ken Sisley has flown the coop!"

"That's impossible. Ken must be—"

"Move!" he shouted at me. "I can't stay here long. They'll be up to check this dump, too. Start up to me. Right now."

"I'm coming," I said.

I let the phone slide down and away, wet from the touch of my hand.

Four years of taking his orders had made a machine of me, so far as Harvey was concerned. I should have told him not to worry about Ken Sisley. Ken Sisley still slept in Gloria Baran's apartment. I was sure of it. I remembered now why Harvey had not found him. I had told him merely, "He's on ice until tomorrow, Harvey."

I was sitting on the floor. I was

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trembling. I trembled more when I heard the hard footfall on the stairs outside.

I was on my feet when the subject walked in.

When he switched on the lights, Louie Sliger's gun was in my hand. I had it aimed at Backer's eyes.

His mouth dropped open. He didn't move. He stared at the gun and closed his mouth.

"Up," I said. "Keep your hands up."

He raised them slowly. "You off your nut? What's eating you?"

"You. Why did you kill them?"

"Kill?" he asked himself, his eyes wider now. "For God's sake, what are you talking about?"

"Gwen."

"Gwen Hibbs?" he murmured, weak and unbelieving.

"Gwen McGrath was her name."

◆

He registered grade B movie shock, complete with jitters. He began to sweat. "You've got me wrong, McGrath. I hardly knew the dame. Why would I kill her? She came up here just once. We didn't hit it off. I told you that, remember?"

I hit him hard with my right hand. He folded up, covering his face with his hands. I hit him again. He began to blubber.

"I want the truth," I said. "I'm going to cut you into little pieces, Backer. I'm not playing around any more."

He was breathing heavily. He was flat against the wall.

"Wait," he whispered. "Give me a chance to talk, McGrath."

I listened. He was no actor now. He garbled his lines. He stuttered and gasped them at me. But he held to his story. He gave it to me in a hoarse and hysterical pitch, the same old tale—the meeting at the art school, the few drinks, the early-morning visit, the posing, the drawing, and the last good-by. It came through to me as phony.

I hit him again. He thudded to the floor. He was out.

I went to the sink. I threw a glassful of water at him. He came out of it and lifted his head and blubbered some more. He didn't look at me.

He said to the floor, "No more, McGrath."

"Why did you kill her?"

"You got me wrong, McGrath."

"And Frugi? What were you after him for?"

"No. You're wrong—wrong."

I stepped closer. "What were you after in Frugi's apartment?"

"The police," he gasped. "Call them in. I can prove you're wrong."

"You want the police?"

"Call them in. I'm hurt."

I went to the phone. I held down the buttons. I lifted the phone.

"Call them in, I tell you."

"You want to confess?"

His head wobbled and bobbed. "No. I got nothing to hide, I tell you. Call them in, McGrath."

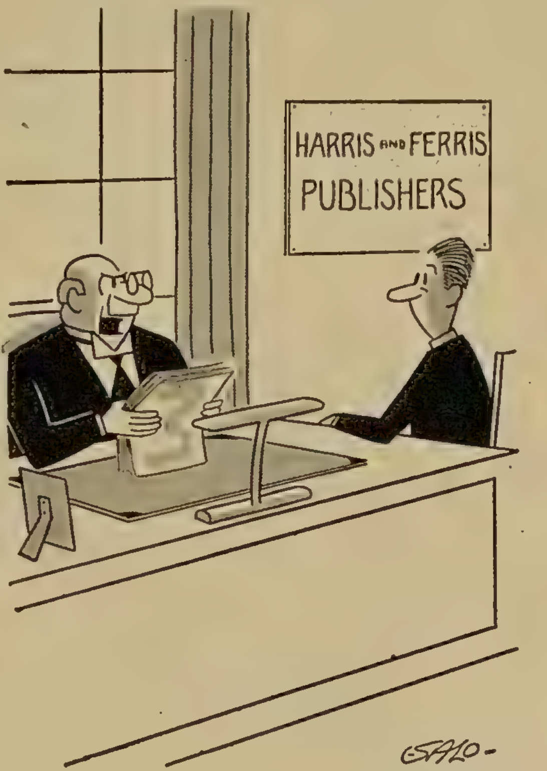
I dropped the phone.

"I'm listening," I said. "Where did you go after you left me here with Consuelo?"

"Romani. Call him," he whispered. "Ask him."

"I'm asking you."

"I was with Romani — on a job. Café Magenta — Forty-fourth Street."



LIBERTY

"It needs a little revision. There's no love-making on page 283."

"For how long?"

"An hour. Maybe more. Witnesses. After the Café Magenta I went to Consuelo's apartment. You remember the time."

"This afternoon. Where were you?" I asked. "Make it good."

"Here. All afternoon. Model," he said. He waved a hand weakly at the easel. "That picture. I was working on it. From one to five."

"Which model?"

"Mary Foster. And Herb Flack."

If I was wrong, I had almost killed an innocent man. He had alibis. I could check them if I chose. And he had asked for the police.

I went to the liquor cabinet. I filled two hookers. I downed one and carried the other to Backer. I held it to his mouth. He seemed to gain a measure of strength from it.

"Think back," I said. "I'm beginning to believe you, George. Maybe you can help me. Did you ever see her with another guy?"

He closed his eyes. I stood there, straining now, waiting. If I could find something in him out of Gwen's first day at school . . .

"Somebody called for her the first night at school?"

"Give me time, McGrath."

Time? There would be a siren screaming soon. I would be trapped. The little whisky glass grew heavy in my hand. I threw it against the wall. It splintered over him.

"I don't remember," he said. "It was a long time ago."

"The painting. You said she commissioned you. Was she giving the picture to somebody? Did she mention a name?"

"Let me think."

"Her boy friend?"

He nodded. "That's it."

"His name?"

"I'm not sure."

"Take a stab at it."

He stabbed. "Harry," he said, "I recollect Harry."

3.03 A.M. Harry? The stairway to the street was out of perspective, a cliff, a chasm, a bottomless pit. Far downstairs, the hall light glowed in the dirty corridor.

Harry?

I took a step down. I stood there, fighting to find him in the past.

There was a man—Gwen had mentioned him only once, in the park one night, in Central Park.

She built me a story of her life as a girl. She told me the tale of her father's farm, the solitary days, the days of torment. The hard times after her mother died, the cruelty of her father, the loneliness, the pain. When she was seventeen she burned to escape from the farm, from her father. She had her chance in Albany, on a school trip to see the state Capitol. She met her first love then. He was a college boy on vacation.

"You don't have to tell me, Gwen."

"But I want you to know. I'll feel better if you know."

He had a car. He drove her into the mountains and she stayed with him that night, and afterward he gave her money to go to New York. He would meet her there. They would be married. But she never saw him again. And he left her with a legacy of bitterness and pain. She had hated all men after him. But that ended when she met me.

"Who was he, Gwen?"

And she had said his name.

"Tom Farrell."

Tom!

My brain slammed shut the book of memory. My hand shook on the doorknob. I went down and pulled open the door to the street.

And then I heard movement above me.

George Backer was on the landing above. He was silhouetted in his doorway.

"I remember it, McGrath!" he shouted. "I got it now."

I ran upstairs.

3.49 A.M. "This is the alley," Linda said. "Go through over the first fence to your right. You'll find the back door to the basement. If it's locked, you can get in through a cellar window."

"You know what to do?"

"Perfectly."

"Give me five to ten minutes, and then call them," I said.

"Be careful, Steve."

"I've still got Sliger's gun, remember?"

"Don't use it," she cautioned me. The cab rolled away. I entered the alley. Around me pressed the high black walls.

The back door did not give under my touch. I circled the house and groped for the cellar window. I watched and listened. I pushed at the window and held it up. I put a foot over the ledge and forced the window up with my head.

The cellar was dank and dark as a hole. I blessed Monkowitz for his flashlight. I played the light ahead of my feet, picking a path free from boxes and stored goods. The door to the upstairs hall lay straight ahead. I looked at my watch. I had come this far in five minutes. I had time. The steps to the door took my weight without sighing. I turned the knob and snapped off the flashlight and walked out into the dim and narrow hallway. I measured the distance to Gloria's door. Four steps across the landing to the stairway.

◆

And then I was inside the room, the door closed behind me. Ken lay asprawl the couch, snoring softly, one hand down, his fingers touching the carpet, his handsome face relaxed in sleep. I moved to the far end of the room. There was a door here to a small kitchenette. I went inside. With the door open only a crack, I could see the entire couch and, beyond, the other door to the hall.

A phone rang. The sound of it pulled at my nerves, the little nerves in my scalp, the messengers of fear. My ears picked up the footsteps through the wall, through the ceiling, exaggerated by the silence. These were muffled steps. These were awkward steps. A man would walk this way if he were wounded. He might not limp. He might not show the limp. But if a shell had ripped his leg and gone deep, he might suffer from such a stride as this. He might lose control while excited. He might kick out at things awkwardly, without knowing it. And once, in the Battle of the Bulge, a soldier had been wounded this way—

The voice came through, muffled, but in key. There was a hurried exchange of words, a silence, and then more speech, sharp and yet low. You would recognize it because you knew the ring of it. You remembered hearing it this way through office partitions, and before that through barracks walls—

The phone clacked on the receiver, a dull tick, and then the footsteps moved across the room above, hurried now, to the door and through the door and outside on the stairs, heavy and light, heavy and light.

He walked into the room boldly, a black shadow. He stood there for a moment, waiting. And then he lit his cigarette lighter and his face was etched in yellow light and I saw that he was smiling, his usual cocky smile, and he had a knife in his right hand and was moving slowly toward the couch.

"That's far enough, Harv," I said.

He fell back a step, blinded by my light, the arm down now, the knife creeping backward toward his pocket.

"Steve," he said. "You scared the guts out of me. You shouldn't have come here."

"And you?"

"Checking," he said blandly. "Just checking on our friend Sisley."

"With a knife?"

"I was afraid of him," he said. "I haven't got you in the clear yet. I figured it was time for some talk from Sisley. We were dead wrong about Backer. You found that out, didn't you?" He didn't wait for my answer. He was selling now. "This Sisley character—he's got everything—place and time and possibly motive. He's as hot as an iron, Steve. That's why I came down here armed. I figured he might try to break and run. Even if he isn't the murderer, he knows plenty."

"More than plenty," I said. "He knows you."

He was skittering his eyes at my gun. He took a step my way. "Don't be a sap, Steve. Talk sense."

"Back," I said. "Back, or I'll unload into you. I'd like to kick your face in, the way you did Frugi's."

"You're talking nonsense," he said easily. "Tripe."

"Am I? You can tell that to Sisley when he wakes up. He saw you in the yard. You knew that he saw you, that he might put the finger on you. You played it slick and sweet, didn't you? You walked in on Frugi and Gwen after I left the house. After that, you rifled Frugi's apartment. What were you looking for—your I O Us?"

◆

He was seated now, smiling at me tolerantly. "Still the same straight-line thinker, aren't you? Tell me more."

"She called you in the office," I said. "Probably to tell you that she was finished with you, that she was going away with Frugi. Your tricky head began to buzz. You figured you had to see her immediately, before she walked out. But you didn't expect to find Frugi there, did you? That was when you lost your head. You emptied his pockets and kicked his face in to make it tough for the police. You knew you had me in a perfect spot for a frame-up. The Connecticut business made it a setup for you. But you must have been worried when Linda found you up there. It was the beginning of the end, wasn't it?"

He lit a cigarette and continued to beam at me.

"You were too smart, Harvey. Too smart for your own good. It would have been an easy pitch for you if the cops had picked me up at Wagner's. You expected Linda to be nabbed on Seventy-eighth Street. Then you would have had clear sailing. You would knock Sisley off at

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your ease. I wish I could have seen your face when you arrived up at Linda's room. Almost floored you, didn't it, when you found Ken gone? With Ken alive you'd be perpetually on the spot. He could identify you. What was your next move? What did you have fixed for me?"

"You know all the answers," he said.

"I know the big ones. The important ones."

"They won't stand up," he said easily, and reached for the ash tray.

And then he dived. He was on me and over me before I knew it. He had measured me for the jump and guessed right. The gun and flashlight fell away from me and I lashed out at him and caught him high in the stomach. Too high. Harvey knew all the tricks. I found myself screaming at him, lashed with frenzy, damning him for his cockiness, his brain, his fluent tongue, his smug and smiling face. The memory of my years with him whipped me into blind rage. He had me again, I knew, even in this moment, even now when the odds were with me.

He had beaten me before, many times, at exhibitions before the judo class. He was an expert infighter. And I had forgotten all the rules. He thumbed me and blinded me. I kicked out at him desperately. I bit and chawed. I found his groin with my left foot. He grunted and rolled me over and then he was on me, his hands at my throat, thumbs in, hard and deep, vise tight. I began to sink, fighting for air. I saw his face above me dimly, the hard lines of his mouth, his eyes bugged out in maniac pleasure, his cheeks puffing and blowing. The black curtain was beginning to drop over my eyes. I fell away from him. I saw my hands come down and groped for the hem of the black curtain and found the curtain and held on as I dropped, dropped. . . .

4.17 A.M. The crowd hemmed me in. I awoke to a hum of noise, low pitched and undefined; one voice, two voices, the sound of feet moving in an uneven shuffle. The curtain came away from my eyes slowly. There was the bulk of men, blue-coated, blurred and vague at first, and then coming into focus, three cops and two men in raincoats. And Harvey.

The lean man in the blue raincoat aimed his cold eyes at me. He held his mouth firm and spoke in a quick short guttural.

The lean man said, "How long ago?"

Harvey answered, "A few minutes before you came in, officer."

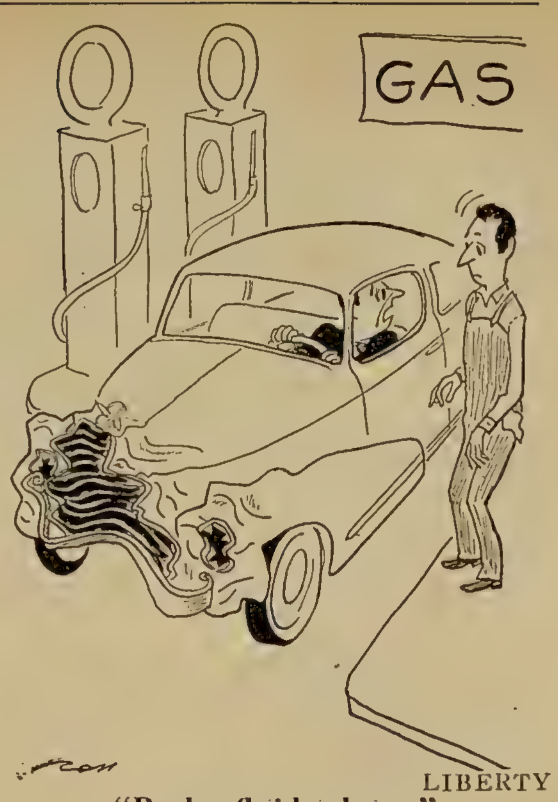
"Where were you?"

"Upstairs. I heard him come in. I figured he'd be down here soon."

"You were waiting for him?"

"I didn't want to see him make it any worse for himself."

"Your friend?"



"Brake fluid, please."

"He worked for me."

"You getting this, Lester?" the lean man asked.

Lester said, "I got it."

"Is the other one awake yet?"

Lester gave me a sip of water. He handled me gently. He held my chin in a hand and shook it. Harvey had almost killed me.

"He's coming out," Lester said.

I pointed a shaking finger at Harvey. "He's lying," I said.

The lean man did not hear me. He was facing Harvey now. He was lighting a cigarette. He held the match for Harvey. Harvey puffed, keeping his head tilted away from me.

"Is that his knife?" the lean man asked.

"I wouldn't know," Harvey said.

"Why did he stab the other guy?"

"Sisley probably saw what happened to Frugi. Ask him."

Lester shook me. I said, "He's lying. Wake the man on the couch."

"You didn't knife the guy on the couch?"

He had stepped away, to the side. I saw the couch. I saw Ken. His shirt showed crimson high on the torso. In the nightmare moment the blood glistened under the lamplight. I shuddered. I pulled away from Lester, struggling to free myself. Lester said, "Take it easy, bub." I got away, on my feet. The lean man put up his palms and pushed me back gently. It was enough to fog my head. I leaned on my knees and sobbed. In the square of carpet below my eyes the design floated up to meet me. On the right end of the square lay the knife. It was an army knife, a German field knife, the sort of souvenir every soldier takes home with him. There was blood on the blade.

A siren screamed outside, far, far away, then suddenly closer, closer, until it filled the room. There was the sound of tires outside and then the slough of feet up the stone steps and in the door and into the room finally. I caught the flash of white. Two ambulance men bent over Ken Sisley.

The lean man came my way. He ground out his cigarette on the rug. He stood over me. "Why a knife, sucker?"

"He's lying," I said, still whispering.

"About Frugi, too? And your wife?"

Lester tapped the lean man on the shoulder. He pointed a thumb to the couch. "Handsome, over there—he's not dead."

I began to laugh, low in my throat, cracked and hysterical. A white coat bobbed my way. An interne held my wrist. I continued to laugh. The interne's head came down and he stared at my throat and rubbed his thumb on my neck and I stopped laughing. I screamed.

"Shock," the interne said. "This man should be taken away."

"Not yet," said the lean man. "Not just yet. Take care of the other one. We don't want him to cash in his chips. Understand?"

"He'll live," said the interne. "Whoever stabbed him didn't have time to finish the job. We'll fix him up, chief."

Lester said, "You ready to talk yet, bub?"

◆

I shook my head. The fresh movement dizzied me. The white coats were weaving a strange pattern for me. The footsteps sounded closer to my ears. I bit at my lip to keep myself awake. I was watching Harvey. Harvey moved. Slowly. Sliger's gun lay on the floor, the black butt of the muzzle almost lost under the end table near the couch. Almost, but not quite. Harvey was three steps away from it, going backward. Two steps. I sat there, numbed and palsied. Harvey stood over the gun. He picked it up in a quick easy gesture. Athletic Harvey. Smooth Harvey. Then he was in the doorway.

"I'm leaving now," he said.

"Well, well, well," said the lean man.

"I'll kill the first man who comes after me," Harvey said. "Also the second and third."

"Fancy that," said the lean man. "A tough character, Lester."

I closed my eyes and leaped from the chair. But I was short of the mark. Somebody else stepped up from behind Harvey. Somebody else knocked the gun out of his hand. Somebody else held him there, arms back, struggling in contorted rage. It was Monkowitz.

Then Linda knelt beside me. I grabbed her hand. I must have hurt her. But she felt good under my fingers.

Monkowitz lifted me to a chair.

"My good right arm," I said. "You did a job, pal."

"It was nothing at all, boss," said Monkowitz. "A trick I learned in the army. Judo, they called it."

For some reason or other I began to laugh.

◆ ◆

Continued from page 14

rooms, one shilling. . . .

Soap is rationed, you bring your own to hotels; towels, too, in smaller towns. . . . Darts and dominoes in the corner pub. . . . No "Gum, chum?" kids on street corners. . . . No blackout, no air-raid sirens. . . . Liquor stores with liquor: Scotch, 32 shillings and sixpence. . . . London cabs that still turn on a dime. . . . Jaywalkers who'd drive a New York cab driver to nervous prostration. . . . Road signs, unknown in wartime. . . . New fluorescent lights in London's Underground, but still the old automatic ticket machines. . . . Dining cars on the London & Midland Railway again. It's still England.

Coming back five years after, you find many London street names have slipped your memory. You remember them, instead, by association. Trafalgar Square and Nelson's monument? That's the one I saw that Sunday afternoon before getting the train back to Litchfield. It's a little different now. The fountains are gushing again, and the pigeons, no longer bothered by ack-ack fire, have lost their wartime timidity.

But Hyde Park, where the soapbox orators had to share space with antiaircraft guns and G.I. softball diamonds, hasn't changed much. The guns and ball diamonds are gone, but the left-wing and crackpot spielers are still there, plus a couple of hymn-singing evangelists, the usual Socialist and Conservative party defenders, and the inevitable Irish antipartitionist.

American "occupation" headquarters in London was Grosvenor Square. The British called it "Eisenhower Platz"; the G.I. definition wasn't printable. But, until late 1944, its once-fashionable, almost cloistered Mayfair mansions housed virtually all top-drawer U. S. military and naval planners. In those days, command cars and jeeps were parked bumper to bumper around the square. Ack-ack guns and a motor pool squatted vulgarly on its once-verdant lawns and gardens, making it a perpetual quagmire.

◆

Grosvenor Square has regained some of its dignity. Its newly sodded lawns and neat flower beds, surrounding the new memorial statue of President Roosevelt, are a silent rebuke to its hectic military days. Ike's old headquarters, at No. 20, is now the U. S. consul's visa office. And No. 1 is still the U. S. Embassy. But most of the other mansions have been turned back to their British owners.

Placidity has returned, also, to "Willow Run," the assembly line cafeteria in Grosvenor House, on Park Lane, which fed 5,000 U. S. rear-echelon officers daily. It's back to its prewar function, a staid, decorous ballroom for formal Mayfair social events. That's a far cry from the days when SHAEF had to order one-way traffic on each side of Brook Street. It was the only way to eliminate the elbow aches resulting from the excessive saluting necessary to reach the cafeteria, past long ranks of high brass.

Americans shattered the historic calm of another London establishment during the war years. Hobson & Sons, Ltd., musty old military tailor shop at No. 1 Lexington, is right out of a Victorian novel. But the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces will remember it, particularly Mrs. Claire Miller, the ever-obliging English lady who tried to expedite their avalanche of orders for silver-embroidered wings and squadron insignia.

Hobson's was second only to the Regent Palace Hotel as the primary target for bomber crews on weekend leaves. They queued up for hours on the rickety stairs leading to the second-floor shop, waiting to order the flossy un-G.I. embroidered wings and patches so dear to Air Corps hearts.

◆

Reminiscing about those "bright happy-go-lucky days in spite of the tragedy," Mrs. Miller amusedly recalls her failure to recognize one Eighth Air Force customer — Captain Clark Gable. And how King Paul of Greece, an old Hobson customer, got the elbow treatment one afternoon when he appeared in civvy clothes and tried to buck an Air Corps waiting line. Only her timely intervention prevented an international incident. Then there were the sobering moments when squadron mates stopped by to pick up the unclaimed orders of another crew: "We'll take those, Mrs. Miller. The captain and the boys won't be needing them now."

Hobson's shop hasn't changed much. That faded picture of a South African rifle team hangs just inside the door marked "Badges and Military Equipment." There's still a couple of D.F.C.s with oak-leaf clusters in the glass showcase, looking a little dated now beside embroidered pips of the Royal Sussex Regiment. The log on the wall, where you clocked in and out, is gone; somebody borrowed it. The squadron insignia book is around, though, with tissue-paper tracings of the 359th Bomb Squadron's Hell's Angels, and the 427th's Bugs Bunny, and the 456th's Three Dice and a Shamrock.

"Even if we wanted to, we couldn't forget the American Air Force," Mrs. Miller says. "They left mementos all over the place. We still find them—bits of dried-up gum under every case and counter."

Remember the Washington Red Cross Club on Curzon Street? It's occupied by the Ministry of National Insurance now. Across the street the York Arms pub, better known as Dirty Dick's, is under new ownership. Wartime proprietor Edgar French retired last Christmas to a new home in Surrey. Mr. French, who once drew beers in Stateside bars, was a G.I. favorite. He understood when they ordered "a shot of whisky," never questioningly rebuking them with "A measure it is you want, sir?" Not, of course, that whisky was plentiful at Dirty Dick's. Most times it was lager, pale ale, and half-and-half. And lucky you were to get that.

Things are different now. Posted price lists now quote: "Revised prices, per nip—whiskey, two shillings; rum and gin, one and nine." Peace, it's wonderful!

That Mostyn Red Cross club near Marble Arch? It was bed-and-breakfast for lots of Yank soldiers and sailors. Now it's a government office building. Austin Motors, Ltd., has its showrooms in the old Army Quartermaster store on Oxford Street, and a British Army surplus store is in the Officers' PX, also on Oxford Street. Selfridge's Annex, once the telephone communication center for all U. S. army and navy installations, is a provisions shop now, with windows full of groceries and vegetables.

Waterloo Station, funneling point for thousands of G.I. visitors, retained one of its war-born innovations—music via amplifiers. Waterloo, like other London stations, also retained something it can't blame on the war. That nauseating odor, something like decayed cabbage, which was a guidepost in even the densest blackout.

Remember the dances at Covent Garden and how the management tried, unsuccessfully, to stop G.I. jitterbugging? Well, it's a long way from Swing Street now. Opera has reclaimed its own. They even had a ballet there for a while. First opera after its reconversion in 1946 was The Sleeping Beauty. Americans here are still trying to decide if the management was being sarcastic or prophetic. Jitterbugging is banned at London's Lyceum and Astoria dance halls now but still permitted at Holborn Hall.

◆

London, like the rest of England, still shows the scars of war. Most of the West End's blitzed wreckage has been cleared away and new buildings are in progress. But the East End, hardest hit by bombs, still has huge open spaces with wildflowers growing where houses once stood. More than four and a half million British homes were destroyed; some 900,000 new ones have been built since.

Traveling around England, you find frequent relics of the G.I. occupation days. At Cambridge, on the ceiling of the Eagle Hotel pub, are scorched-in names of U. S. airmen and squadrons from near-by bases in East Anglia. Coated with varnish to preserve them, the 1949 remains of "Bert's Boys—196th Squadron" and "91st Bomb Group" look down upon more placid patrons these evenings, robed students from King's College and business men in for their nightly brown ale.

Greatest American imprint at Cambridge is the weekly paper, Varsity, started by former G.I. Harry Newman, a postwar student. The university's only student newspaper, it's a U. S.-patterned college publication with an amazing 4,000 circulation in a 6,000 enrollment school. There are 45 ex-G.I. students at Cambridge now, compared to 122 at Oxford and 105 at the University of London.

Other liberty towns familiar to U. K.-based Yanks haven't changed much. The Rt. Rev. Percy M. Herbert, Lord Bishop of Norwich, has moved back into the bishop's palace, briefly known as the "most historic Red Cross club in the world." The G.I. huts are gone from the garden, along with the snack bar in the crypt, which is now Bishop Herbert's chapel. Only minor repairs were necessary after the American evacuation of the palace, some rooms of which date back to the twelfth century. Chief repair job: two inches shaved off each step of the main stone staircase to eliminate ruts worn in by the clamp of G.I. shoes.

William, only wartime waiter remaining at Curat House, Norwich's fifteenth-century restaurant, is still amazed at American eating habits. He recalls that "your chaps were always after me for another flagon [pitcher] of water." Jitterbugging is still S.O.P. at the Samson & Hercules ballroom, and you can buy a Hercules bike for 13 pounds 11 shillings ($54.59) at the bicycle shop on Prince of Wales Road, next to Stone's tailor shop. Also (enlisted men, please note!) the ex-Officers' Club, Bethel House, is once more an institution for the feeble-minded.

◆ Down at Southampton, embarkation point for more than two million Continent-bound U. S. troops, bombed-out British families have taken possession of the Nissen huts formerly occupied by the 14th Major Port headquarters. Nearest thing to military atmosphere now is a threadbare British Army shirt hanging on a clothesline in front of the Port Commander's old office, along with the rest of the Monday wash. Dirty-faced, undernourished little girls in flimsy dresses, inadequate for England's cold, rainy, late spring weather, play hopscotch outside Hut No. 3, the former Personnel Section office.

Plymouth was a navy town, wartime home of some 4,000 U. S. sailors. They repaired warships and transports at Queen Anne's Battery, built the "hards" for the D-Day take-offs, loaded and operated the invasion craft that went into Utah Beach. Now the White Ensign of the Royal Navy has replaced the Stars and Stripes on the U. S.-built flagpole at Vicarage Road hut camp.

Shafter's Field, the other Navy hut camp, was taken over by "squatters" who were blitzed out of their own homes. The cocktail bar in the Officers' Club, with its mural of the tipsy monkey clutching a bottle of Scotch, is now a tearoom for catering employees who serve meals to near-by dock workers. And Manadun, the former Navy hospital, is a Ministry of Works labor corps camp.

Vicarage Road itself has been renamed "Normandy Way" in honor of the men from the U. S. 4th, 9th, and 90th divisions who marched down it on their way to Utah Beach. Up at Portland, another D-Day port, city officials renamed Cadet Road, route of the American troops who went to Omaha Beach. It's Victory Road now. At Weymouth, departure point for the spearheading 1st and 29th Infantry divisions, there is a perpetual Lamp of Maintenance overlooking that D-Day harbor, with a ship's bell from an invasion launch to sound the nautical hours.

◆ Tidworth Barracks, in Wiltshire, training ground for both U. S. infantry and armored divisions, is an officers' club. Litchfield — the replacement depot, not the guardhouse—is manned by a regiment of His Majesty's Royal Infantry. And Andrews Field, near Braintree, Essex, first U. S.-built air base in England, is now a government agricultural station.

Typical of the many abandoned U. S. airfields in England is the former medium-bomber base at Hadstock (Little Walden), Essex. Its runways are sandwiched by fields of waving wheat; the rhythmic beat of a threshing machine has replaced the mounting roar of a B-26 readying for take-off. Rusted belly tanks are piled carelessly on the north parking strip. Many Nissen huts have only bare frames for windows, some lack even their identifying tin roofs. The guardhouse, with its seven stone slabs for beds, has new inmates now—three butterflies, several black spiders, an empty bottle of halazone tablets. Hadstock's control tower, once the hub of bombing attacks on Nazi-occupied France, is now just a field office of the British Ministry of Food.

Its main hangar, as well as the blister huts which formerly housed the group turrets and sheet-metal shops, are stacked ceiling-high with sacks of Australian barley, plate maize, Russian oats. Hadstock is a grain dump now.

England is not completely G.I.-proof these days, however. Burtonwood air depot, up in Lancashire, has been reopened to service Berlin Airlift planes and the B-29s now on operational training from East Anglia bases. Burton has an authorized strength of 6,000 personnel. The three B-29 bomb groups, part of the Third Air Division under Major General Leon Johnson, who got the Congressional Medal of Honor for leading the Ploesti oil-field raid, are in England on a 90-day rotational basis.

Many of the depot personnel and several B-29 crewmen were in England during the war. They have resurrected some of the old gripes about life in the E.T.O. Number one: Brussels sprouts. One veteran of the 482d Bomb Group, at Alconbury during the war, recalled the "kangaroo court" that tried every pilot who crash-landed his plane and didn't pick a Brussels sprouts patch.

"There just must've been more patches than crashes," he's decided, "because we still get plenty of Brussels sprouts."

The postwar English girls? Well, some of the teen-agers have adopted the "Sloppy Joe" sweaters, skirts, and loafers of Stateside schoolgirls. Silk stockings are more common, and a New Look dress no longer identifies a U. S. tourist as it did a year or more ago. Several G.I.s at both Third Air Division headquarters and Burtonwood have already applied for marriage licenses, indicating the current crop of British pulchritude looks just as good as their older sisters did to the 56,000 Americans who married English brides during the war years.

There is increasing evidence of American influence on the English way of life, some of which are the results of wartime-planted G.I. seeds. London newspapers now run Blondie, Dick Tracy, and Li'l Abner along with their typical British-humor comics. Coca-Cola, virtually unknown here before the war, is available in snack bars and liquor stores. Britishers now eat corn on the cob. The BBC has a 15-minute weekly program called American Newsletter. Self-service grocery stores have just opened in the London area. Pin-ball machines and juke boxes—real G.I. relics—are now in most amusement arcades, a few pubs. Piccadilly restaurants still serve hot dogs and hamburgers. And Hastings' newest "local" is "The G.I. Pub."

◆ However, the most typical example of G.I. infiltration in Britain is to be found at the Aviary, near the Titanic memorial in Southampton's East Park. Polly, the old gray parrot who usually clucked belligerently at American soldiers and their English dates when they stopped by his cage, is carrying on where the G.I.s left off. His postwar prattle is the source of no slight embarrassment to the guard at the Aviary.

"Your soldiers taught Polly a few things he never knew," the guard says. "He often gets me black looks from the women visitors. One day I thought a woman was going to clout me one. She was just passing his cage when he calls, 'What are you doin' tonight?' Then he whistled, one of those long, low whistles—the 'wolf whistle' I think your chaps call it." ◆ ◆

liberty **book condensation**

SHANNON'S WAY

PART TWO

By A. J. CRONIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL ORBAN

READING TIME — ONE EVENING

Liberty book condensation

THIS is an unexpected pleasure, Robert. You called some months ago. I was sorry to miss you.”

Professor Wilfred Challis was now over seventy, a frail little bowed figure, dressed in an out-of-fashion frock coat, tight black trousers, and button boots which gave to him an Old World appearance that was both touching and absurd. Because of failing health, he had retired from the University, being superseded by Professor Usher. During my student days he had become my ideal and he had given me in many ways evidence of his regard.

He took an armchair beside me. His old brown spaniel dog lay down at his feet. Then, giving me his close attention, he listened with deepening sympathy while I told him my story.

“If only I could get a grant, sir,” I pressed earnestly. “Surely I’m entitled to it? I don’t want to tie myself up with another job. You see how I’ve been hampered by lack of money.”

“My dear boy . . .” he smiled gently, “a lifelong experience has taught me that the hardest thing about scientific research is to get the money for it.”

“But surely, sir, that’s what the Research Council is for. . . . I’d only need a lab and about a hundred pounds. If you approach them, you have such influence.”

He shook his head with a faint, regretful smile.

“I am a back number now, an old fogey laid away upon the shelf. And what you ask is difficult. But I assure you I will try. Not only to get the grant, but to help you in every way I can.”

Cheered and encouraged, I made my way back across the city. It was a clear afternoon, with high luminous clouds, and the main shopping thoroughfare of Winton was thick with people. All at once, I started. Directly ahead of me, standing with her mother and gazing into the window of one of the large department stores, was Jean.

Although I had known she must return for her examination, now only two weeks away, this unexpected sight of her caught me by the throat and left me breathless. From time to time she looked about her with an air of pensive inquiry which sent a fresh pang through me.

Presently, Mrs. Law took Jean’s arm and the two women moved away from the window. I saw that they had finished their shopping and were proceeding in the direction of Central Station to go home. I followed them like a thief, my heart burning with desire, longing to approach.

Amongst the crowd under the bookstall, which had so often been our meeting place, I was almost close enough to touch Jean. Why did she not turn and see me? Arm in arm with her mother, she slowly passed the barrier, entered the waiting train, and was lost to view.

Hastening back to my shabby room in the Globe Commercial Hotel, after restively pacing its narrow confines, I took a sheet of paper and my pen, and sat down on the creaky bed. Under cover of an envelope addressed to Luke, I sent this message:

Dear Jean,

I saw you today in Winton without having a chance to speak to you. I realize that you will soon be taking your examination again and have no wish to disturb you before or during that event. But when it is over I ask you to meet me without fail. I have missed you terribly and have so very much to say to you. Please reply to this address. Best of luck in the exam.

Yours,
ROBERT

For the next few days I watched the hotel mail-rack feverishly.

Since my funds were running so perilously low that I must soon reach a decision about the future, I was anxious to have word from Professor Challis. I did not wish to commit myself to another job for fear the grant he hoped to get me from the Research Council materialized.

One wet night I was hanging about the station after a particularly wretched day, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder.

“How are you, Robert?”

I swung round. It was Spence.

“What are you doing in Winton? Taking a day off?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said. “I just got in from Dalnair.”

He looked me over in his sidelong apologetic way.

“Come on home and have dinner with us tonight.”

I hesitated. I had nothing to look forward to but another wasted, dismal evening at the Globe. I had not had a decent meal for a week.

“That’s settled,” he said, before I could refuse.

We took the bus, which ran to Mount Pleasant, the outlying district where, ever since their marriage, Spence and his wife had rented a small half-timbered house. When we entered, the change from the outer chill gave me an absurd giddy spell, so that I had to steady myself against the wall. Spence took me to his study and insisted on giving me a glass of sherry and a biscuit. Then he left me with the remark, “Make yourself at home . . . Muriel will be down presently.”

In spite of her polite smile, Muriel did not seem particularly pleased to see me. She was as attractive as ever, even more so, I thought, wearing a pink, young-looking dress cut low round the neck with a tight-fitting bodice covered with sequins. She had on a good deal of make-up.

“I hope I’m not putting you about,” I said awkwardly.

“Oh, no.” She shook her head, lighting a cigarette with little affected movements. “Mr. Lomax was coming anyway. It will be quite like old times for you three to get together.”

A silence fell between us which was growing difficult when Spence appeared. He had put on a black tie and a dinner jacket.

“I apologize for these glad rags, Shannon.” He smiled placatingly towards his wife. “Muriel insists.”

◆

Towards eight o’clock, when dinner had been ready for half an hour, Lomax arrived, full of apologies for his lateness. He was charming, easy, and composed.

Previously, when I had visited Spence, there was usually a plain and simple meal, but now the dinner was pretentious, with lots of courses and nothing much to eat. Spence spoke very little, but Muriel chattered all the time, mostly to Lomax. At last it ended, and she addressed us prettily.

“You three may go and smoke your pipes in the study. Join me in the drawing-room in half an hour.” At the door she detained Lomax with her little laugh. “First you must help me blow out the candles.”

Spence and I moved into the study where, silently, he stirred up the fire, poured out some whisky, and passed me a cigarette.

“Have you a match, Robert?”

“I’ll get some,” I said.

I returned to the hall and there, through the open door of the dining-room, I saw Lomax and Mrs. Spence. Encircled by his arms, she was looking up adoringly into his eyes. I stood for an instant, then, as their lips met, I turned away, found

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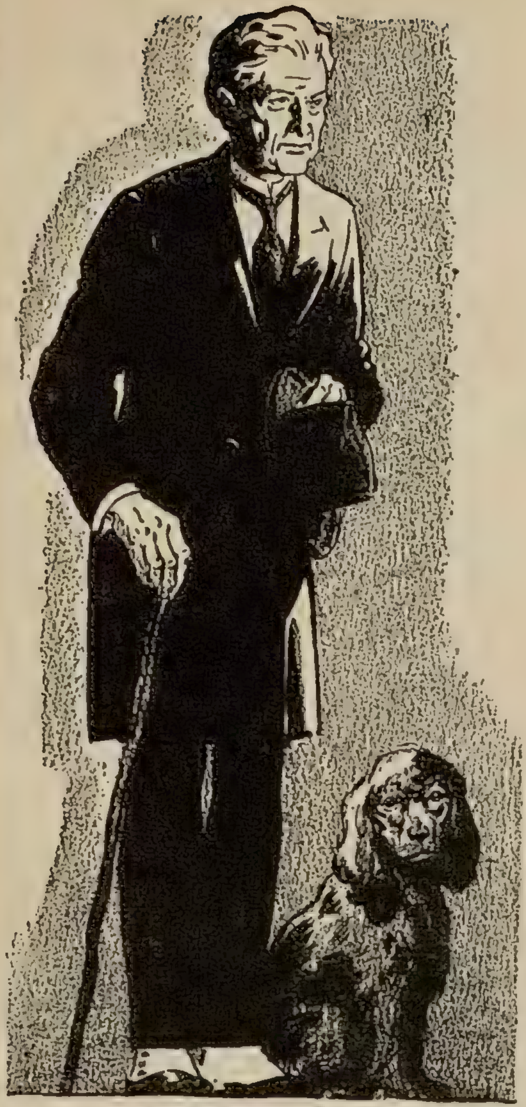


Professor Challis was now over seventy.

a box of matches in my coat pocket, and went back to the study.

Spence was crouched forward in his chair, staring into the fire. He lit his pipe slowly.

"These evenings cheer Muriel up," he said, without looking at me. "I think Lomax does her good. I sometimes wish I weren't such a dull sort of chap, Robert. I try to be bright, but I can't. I've no small talk at all."

"Thank God for that, Neil."

A moment later Lomax joined us. A brief silence followed his appearance, but it did not disconcert him. Occupying the hearthrug, he began to describe his conversation with the taxi-driver who brought him out. Before long Spence, who had at first gazed at him with brooding eyes, was listening with a smile. But I could not smile. I was not squeamish, and I had half suspected Lomax all along, yet even so, I felt within me a sort of burning nausea. If it had been anyone but Spence . . . I kept thinking.

On the pretext that I must take the ten-o'clock train for Dalnair, I announced that I must leave. Spence came with me to the door. In the porch he slipped an arm round my shoulders.

"I wish you wouldn't rush off, Robert. I was going to ask you to stay here for a few days. I rang Dalnair last week. They told me you had gone. You see, I'd love to help . . . I'm so well off here. . . . I don't like to think of you knocking around, on the loose."

It was eleven o'clock when I reached the Globe, and as I entered the chilly lobby I saw a letter for me in the rack. I took it hurriedly.

My dear Shannon,

I am sorry to report that, despite my strongest representations, the Research Council has refused to make a grant towards your work. This I am afraid is final. I shall, however, continue to bear your needs in mind. If in the meantime you should require a room for your equipment, I have arranged that you may have this at the old Apothecaries Hall in St. Andrew's Lane. Do not be discouraged.

Very sincerely yours,
WILFRED CHALLIS

I had to clench my teeth to keep the tears from rolling from my eyes.

◆ Next morning I went, but without much hope, to the Apothecaries Hall. This was a rambling old building, situated near the Wellgate, a branch of the Pharmaceutical College. The janitor had been notified of my coming, and conducted me to a room on the ground floor, a long low room, rather dark. As I surveyed its limitations I asked myself if I should ever under high heaven secure the proper background for my work. But at least I should have free storage for my things. This, since I did not know how long I should be able to remain at the hotel, would be some advantage.

On the way back to the hotel I went by the Trongate Cross. This was a noisy, congested triangle in the poor section of the city. Suddenly, through my preoccupation, there flashed that strange premonition occasioned by disaster. Amongst the crowd on the opposite pavement a schoolgirl of about fourteen, her satchel under her arm, had been standing with a companion, waiting for an opportunity to cross the street. Now, thinking the intersection clear, she stepped off the kerb. At that instant a heavy lorry swung out of Old High Street at unexpected speed. There was a screech of brakes, a shrill scream of terror, and with a grinding noise a wheel passed over her body.

A cry of horror arose, there was a general rush forward. Although my instinct was to shun the public exhibition of my profession, I thrust through the milling throng and knelt beside the injured girl. A policeman was supporting her head in the crook of his arm.

"Get her in somewhere," I said. "I'm a doctor."

Willing hands passed down a plank from the stationary truck. Amidst more shouting and confusion she was placed on this impromptu stretcher, carried to the back premises of a small surgery set amongst the shops across the way, and laid upon a couch. Immediately the policeman telephoned for an ambulance.

While he cleared the shabby consulting room I bent down and opened the child's stained and torn blouse. It was the left shoulder, I saw, an impacted compound fracture of the humerus. Her broken left arm hung deformed and limp, but worse than that was the large bluish swelling, growing steadily larger, in the left axilla. With my fingers on her wrist I threw a quick glance of anxiety at her face, completely blanched now.

The police officer was beside me again. We were joined by the surgery dispenser, an elderly man in a short white jacket.

"Whose place is this?" I asked.

"Dr. Mathers's. It's unlucky he's not here."

◆ I could not hesitate. Without a word to the others I dragged the couch to the window, went to the small enamel instrument cabinet in the corner, took out a scalpel, forceps, and a glass container of catgut sutures. The ether bottle was on the bottom shelf. I poured some on a pad of gauze, placed this upon the child's nostrils. She whimpered faintly, then lay still. I dashed some iodine over my hands, swabbed the swollen armpit with it. I took the knife and cut into the puffy arm. Immediately a great clot of blood welled out. Through it I saw the ragged spurting gap in the torn artery. Instantly I clamped the forceps on it. Then, deliberately, almost at my leisure, I ligatured the vessel. They might give her a transfusion at the hospital, perhaps an intravenous saline, but the real emergency was over.

As I turned, I became aware of a short, stocky, vigorous man with a fiery complexion and a shock of frizzy hair staring at me with unfriendly eyes. I was in the presence of Dr. Mathers.

At this point the ambulance arrived, and then Dr. Mathers and I were alone.

"You have a nerve," he said,

"walking into my office, messing it up with blood. And I don't even get a fee for it."

I rolled down my sleeves and put on my jacket.

"When I'm in funds I'll send you a cheque for ten guineas."

He bit his thumbnail a moment, as though chewing on my remark.

"What's your name?"

"Shannon."

"I suppose you're some sort of doctor."

I glanced at his framed diploma, hung on the wall behind him. It was the certificate of the Conjoint Board, the lowest possible qualification with which a man was entitled to practice.

"Yes," I said. "Are you?"

He reddened slightly, and with an air of uncovering a fraud, turned abruptly to his desk and picked up the Medical Directory.

"Shannon," he said. "Robert Shannon. We'll soon see." But as he read the list of my qualifications and the prizes which I had taken, his face fell. He sat down and fell to studying me.

"You've heard of me," he said, at length.

"Never."

"You must have. James Mathers. I've the biggest practice in the city. Three thousand on the panel. The maximum. All the other doctors hate me. I cut the feet from under them."

◆

Still watching me, he rolled a cigarette expertly with his left hand and stuck it in his mouth. Then with a brisk movement sat up.

"How would you like to work for me? Three nights a week. Surgery and late calls. I need time off. The practice is killing me."

Surprised, I reflected for a minute. "What would you pay?"

"Three guineas a week."

I considered again. It was quite a generous offer which would keep me at the Globe and save me the humiliation of lining up at the Medical Agency. I'd have time for my research too.

"All right."

"It's a deal then. Be here tonight, six o'clock sharp. I warn you I've had assistants before. None of them were any damn good. They went out on their ear."

"Thank you for the hint."

I was on my way to the door when, with a grim smile, he called me back.

"Here. You look as though you needed something in advance."

From an overstuffed leather purse he carefully selected the money and pushed across to me three shillings and three pound notes.

I had learned a little sense. Without a word I picked up the money as carefully as he had put it down.

◆

That same evening, at six, and thereafter on three nights of the week, I attended at the surgery in Trongate Cross. Dr. Mathers had been guilty of no exaggeration when he spoke of his enormous practice. His fiery personality alone gave him great prestige. He had an instinct for diagnosis and did not hesitate to give his opinion, usually in the broad vernacular. He never spared himself, worked like a galley slave, and bullied his people a good deal. They liked him for it. Although he charged only small fees, from a shilling to half a crown, he was insistent upon payment in cash.

On Thursday of the second week, as I returned late in the afternoon to the Globe, a man crossed the street and slowly approached me. Remembering the circumstances under which we had parted, my heart came into my mouth as I recognized Alex Duthie.

"I'd like a word with you, Robert. Can we go inside?"

I took him to my room where, having deposited upon the floor the box which he carried beneath his arm, he sat down on the edge of a chair.

"Rob . . . I've come here to beg your pardon. Last week we were out to Dalnair. We had gathered all of Sim's toys out of the attic and the wife took the notion to leave them at the hospital for the children. When we were there we had a long talk with the matron. In confidence, she told us everything. I'm sorry I blamed you, Robert. I could cut my tongue out now."

Without speaking, I held out my hand. He gripped it like a vice, and a slow grave smile spread over his ruddy face.

"We're all right again, then, lad."

"Of course, Alex."

"You're still on with your research?"

"Yes."

"That's good. You remember the milk samples you wanted? I've fetched them along to you today."

I sat up, electrified. "You've had another cattle outbreak?"

He nodded.

"And you saved me milk samples?"

"From all of them. In sterile containers. I tell you straight, Rob, this business has got us badly worried at the Farms. The manager says if you can help us in any way he'll surely appreciate it."

"I'll try, Alex." For a moment I could not continue. "If there was anything needed to make up . . . you couldn't have chosen a better way . . ."

I went downstairs with him and had sent him on his way with my warmest thanks, when, in the hall rack, I saw a letter for me. The handwriting was unmistakable, it was from Jean. Breathless, I made my way upstairs and with trembling fingers tore open the envelope.

Dear Robert,

Luke has been away at Tynecastle for the past three weeks. Because of this I did not receive your letter until this afternoon. If I am to be truthful I cannot deny that it made me happy to hear from you and that I have missed you greatly. Perhaps I am wrong to tell you this. Perhaps I ought not to write this letter at all.

For these last few days I have been taking the examination again and I am so glad to tell you that I did not do too badly. Professor Kennerly, for a wonder, was quite nice. And yesterday when I had my final oral he took me aside and informed me that I had passed with distinction, in all subjects. A fluke, of course, but what a relief!

The graduation will be July 31. Until then I intend taking a course in Tropical Medicine, which starts next week at the Sanderson Institute. The lecture is at 9 o'clock every morning and lasts one hour.

Yours,
Jean Law

There was a hidden note of longing in the letter which raised me to a kind of ecstasy which gave me, suddenly, an idea, a plan of future action that sent the blood rushing to my head in a shiver of delight.

◆

The Sanderson Institute stood on the far side of the river, in an almost forgotten part of the city. Rain had fallen the night before, a soft spring rain, and as I made my way along the flagged pavement of old George Street there was a smell of sap and young grass in the air. On an impulse I stopped and bought a sixpenny bunch of snowdrops from an old flower woman. Too shy to carry them openly, I wrapped the fragile blossoms in my handkerchief and placed them in my pocket.

As I hurried into the courtyard of the Institute, the old clock of St. Enoch's, as though intoxicated by the balmy air, struck ten merry strokes.

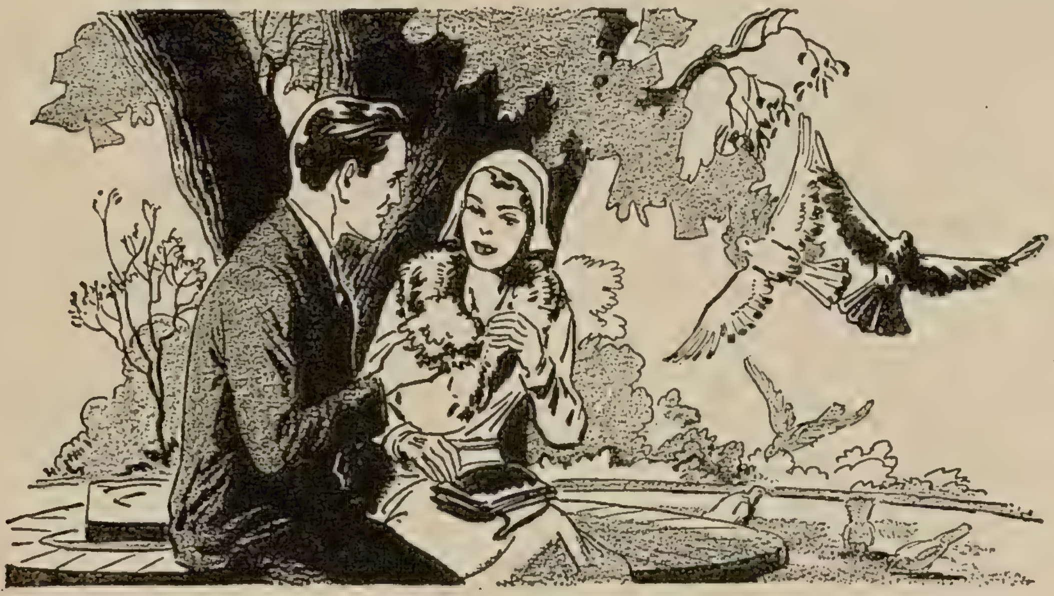
A few minutes later the Institute lecture room began to empty itself. There were not more than half a dozen students. Last of all, emerging with an absent air, alone, came Jean. She was in grey, which always suited her so well, the lines of her slight thin figure outlined as the fresh wind moulded the stuff of her dress about her. Her hands, in their worn gloves, clasped a notebook.

Suddenly our glances met, and going forward, I took both her hands in mine.

"Jean . . . at last."

"Robert."

For a moment, gazing into each other's eyes in a kind of rapt intoxication, neither of us could speak. At last, still breathless, I exclaimed:



"Oh!" she cried, then paused, afraid her words might say too much.

"And you're through . . . with distinction. . . . I congratulate you. You'd have done it before but for my pernicious influence."

She laughed shyly. "You've left Dalnair?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered gaily. "I got kicked out. You see what a rotter I am. Now I'm part-time assistant to a slum doctor in the Trongate."

"But your research?" She spoke quickly.

"Ah," I said. "It's about that I want to talk to you."

I led her across the road to the Square Gardens. We sat down on a green bench which encircled the trunk of a gnarled tree. I took from my pocket the bunch of snowdrops and gave them to her.

"Oh!" she cried with delight, then paused, afraid that her words or look might say too much.

I watched while she inhaled the delicate perfume, then pinned to her bodice these white and fragile flowers which so miraculously suited her.

"Jean," I said, striving to take a grip upon myself, "apart from your lecture, your days are free now . . . I mean, after ten o'clock you have nothing much to occupy you?"

"Yes." There was a note of inquiry in her eyes.

"I need your help," I answered, aware that I spoke the truth. "I'm halfway through my investigation, ready to begin tests which I can't possibly manage single-handed. Professor Challis has given me a room." I paused. "Would you . . . will you work with me?"

"Oh, Robert, I wish I could. But I can't. My parents . . . I owe so much to them . . . they've built everything on me. . . . I love them . . . Mother especially. And they"—she seemed to seek for words to temper the blow—"they don't want me to see you."

"It isn't as if this were a personal matter," I burst out. "You're a doctor now and it's for science. No one need know. Your people would merely think you were doing some work in tropical medicine."

"It isn't that I'm afraid of, Robert."

"What then?"

"We'd be together." She gazed at me mournfully. "I didn't realize at first that our feeling for each other was . . . so deep. And if we go on, it will get deeper. That will only make it worse for us in the end."

"Listen, Jean. If I promise, swear to you that I'll never once make love to you, never even mention the word, will you assist me? I need help so badly. If I don't get it, I'm done."

She gazed at me doubtfully. I pressed home my advantage. "It's such a wonderful chance. I'm on the verge of something tremendous. Come and see for yourself."

I jumped up and held out my hand. After a moment she got slowly to her feet.

It was not a long walk to Apothecaries Hall. We were there in ten minutes. I led her directly to my workroom, and there, taking from my small incubator one of the culture tubes which I had inoculated with the recent specimens from Duthie, I held it eagerly before her. I explained what was in my mind.

A flush of enthusiasm crept into her cheeks. Her eyes, bright yet deeply troubled, wandered round the room, back to the culture, then again to me. My heart was beating fast.

"Robert," she said slowly, "if I work with you . . . because I believe your work to be important . . . will you promise faithfully to keep your word?"

"Yes," I said.

I saw her breast heave in a sudden sigh. While I kept my gaze upon her, she put down her book, removed her hat, and began to take off her gloves.

"Very well," she said. "Let's begin."

◆

Upon the seventh afternoon, as we worked in silence, I heard a step and turned round. Professor Challis stood on the threshold.

"I thought I'd look in on you, Robert," he said.

I introduced him to Jean, to whom he bowed with his Old World air.

"Half the battle in research, Robert, is a suitable assistant."

He chuckled at that, then wandered about the room. When the survey was complete, he turned and gazed at us.

"I shall get you more samples, more specimens from other areas. Go on, go on. Pay no attention to an old fossil like me. Simply go on."

The words were nothing, but in his eyes I saw a lively gleam which had not been there before.

After that he came regularly to visit us.

At the end of three months we set the final batch of agglutinin tubes. I had no surgery that evening, and Jean, because of the importance of the occasion, had arranged to remain in Winton until eight o'clock.

When five o'clock was striking, I went to the incubator and, opening the door, made an abrupt gesture to my companion to remove the racked tray of tubes. There were in that tray twenty-four tubes, each containing a liquid, perfectly clear some hours ago, but which, if the test were successful, would now show a cloudy deposit. Holding my breath, I watched her take out the tray. Then I gave a short gasp.

Every tube in the rack showed a flocculent white precipitate. We had actually established the existence, and the cause, of a new infection in man, a disease capable of producing major epidemics.

"It's wonderful," Jean said in a low voice. "Oh, Robert, you can publish everything now."

Trying to behave with modesty and dignity, like a real scientist, I answered, "We have discovered the disease. And the germ which causes that disease. Now we must produce the vaccine which will cure it."

Her eyes kindled. "We should telephone Professor Challis."

"Tomorrow," I said. I felt, jealously, that for the present our triumph must belong to us alone. "My dear Dr. Law, this is an occasion which will go down in history. We really ought to celebrate. Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

She hesitated, her cheeks still warm with ardour.

"Oh, do come," I said eagerly. "You'll get your train all right."

As she looked at me with bright eyes in which there lay also a faint entreaty, I jumped to my feet, full of confidence and joy. I took her arm gaily as we went out.

◆

In old George Street, not far away, there stood a small French restaurant, the Continental, which I had occasionally patronized in company with Spence and which I now decided was exactly right for our present entertainment. In high spirits we discussed the menu and ordered.

"We might be in Paris," Jean said. She saved herself with a little grimace. "For all I know about it."

"Let's pretend we are," I answered gaily. "We've come in from the Sorbonne. We're immensely famous scientists . . . can't you see my beard! . . . and we've just made a world-shaking discovery which will cover us with unbounded glory." I poured out two glasses of the red wine which was included with the *table d'hôte*. "Let's drink to our success."

Her gaze wavered slightly, but only for an instant for, as though carried away by a consciousness of the occasion, she took first a sip, then finished the glass.

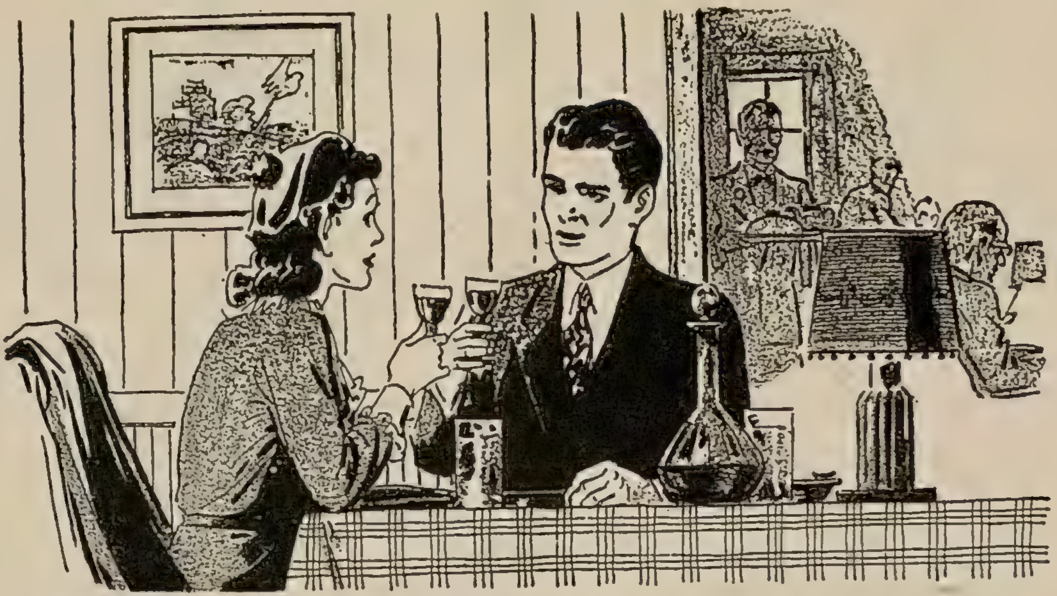
When the *escalope* arrived, the grave, devoted little Calvinist was gone, and from beneath that imprint of her upbringing, there emerged a warm and vivid creature who leaned her elbows intimately on the table and surrendered unconsciously to her instincts as a woman.

Freed from the obsession of my work, I could no longer suppress the natural instinct of my heart. I swallowed the last of my coffee to get rid of the sudden choking in my throat.

"Jean," I said, "you've helped me so much. You haven't minded working with me?"

"I've loved it!" she exclaimed and added absently, "The experience will be so useful to me when I get to the settlement at Kumasi."

The remark, uttered without thinking, sent a knife into my heart.



"Let's drink to our success." Her gaze wavered, but only for an instant.

"Don't," I said. "For God's sake . . . not tonight."

"No, Robert." She gave me a swift and swimming glance.

An immediate silence followed. As though fearful of having betrayed herself, she let her eyes fall. This evening there was about her a warmth, a quick and vivid pulse of life which made me catch my breath. Overcome with love, I fought against this mounting enchantment.

As I summoned the waiter for the bill, I caught sight of the clock above the cash desk. It showed five minutes past eight.

"It's later than I thought," I said in a low voice. "I'm afraid you've missed your train."

Her eyes were bright as stars. "I don't suppose it matters."

"When is the next?"

"Not until fifteen minutes to ten."

The street was quiet, the sky overcast, the night air warm and still. She was near to me, so near that all my resolutions were swept away in a wild torrent of desire.

"Let's go back to the laboratory for a bit."

As we started I took her arm. We did not say a word. The workroom was dark, but from the old gas lamp in the courtyard there stole in a faint glimmer, which cast a lustre that was like a spell, both fatal and predestined, upon her upturned face. Her eyes were closed. I felt her sweet breath upon my cheek. As though to still the trembling of her limbs, she clung to me, then we were in each other's arms, upon the little couch.

In the timeless and enchanted twilight, the past was forgotten, the future extinguished, this moment now was everything. Through her quick and troubled breathing, and the rapid pulsing of her heart, which fluttered against her thin opened blouse like a frightened bird, I felt the upward rushing of all her being, uniting, soaring into oblivion with mine. Nothing, no tie of heaven or earth, restrained that ecstasy of flight.

◆

On Monday afternoon, four days later, Professor Challis came to the laboratory. He gave me an oddly searching glance, as though surprised to find me here alone. For the next half-hour he occupied himself intently with the report I had prepared. Then he examined all my cultures. He stooped for a long time over the microscope.

"Robert . . ." he said at last, "you must not become proud. Never. Science has no place for vanity or self-seeking. You have much to learn, everything in fact. But what you have done warms my old heart."

After a moment he went on:

"Of course you could announce your discovery immediately. It is without doubt of immense importance. But I agree that it would be better, more perfect and scientific, to take a further three months and finish the work completely by producing a vaccine therapeutically effective in controlling this new disease. Is that what you wish to do?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall do it. But" —his eyes swept the room— "you cannot do it here. You require, absolutely, a modern, well-equipped laboratory. At Eastershaws they have a vacancy for a resident medical officer. I have made representations to the superintendent, Dr. Goodall, and he is agreeable that you have the position for the next few months. It is an old institution, you understand, but they have made a recent addition, a complete modern laboratory, in which you would have full and unrestricted opportunity to finish, absolutely, your work. Not even Pasteur could produce a vaccine with this equipage." As I hesitated he asked mildly, "Perhaps you object to living in such a place as Eastershaws?"

"No," I answered, after a moment. "I suppose I could stick it."

"Then think it over, and let me know tonight." He stood up, patted me on the shoulder. "Again my congratulations." He took his umbrella. "And do not forget to give my regards to Dr. Law."

◆ I could not bring myself to tell him that I had not seen Jean for the past four days, that in my pocket there burned a letter from her, a pitiful, tear-stained note, filled with self-reproaches, with the anguish of remorse. A phrase from it kept grinding through my brain: *The mistake we made was in thinking we could be together. We must never make that mistake again. I cannot, must not see you again.*

Weary and unsettled, filled with a sort of burning sickness, I blamed myself bitterly. I longed for her more than ever, desired her with all my soul.

I made a great effort now to shake off my despondency and to fix my mind on this offer which had come from Challis. And after I had paced the floor for perhaps an hour, I decided to accept.

As I tried to get to sleep that night, these words branded themselves upon my brain: *I must never see you again . . . never . . . never.*

◆ A week later, towards nine o'clock in the evening, I was shown into my rooms—bedroom, sitting-room, and bath—at Eastershaws.

Despite Professor Challis's recommendation that this place was one of the best of its kind, a vague disquiet troubled me. In the profession one always tends to look askance at asylum work as being just a little off the normal track. There are some splendid people in that service, of course, but on the other hand, some who are distinctly queer—and who get queerer as time goes on.

I unpacked, distributing my textbooks, papers, and few poor belongings to the best advantage. I had one small photograph, a snapshot: a simple, open little face, with wind-blown curls and a pointed, courageous chin . . . with dark eyes smiling—with a strange awakened happiness. I went over to the calendar on the secretaire and put a mark opposite JULY 31.

At that moment a quick knock upon the door caused me instinctively to start, and as I saw the tall and craggy figure upon the threshold, I realized that my visitor was the Superintendent.

"Good evening, Dr. Shannon." His voice was mild and halting. "Welcome to Eastershaws."

Dr. Goodall's face was long and saturnine, with a biggish nose, undershot chin, and heavy-lidded jaundiced eyes which, although aloof, were deeply human, warm with understanding, and holding strange hypnotic depths.

"I have heard much of you from Professor Challis." He smiled meditatively. "It struck me you must be anxious to see our laboratory." With a gesture he indicated that I should accompany him.

Naturally I had hoped for a reasonably good workroom. But this exceeded my wildest expectation.

"I am happy to think that it is to see some service," Goodall said. "We shall expect great things of you. I am a lonely bachelor, Dr. Shannon. Eastershaws is my child. If you can bring credit to it, you will make me happy."

We retraced our steps. "Your quarters are quite comfortable?"

"More than comfortable."

"Good night then, Dr. Shannon."

"Good night."

◆ Next morning, as it struck eight o'clock, I set out to breakfast. In the sitting-room above Men's East I discovered a short plump pink baldish man of fifty seated at table eating vigorously. Our eyes met.

"My dear fellow, come along in. You're Shannon, of course. I'm Palfrey—Edinburgh man, took my degree in '99. Kedgeree, bacon and eggs over there . . . and here . . . the coffee. A lovely morning . . . blue sky and clear air . . . what we call a 'real Eastershaws day.' "

Dr. Palfrey had a warm, inoffensive, and slightly foolish air. His cheeks were smooth and chubby. Across his pink scalp a few strands of pale hair, faintly speckled with ginger, were carefully arranged from the fringe behind his ears. He kept dabbing his rosy lips and white moustache with his napkin.

"I should have made your acquantance last night. But I was out. Out in the outland, as we say. At the opera. Carmen. Ah!"

He ran on until I had finished breakfast; then, with a ladylike gesture, examined his wrist watch.

"The Chief has asked me to take you round. Come along."

Altogether there were six galleries, and when, at last, we emerged to the ground-floor vestibule, having completed the entire circuit, it was almost one o'clock. Palfrey, without delay, escorted me into the fresh air and along the terrace towards the West Wing for luncheon.

◆ In a small parlour, tastefully arranged as a dining-room, Miss Indre, the housekeeper, and Dr. Maitland were already waiting. Maitland was a plain woman of about forty. She was in charge of the Women's Side. The housekeeper was a slender, faded, aristocratic woman of over fifty, immaculate and fragile. Veiled glances of understanding and quiet, intimate remarks passed between the two women. It was a strained and uncomfortable meal. Occasionally, with masculine directness, Maitland addressed a breezy remark in my direction—she asked me if I would make up the stock solutions after lunch for her Sister in charge. Once or twice when Palfrey spoke, she shot an amused glance at Miss Indre.

After the dessert, Palfry flounced off to take duty in the refectory, leaving me to proceed, with mixed emotions, towards the dispensary. Here Sister Shadd and a nurse were awaiting me with an official air. Shadd was a coarse, middle-aged, strongly bosomed woman with a good-natured eye.

"Good afternoon, Doctor. This is Nurse Stanway. May we have our supplies?"

The nurse glanced at me sideways, and across her pale, composed, flattened face there passed a faint smile. She was about twenty-five years of age, dark-haired, carrying herself with an air of indifference, and wearing a wedding ring on her right hand.

"Let me show you where things are," Shadd said. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." Very cheerfully she aided me to fill her basket with the standard drugs, then took her departure, remarking over her shoulder, "Get the East dressings from Dr. Shannon, Nurse. Then come help me in the linen-room."

There was a pause when Nurse Stanway and I were left alone. She was not exactly good-looking, she was too pale, with pale full lips, flat high cheekbones, and a pushed-in nose. Yet she had an attractive quality. Under her eyes there were faint blue shadows and the skin there was stretched tight. Her black hair, cut square across her forehead, had a bluish sheen.

"Well," she said coolly, "what brought you to Eastershaws?"

In the same manner I answered, "I just came in for a rest."

"You'll get it. This place is practically a morgue." As she moved to the door she gave me from her oblique eyes that peculiar, direct half-smile. "Drop into our sitting-room when you're bored."

As she went out I found myself frowning slightly.

Suddenly, despairingly, with all my heart I longed for Jean. What was I doing in this accursed spot? I should be with her. We should be together, I couldn't stand it here . . . alone.

◆

On the thirty-first of July, that date I had so determinedly anticipated, I obtained Dr. Goodall's consent and started, early, for the graduation ceremony at the University. When, towards eleven o'clock, I reached the summit of Fenner Hill, the Moray Hall was already crowded with students and their relatives, buzzing with the usual anticipation. I hung about in the crowd standing by the door, hoping to meet in with Spence or Lomax and, in the meantime, searching the auditorium and balconies with a strained and nervous gaze.

Jean was not visible. But suddenly, amongst that sea of faces, I caught sight of her family, her father, mother, and Luke, seated in the second row of the left side balcony, with Malcolm Hodden beside them. I had to repress an instinctive reaction of hostility. I took cover behind the nearest pillar.

Presently I went along the corridor to the robing-room. It was here that the students hired their gowns and hoods, and I knew that after the ceremony Jean would come back to return her borrowed robes. I sat down in a corner by the long wooden counter to wait.

Presently I saw Jean hurrying along the corridor. She was flushed, talking to the girl beside her with an air of animation which, after these weeks of separation, cut me to the heart. Because I loved her I wished to find her bathed in tears.

She had not noticed me. I got up and stood close beside her. All at once she paused, arrested in the act of handing in her gown. She could not have seen me, yet the warm blood ebbed, slowly, from her face and neck, leaving her very white. Then, as by the exercise of an immense effort, she forced herself to turn her head.

◆

I looked straight into her eyes. "I wasn't invited, but all the same I came. I don't suppose you have a few minutes to waste? I'd like to speak to you alone."

"I am alone now."

"Yes, but we're sure to be interrupted here. Can't we go off somewhere for a bit? I seem to recollect that we've done it before."

"My people are waiting for me downstairs. I have to go back to them at once."

Although all of my bones were melting towards her, I answered bitterly:

"I've kept out of your way for four weeks, I haven't contaminated you with my presence. I think I'm due a short conversation with you."

She moistened those pale dry lips. "What good would it do?"

I looked at her cruelly. My one desire was to wound her.

"At least it would give us a chance to say good-bye. Now you've got your degree I've no doubt you'll be only too glad to be rid of me. You probably know I'm at Eastershaws. Yes. The asylum. I've come down even more in the world."

As I went on like this, I suddenly saw a solid form advancing towards us. Quickly I bent forward.

"Jean. Come out and see me at Eastershaws . . . some afternoon . . . just once . . . for old time's sake."

I could see the struggle going on behind her pale tormented brow. Then she barely whispered:

"Next Thursday, then . . . I may come."

No sooner had she spoken than Malcolm Hodden was upon us, breathing a little rapidly from having bounded upstairs, curving his arm around Jean's shoulders, as though to protect her from the jostling crowd, and at the same time giving me, with his steady blue eyes, a glance of quiet recognition.

"Come, Jean, dear," he reasoned, but without reproach. "We've all been wondering what was delaying you."

◆

Thursday dawned damp and misty. At noon, although it was not raining heavily, the lawns were drenched. Immediately after lunch I walked to the lodge, keyed, nervously, with longing. I was in good time, yet she had already arrived and was sitting in the waiting-room. I went forward and would have taken her hand had she not risen to her feet.

"Why didn't you ask the porter to telephone me?"

"It's my own fault." She gave me a distant, wavering smile. "I took an earlier train. It was a little difficult at home . . ."

She looked small and forlorn in her raincoat and a soft hat with a grey wing all beaded with raindrops. My longing for her hurt me, yet I tried to force my stiff features to a semblance of composure.

"Well, never mind," I said. "You're here . . . and we are together."

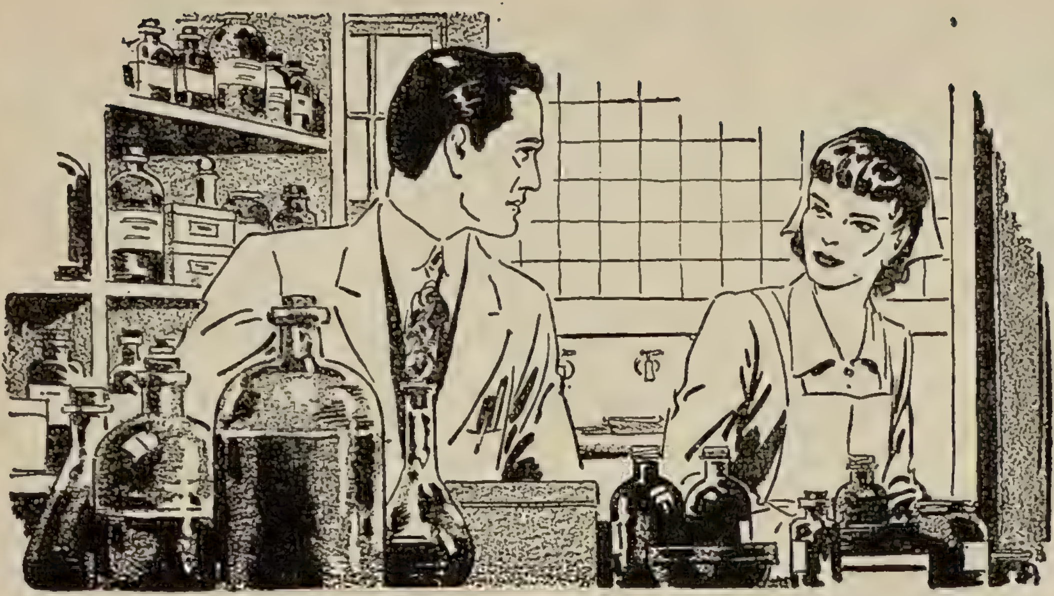
"Yes," she answered in a subdued voice. "It's a shame it's turned so damp."

In silence we walked up South Avenue and approached the main building. The rain came on, quite heavy.

"Let's go in," I said. "I want to show you the laboratory."

After the raw outer air, it was comfortable in the laboratory. We stood side by side at the bench and, when her eyes had swept the place, she took up all the cultures, one by one, in a reminiscent way, as of something past, clouded by memory, never to be renewed.

"I've made a vaccine," I told her in a low voice. "But now I have a better idea—to extract and concentrate the nucleoprotein. Challis agrees it should be far more efficacious."



She gave me that peculiar half-smile. "Drop in when you're bored."

Her apparent calmness, this pretense of normality, made everything unreal. We went to my sitting-room. Sunk in a wide chair and warming her hands at the blaze, Jean drank a cup of tea gratefully, and ate one of the *petits fours* which I had brought in specially from Grant's. Her mood seemed flagging, as though the prospect of life were a load from which she shrank. I simply could not break this cold constraint which lay upon us.

The room was beginning to darken. Except for a flicker from the hearth, there was barely enough light for me to see her face, so still, as if asleep. A quiver went over my nerves.

"You have barely spoken all afternoon. You cannot forgive me . . . for what happened. . . ."

She did not raise her head.

"I am ashamed," I said. "But I could not have been different."

"It is terrible to fall in love against one's will," she said at last. "When I am with you I no longer belong to myself."

◆

This admission gave to me a feeling of hope, that grew gradually into a strange sense of power.

"I want to ask you something."

"Do you?" Her face had the look of someone expecting a blow.

"Let us get married. At once. At the registry office."

She sat silent and stricken.

"Why shouldn't we?" I insisted softly, rapidly. "Say you'll marry me. This afternoon."

"Oh, I can't," she murmured in the tone of one about to die.

"You can."

"No!" she cried, facing round to me hysterically. "It is impossible."

"For God's sake, don't be so unloving, Jean."

"I must be. I have to tell you, Robert. I am going away for good."

The finality in her voice stunned me.

"There's a party of us going out to West Africa on the maiden voyage of the new Clan Liner, the *Algoa.* We sail in three months' time."

"Three months." I echoed her words—at least it was not tomorrow.

"No, Robert . . . I shall be busy all that time . . . doing temporary work."

"Where?"

"At Dalnair."

"The cottage hospital?" Surprise broke through my despair.

"Yes. There is a vacancy there again. They want to try a woman doctor for a change. The matron recommended me to the Committee."

I tried to picture her against the familiar background of the hospital, occupying the very quarters I had used.

Her breast heaved. She gave me a strange unnatural smile.

"If we had never met . . . it would have been better. With us, there is a penalty for everything."

"I won't give you up."

She was still calm, but tears were flowing down her cheeks.

"Robert . . . I'm going to marry Malcolm Hodden."

I stared at her, frozen. "Oh, no . . . no . . . you don't care for him."

"Yes, I do. He is a worthy, honourable man. We grew up together. We worship in the same chapel. We have the same aims and objectives, he will be good for me in every way. In fact, when we are married we shall go out together on the *Algoa,* I as a doctor, Malcolm as head teacher in the settlement school."

"It can't be true," I muttered. "It's all a dream."

"You and I are the dream, Robert. We must go back to reality."

She began in real earnest to cry. It was more than I could stand. I got to my feet. At the same instant she rose, blindly, as though driven by the instinct to escape. We met. Then, for a moment, she was in my arms, weeping as though her heart would break, while my own heart was choked by a wild intoxication and delight. But as I held her more closely, she seemed suddenly to summon all her strength. Abruptly and passionately she broke away.

"No . . . Robert . . . no."

"Jean."

"No, no . . . never again . . . never."

She could not stop the sobs which choked her. But that look in her glistening eyes, broken and tortured, yet fiercely unwavering, welling up from the depths of her soul, drained me slowly of all hope. With a face hard as iron I helped her to put on her raincoat. We walked to the entrance lodge without a single word. We drew up at the gateway. I took her fingers, wet with rain and tears, but quickly she disengaged them.

"Good-bye, Robert."

I looked at her as for the last time. "Good-bye."

She faltered at that, but recovered herself with a shiver and hurried off, not looking back. The next minute the heavy gate clanged shut. She was gone.

◆

It was over, yet there came always an unguarded moment when Jean was close to me, when, with a wincing spasm, I must thrust her savagely away. At first, in sadness, I had pitied myself. Then a slow burning resentment mingled with the pain and tempered it like steel. There raged in me a deep corroding anger against life.

On Sunday I went down to the dispensary, where I began to make up the stock bromide and chloral solutions for the galleries. The dispensary was quiet and dim. Footsteps sounded in the passage and an instant later Nurse Stanway appeared.

"Ready?" she asked.

"In a minute."

She stood watching while I filled the last of the West Side list.

I knew now that during the war she had married a flying officer who had later divorced her. She did not appear to care. It seemed that nothing could break her indifference; as though life itself were something worthless, to be spent carelessly or simply thrown away.

"You haven't come to our sitting-room yet." She spoke almost with the slowness of mockery. "Sister Shadd's very cut up about it. Why don't you look in tonight? You might find it amusing. One never knows."

There was a faintly malicious challenge in her tone which sent a stark impulse along my worn nerves. Her eyes held a glint of meaning.

"All right," I said suddenly. "I'll come."

She smiled slightly and, still looking at me, gathered up the medicines and turned away. Her slow movements had a sensual grace.

For the rest of the day I was unsettled, ill at ease. After lunch I wrote up the case-book for Men's East, and at three o'clock went to deliver it at Dr. Goodall's house, set in the façade of the main building.

An elderly maidservant answered the bell and, having gone within to inquire, returned a moment later to say that the Superintendent was resting but would see me. I followed her to the study, a large untidy room, panelled in nondescript brown wood and sparsely lit by a yellowish leaded Gothic window with a stained-glass coat of arms inset. Stretched upon a sofa by the wide fireplace, covered by a plaid rug, was Goodall.

◆

"You must excuse me, Dr. Shannon. The fact is, after church I did not feel well, and took a stiff dose of morphine." He proclaimed the fact simply, his eyes heavy in the griped and sallow face. "Wasn't it Montaigne who compared biliary colic to the tortures of the damned? I am a sufferer too."

He laid down the book I handed him and fixed his lined and heavy-lidded gaze upon me.

"You seem to be settling down very nicely. I am glad. I don't like changes in my staff. We have a great opportunity here, Dr. Shannon . . . in this little planet of ours." He paused, with a musing, strangely distant air. "Has it never struck you that we are a race apart, with our own laws and customs, virtues and vices, our social and intellectual strata, our reactions to the stress of living? People of the other world do not understand us, laugh at us, perhaps fear us. But we are citizens of the universe, nevertheless, a symbol of Man's indestructibility under the forces of Nature and of Fate."

My heart missed a beat as, leaning towards me, he went on with that remote gleam in his dark eyes.

"My task, Dr. Shannon, my life's endeavour is to create a new society, out of an order that is diseased and decadent. Difficult . . . ah, yes, but not impossible. And what a chance, Doctor! . . . When you have finished your present research I can open up for you a scientific field of unimaginable scope. We are only upon the threshold of understanding those maladies which affect our people. The brain, Dr. Shannon, the human brain, in all its mystery and majesty, pink and translucent, shining like a lovely fruit within its delicate membranes, its cranial sheath . . . What a subject for investigation . . . what a fascinating enigma to be solved!"

There was exaltation in his voice. For a moment I thought he was about to soar to dizzier heights but, as with an effort, he recollected himself. He threw me a quick glance and after a moment of silence, dismissed me with his dark yet winning smile.

A wave of repugnance went over me, but the desire had gone too far.

"Don't work too hard, Doctor. One must occasionally pay tribute to the senses."

I came away from his house in an even greater tumult of my feelings, attracted, yet excited and confused. He always had that effect upon me. But this evening it was worse than ever.

I simply could not rest. A surging ferment overcharged my veins, ready to burst forth. One must occasionally pay tribute to the senses, he had said.

Although several times I had told myself I would not go, towards eight o'clock I knocked on the door of the Sisters' sitting-room and opened it.

Seated at the end of the long table, which gave evidence that most of the staff had already supped and left the room, were Shadd, in uniform, Miss Paton, the dietician, and Nurse Stanway, dressed for "off duty" in a blue skirt and white silk blouse. The three were talking in intimate voices.

It was the first time I had seen Nurse Stanway out of uniform. Her bang of glossy hair fell more conspicuously over her forehead, and the soft shiny stuff of her blouse was loose over her flat chest and breasts.

"Haven't you finished?" I asked.

"As a matter of fact, we haven't begun." Sister Shadd met my inquiring gaze with a robust laugh. "We may as well tell you . . . since you're one of us now. Sometimes we get tired of our menu. It wouldn't be good discipline, for the others, to complain. So we just wait and go down for supper, we three, to the kitchens."

The kitchens, reached by the subway, were entirely underground, but lofty, cool, and softly lit by clusters of frosted ceiling globes. When plates and forks had been passed around we began to eat in picnic fashion. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Stanway perch herself on the wooden table with a detachment and assurance which swelled the dark forces of exasperation within me. Her legs were crossed, so that one swung loose, stressing the silken slimness of the limb. Her posture, slightly inclined backwards, emphasized the line of her thigh, waist, and breasts.

A harsh tightness rose in my throat. The desire to subdue her, to break through the barriers which restrained me, to destroy and desecrate, dominated me like a fever.

"I think I'll take a walk," she said carelessly.

"I'll come with you."

She indicated her indifference

ith a slight shrug, an instinct of ruelty, yet flattered, in a feline ay, by my attention. Outside, the ight was dark, a few stars show-g, but moonless. Once she was ree of the buildings, Stanway halt-d to light a cigarette. Setting off long the West drive, suiting my tep to hers, I kept a distance be-ween us. But in the darkness from ime to time she brushed against e.

“Why don't you talk?” she asked ith a light laugh. She was like a at. The night seemed to excite and trengthen her.

“What about?”

“Anything. I don't care. What tar is that ahead of us?”

“The Pole star. Look for it when ou get lost in the woods.”

“Are we likely to get lost? You on't see Venus, by any chance?”

“Not just yet.”

“Well . . .” she was still laughing . . “There's still hope.”

That laugh, keyed too high, horn of assurance, had revealed er pretence of indifference as a ham, a secret invitation. At a turn f the road there was a five-barred ate, held by two high turf walls. I stopped.

“This is as far as you want to go?”

She stubbed out her cigarette against the gate. I took her by the shoulders. I said, “I'd like to break your neck.”

“Why don't you try?”

A wave of repugnance went over me, but the desire for oblivion had gone too far to be dispelled. Her lips were dry and slightly bitter from the cigarette. They opened in an experienced manner.

There was an instant while Jean's face floated up before me, then it was dark beneath the elms where nothing remained but disillusion and despair.

◆

August passed in a wave of stifling heat. On the last evening of that torrid month, it was so close I left the door of the laboratory half open. As I bent over the Duboscq colorimeter, with my shirt-sleeves rolled up and sweat rolling down under my unloosened collar, I heard a step behind me.

“Good evening, Shannon.” To my surprise, it was Maitland's voice. “No, don't let me disturb you.”

She had never visited me here before. Judging by the wool-stuffed workbag upon her arm, she was returning from one of her long, close sessions with Miss Indre, wherein the two women, knitting together, confidentially reviewed the current problems of the Place. Now, pulling forward a stool, she seated herself near me.

“How is it going?”

I laid down my pen, and rubbed my strained and slightly bloodshot eyes. I could feel the twitching of my left supraorbital nerve. I said shortly, “In a few hours I'll have finished.”

“I'm so glad. I guessed you were near the end.”

She had taken no offence at my abruptness. I did not dislike Maitland, but it was annoying to have her in the way at this particular moment. I could see her better now. Her mottled face had a serious expression as she gazed at me steadily through her violet lenses, studying me, and at the same time nerving herself to speak.

“I'm not an interfering person, Shannon . . . under my shell of bravado, I am rather a weak and pitiful creature. And I am wondering if I dare offer you some advice.”

◆

I stared at her in complete surprise. With a formal gravity which increased my irritation, she resumed:

“It's terribly important to find one's proper place in life, Shannon. Take my own case, for instance—dull though it is. I'm Irish, as you know, but actually my family is English, settled in Wexford on a demesne granted them by Cromwell. For over three hundred years we Maitlands have lived there, isolated, alien, separated from the people by blood and tears, burned out twice in five generations, suffering an insidious decay, a blight, soft and relentless as a sea fog, which rots the soul.”

There was a pause. I looked at her coldly.

“You seem to have escaped that unhappy fate.”

“Yes, Shannon. I escaped. But only by running away.”

Her gaze was charged with such significance I moved impatiently.

“Frankly, I don't know what you mean.”

“Don't you recall Freud's definition of a psychosis? A flight away from life into the realm of disease.”

“What's that got to do with me?”

“Can't you guess?”

“No, I can't.” My temper unexpectedly got out of hand, my voice was disturbingly shrill. “What are you driving at?”

She took off her glasses and slowly polished them. Then, forgetfully, she let them fall into her lap, gazed at me with her weak and browless eyes.

“Shannon . . . you should leave Eastershaws.”

I was absolutely staggered.

“What! Leave?”

“Yes,” she repeated. “Whenever you complete your research.”

I felt myself flush deeply. I stared at her with angry, incredulous eyes.

“That's an excellent joke. I thought for a moment you were serious.”

“I am entirely serious . . . and so is my advice.”

“Then wait until I ask for it. I happen to like this Place as well as you. And I have friends here.”

“Nurse Stanway?” Her lip curled faintly. “She's had a few followers in her time. Attendant Brogan, for instance . . . and there was your predecessor . . .”

“That's none of your business. I've been treated pretty badly outside. I'm not going to throw up a good job and a first-class laboratory because you get some wild idea in your head.”

That, I could see, had silenced her. She sat still for a few moments, then stood up.

“All right, Shannon. Let's forget about it. Good night.”

She smiled and quickly went out.

◆

I turned angrily to my bench. At the back of my mind I was dully aware of how I had spent myself in this final effort. I had lost weight and there were hollows in my cheeks; when I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror I seemed to be confronted by a stranger.

In the past, I had been able to do with three or four hours' sleep. But now I couldn't sleep at all. Complete insomnia. To calm my nerves during these night-long seances I smoked so constantly my tongue and throat were raw. And there were these strange tricks and fancies, fetishes in fact, which I had developed under this growing strain. Every time I left my bench, I had to go back, three times, to reassure myself that I had actually turned off the tap of my burette. I had developed the habit of shutting my left eye when I made my readings, and of writing my figures backwards. Each day, before I began work, I counted all the tiles in the section of wall above the incubator. There was a word, too, which somehow had got into my head, “abracadabra,” and I found myself muttering it to myself, as a kind of invocation, as a spur to goad myself on, and as a low exclamation of triumph, whenever I completed another step in my experiments. And still I went on, like an automaton, testing and titrating, bearing forward, forward . . . I had to go on. I'd gone too far to draw back, it was all or nothing now . . . yes, all or nothing.

At eight o'clock I set the vaccine extract to filter, and as this process would take about an hour, I rose, switched off the lights, and left the laboratory, bent upon a short respite in my room.

Outside, I could hear preliminary tunings from the auditorium where, at the end of each month, an entertainment was held, half-dance, half-concert, sponsored by Palfrey, ostensibly for the benefit of the patients, but mainly to permit the little maestro to sing, with his hand upon his heart, Gounod's "Even bravest heart may swell . . ."

I rarely went to these junketings and tonight I assuredly would not.

◆

Anxious to stretch out on my sofa, I entered my room. Seated by the window, with a droop to his shoulders and a peculiar fixity in his gaze, was Neil Spence.

"Why, Spence!" I exclaimed. "It's good to see you again."

He acknowledged my welcome with a faint smile in his wide immobile eyes, and after we had shaken hands, sank back in his chair.

"You'll have a drink?"

"Please."

I saw then that he had already had several, but that made no difference; besides, I wanted one myself. He nursed his tumbler between his hands. There was in his calmness something which made me uneasy.

"How is Muriel?" I asked.

"Quite well, I believe."

"You should have brought her along."

He sat stock-still; his immobility was strangely terrifying.

"Muriel left me last week. She's with Lomax—in London."

He made the statement in a tone so matter-of-fact it took my breath away.

"What a rotten trick!" I muttered at last.

"Oh, I don't know. After all, I'm not much fun to live with. I suppose she went on as long as she could, before she fell for Lomax."

"What a swine he must be!"

Spence shook his head. In spite of the whisky he was completely sober.

"He's probably not any worse than the rest of us." A long, low breath escaped him. "I ought never to have married her in the first place. But I was so damned fond of her. And God knows I did my best. Took her out every Friday night." He repeated this, as though it comforted him. "Every Friday night."

"She'll come back to you," I said. "You can make a fresh start."

He looked full at me and the smile in his dark eyes was tragic.

"Don't be a fool, Robert. It's all over." He paused reflectively. "She has asked for a divorce. Isn't it extraordinary . . . I see now that she is shallow and worthless . . . but I can't hate her.

"You see, no one knows about this yet," he said. "Lomax is on vacation . . . Muriel supposed to be visiting her sister. But what's the use? I've lost interest. I'm not like you, Robert. I never was cut out for research." He added, in a flat voice: "It wouldn't have been so bad, except that when I saw how things were going and spoke to her, she said, 'Leave me alone. I hate the sight of you.' "

There was a prolonged silence. Then, softly, the sound of a two-step came through the open window, stealing across the night air into the room. Spence looked at me, his impassive features showing a vague inquiry.

"It's a dance they have once a month," I told him. "The staff and some of the patients."

He considered for a moment.

"Muriel would have enjoyed that . . . we occasionally used to dance on Friday nights. I daresay Lomax will take her out."

He put down his empty glass.

"I have to go now, Robert. I have an appointment. There's a good train at nine."

"Have another spot, then?"

"No, thanks. I want to be right for my appointment."

◆

I guessed he had to see his lawyer about the divorce. I wasn't happy about him, but there seemed nothing I could say. I went down to the lodge with him and opened the gate.

"I'll walk to the station with you."

He shook his head. "If I know anything, you want to be back in that laboratory."

We shook hands. As I gazed at him doubtfully, he did actually smile, his old distorted smile. "Good luck, Robert . . . bless you."

In the darkness I went toward the laboratory. It was only a shor process to standardize and encapsulate the final product. A quarte to ten I had done it. At last, in spite of everything. I had reached the summit. I felt so dizzy I had to hang on to the edge of the bench.

I put away the ampules carefully in the ice box, locked up the laboratory, and went out. As I reached the vestibule I heard someone cal my name, and turning, I saw an attendant running after me.

"Dr. Shannon, I've been looking for you all over." He caught his breath. "There's been a little accident, sir." Despite his experience the man shuddered. "It's your friend . . . we just had word from the station."

Spence! I suddenly felt sick.

"He slipped and fell, sir. Just as the nine-o'clock train came in. It was instantaneous."

◆

The laboratory was locked, the key in my pocket, and it seemed strange that I would not be going there. Professor Challis would return to Winton at the end of the week; I would leave all arrangements concerning the announcement in his hands. Inevitably, news of my achievement pervaded Eastershaws and I was obliged to endure the embarrassment of congratulations—restrained from Dr. Maitland and Miss Indre, effusive from Palfrey, warm and dignified from Dr. Goodall.

But on Thursday I received a visitor whom I had expected least of all—Professor Usher. I gazed blankly at his tall distinguished figure as he came forward and shook my hand with a cordial smile.

"My dear Shannon, how are you? May I sit down?" He took a chair. "I daresay I should have let you know I was coming, but I enjoy acting upon impulse. And I wish to be amongst the first to felicitate you."

"Thank you."

"Professor Challis telephoned me. Of course, I knew this was coming. Despite our little disagreement, I realized that one day you would justify my belief in you."

I bit my lip at this airy insincerity.

"Now, listen, Shannon. I'll be perfectly open with you. Lately we've had a run of shocking bad luck at the Department. We have not been getting satisfactory results. I want you back."

I made an instinctive gesture of refusal.

"Don't misunderstand me. I mean omething more important than your old position. At last I have been won over to the idea of incorporating a biochemical laboratory in the Pathology building, and he Board of Trustees has decided o found a chair for experimental research in that particular field." He leaned forward and tapped me on the knee. "What would you say f the chance were given to you?"

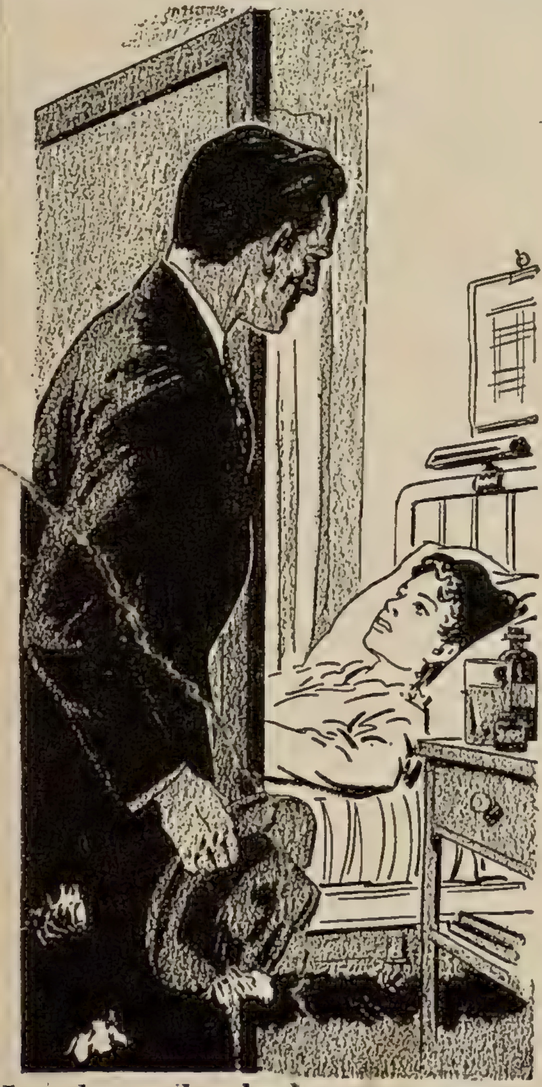
The offer took my breath away.

He said easily, "What I suggest s this. You'll come to dinner at my house Monday night. The Chancellor will be there, together with a few of my colleagues, members of the Senate who are keenly interested, to meet and congratulate you. There may also be present, though whisper it not in Gath"—his incisive expression became arch—"an editor or two, distinguished representatives of the press."

I tried to express my thanks, but he stopped me with a smile.

"Not a word, my dear fellow. You must accept this as my *amende honorable.*" He stood up, clasped my hand, flashed upon me his histrionic smile, and left the room.

I sank back in my chair. The first start of excitement was over. I felt no elation, only a strange inner tensity. Only one person would truly care, honestly rejoice in my success. I could see her face at this moment. I got up, went slowly to the telephone and, after a final moment of hesitation, called up the cottage hospital at Dalnair.


Jean lay on her back, eyes wide open.

"I'd like to speak to Dr. Law."

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir, you can't."

My nerves were now so taut I had to shut my eyes.

"Please fetch the matron. Dr. Shannon wishes to speak to her."

I hung on. I heard Miss Trudgeon's unmistakable tones.

"Yes, Dr. Shannon?"

"Matron," I exclaimed, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I did want to have a word with Dr. Law. Could you reach her for me?"

"I'm afraid you can't speak with her, Doctor. Dr. Law has been ill, quite ill, for the past three weeks."

As my heart turned over in my breast, there came a crackle in the instrument which cut off further speech. But I had already heard enough to turn my swift suspicion into certainty.

◆

Next morning I went early to the laboratory, then across to Dr. Goodall's house. I sent in word that I was obliged to take the day off.

It was Katie, the maid, who answered my ring at Dalnair. I had not told them I was coming and she gave me a queer look as she admitted me to the reception room. A moment later Miss Trudgeon appeared.

"Well!" she exclaimed, bustling in with her brisk and energetic smile. "This is a surprise. I'm very glad to see you again. But I must say you don't flatter your new job. You're thin as a rake."

"Oh, I'm all right."

There was an awkward pause. I moistened my lips.

"How is she?"

"As well as can be expected. She's been ill three weeks now." The matron hesitated. "At first she seemed to be holding her own. But these last few days there's been a slight loss of ground."

I felt my heart contract. I knew that phrase so well.

"Who's looking after her?"

"Dr. Fraser, the Medical Officer of Health."

"Tell me the truth. What does he say?"

"She's quite ill. If only she'd gone down with it at once, she'd have had a better chance. She went on for a week, with persistent headache and temperature, before she collapsed. But that often happens with scarlet fever."

"Scarlet fever!" I exclaimed in an indescribable tone.

"Yes, of course," Matron said, surprised. "I told you on the phone last night."

So rooted was my idea I could not bring myself to surrender it. "I'd like to see her," I said.

"She's not altogether conscious."

"All the same, I would like to."

The matron now looked thoroughly embarrassed. "Her parents and her brother are here . . . in the sitting-room. And her fiancé. Unless they were willing, Doctor, I couldn't take the responsibility."

I felt a sinking of dismay. Yet for nothing, nothing, must I abandon the purpose which had brought me here. "I'll go in and see them."

Miss Trudgeon moved off, leaving me to make my way as best I could along the corridor to my old sitting-room.

Daniel Law was at the table, reading aloud from a Bible, with Luke beside him. Seated in the window embrasure and facing in my direction were Mrs. Law and Malcolm Hodden. I stood there in hangdog fashion until the recital finished. There was a momentous silence. Daniel removed his glasses. He gazed at me with silent dignity.

Malcolm, however, had risen. He came towards me.

"How can you intrude at a time like this?" His full eyes, near to me, were veined. "Can't you respect our privacy . . . forcing yourself upon . . ."

"No, Malcolm," Jean's mother interposed in a low tone.

"He has no right to be here!" Hodden cried in a racked voice.

"Oh, be quiet," Luke muttered.

"Hush, son," whispered Mrs. Law. With a steady glance towards me she stood up. "I am going to see our daughter now. Will you come with me to the ward?"

Not having spoken a word, I accompanied her.

◆

Jean lay upon her back, her eyes wide open, constantly muttering, with tremulous movements of her dry lips and tongue, her thin hands all the while plucking at the bedclothes. Against the low white pillow, beneath her tied-back hair, her facial bones were sharp and fine.

Above the bed there hung the chart upon which was traced the fever. My eyes went straining towards it. Yes, I thought, after a long moment, there is no doubt at all. What a fool I had been . . . It was, with a certainty, scarlet fever.

I went out, crossed the narrow passage to the opposite side room, which was quite empty, and there sat down upon the edge of a bed. Impossible to describe the white heat burning in my mind, my sense of distressed ineptitude, the burden, without feeling, which bore upon me.

I heard Mrs. Law and Matron come out of the sickroom and move along the passage. Miss Trudgeon was trying to soothe the troubled mother.

"Rest assured, everything is being done. We should know in twenty-four hours. As for Sister Peek, nothing could surpass her devotion to this case. She's been specialling on it for over three weeks."

So I had been wrong there also. It was like me to think the worst of everyone. I'd misjudged the matron, too, fought with her, distrusted her. That was my special quality, getting on the wrong side of people, acting against convention and the grain of decency, standing against the universe, belonging to no place, and to no one but myself.

I stood up automatically, and went out of the pavilion. As though wearing shackles, I started down the hill towards the station. Huddled in an empty compartment of the returning train I was still in the ward, up there on the darkening hill.

◆ When I got back to Eastershaws I found a note saying that Professor Usher had telephoned me twice, leaving word that I should call him when I came in. I hesitated, then told myself I would put it off till later. I had a splitting headache, I wanted to be let alone, to cut myself off, to nurse my sadness, and my fears, in secret.

At five o'clock I drank a cup of tea. I was glad of it. All my faculties seemed numbed. On the tray was another slip:

> Mr. Smith of the Pathology Department telephoned you at 3 P.M. Urgent.

I rolled up the slip and dropped it in the fire. I sat in a heavy daze until nine o'clock; then, rousing myself, I telephoned the hospital at Dalnair. There was no change in Jean's condition. Dead-tired, throbbing with anxiety, I supposed I had better turn in, but my neuralgia was so bad I knew I would not sleep.

Next morning I felt worse than ever. During the forenoon I got through my work somehow. After one o'clock, with a deep foreboding, I telephoned Dalnair again. Holding her own. No change at all.

I mounted the staircase slowly to my room. Someone was seated on the sofa at the far side of the fire.

"Lomax," I said, as from a distance. "You're the last person I expected here."

"You don't seem very glad to see me."

I made no answer.

"I suppose you have your knife in me. But I wasn't altogether to blame. From the very beginning it was Muriel who ran after me. Oh, I daresay it was foolish of me, but I just couldn't disentangle myself."

"Where is she now?"

"I offered to marry her. But we had a filthy row. She's gone back to her people. I'm not sorry."

"You've got out of it very well. Better than Spence."

"You know it was an accident. It all came out at the inquest."

"For God's sake don't excuse yourself. You sound as though you felt you'd pushed him over."

The colour went out of his face. "Don't you think that was a little uncalled for? At any rate I mean to show that I'm not the rotter they say I am. I'm going to work, do something this time that'll make them all sit up."

He leaned towards me, an odd thin smile of condolence upon his lips. "Usher has asked me to come and see you, Shannon . . . to break the news. You've been forestalled. A research worker in America, a woman doctor named Evans, has just come out in this month's Medical Review with a full report of her experiments. Two years' work. Her conclusions are practically the same as yours."

◆ A long silence. The room was spinning round me.

Lomax was speaking again, with too obvious tact. "It was Smith who told us first. He's been following Dr. Evans's work for months. He actually had an advance proof of the report in his possession. He brought it into the Department yesterday."

"I see."

My lips were stiff and cold, I felt as though I had been turned to stone. I should get no credit now for what I had done, the problems I had solved at such cost to myself.

"It's a damned shame." Lomax got up from his chair. "By-the-by, in case you wanted to read it, I brought along the article." He laid some printed sheets upon the table. "Now I'll push off. Good night, Shannon."

"Good night."

When he had gone I sat staring at nothing, in a hollow, hopeless calm. Then, with a deep sigh which seemed to spring from the bottom of my heart, I rose, went over to the table, and taking up the report, steeled myself to read it.

There came a knock upon the door, the maid entered and handed me a telegram.

> ACCEPT MY SINCERE SYMPATHY PUBLICATION IN REVIEW WHICH IN NO WAY DETRACTS INTRINSIC MERIT YOUR EFFORT. AM STILL UNABLE TO TRAVEL BUT HOPE SEE YOU SOON TO ARRANGE FUTURE WORK. REGARDS.
> WILFRED CHALLIS.

I had leaned on Challis, forgetful of his years and gathering enfeeblement. This message of condolence struck away the last support, and as I gazed at the blurred words I felt, suddenly, a queer snap behind my brow, as though an elastic band, stretched too tight, had finally yielded to the strain. At the same instant my nerves escaped me, the world spun round, and the splendid humour of the whole thing came before me in a flash. I began to laugh . . . at myself, my present situation—then, like a quick-change artist, I became sedate.

◆ I suddenly was filled by a pressing desire to be busy. I set out briskly to the West Wing where, on Maitland's day off, it was my duty to make the afternoon round. I joined Sister Shadd and made a thorough round of the six galleries. The quiet of them was strangely soothing.

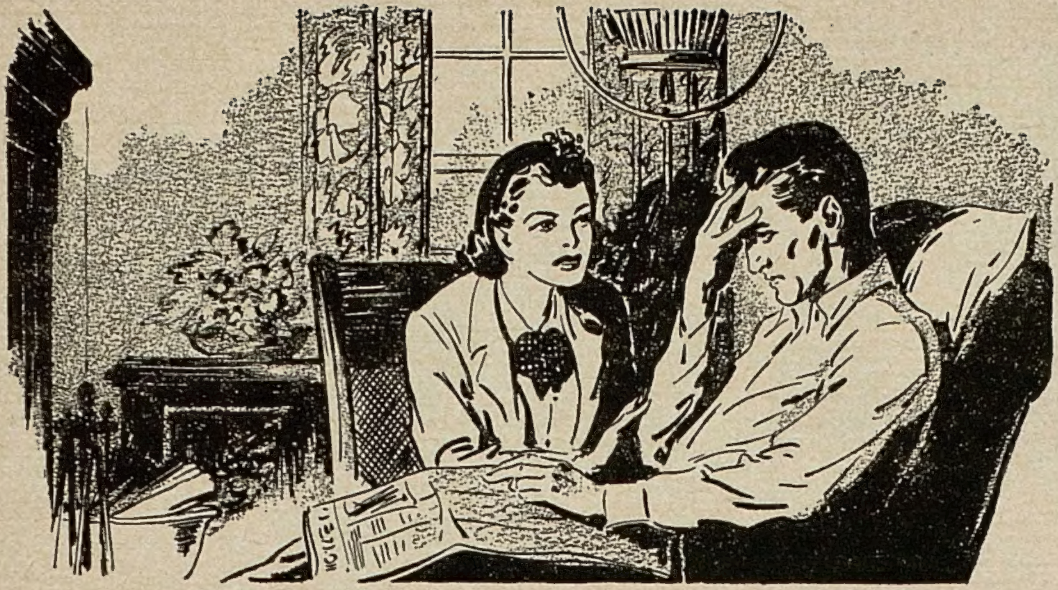
With renewed briskness, I made my way to the dispensary. The stock solutions had got very low. It took a full hour's work to replenish them. I found myself humming—Palfrey's favourite phrase from Carmen. If my head had not felt so numb, as though beaten by hammers, I should have been thoroughly at ease.

Suddenly the house 'phone rang. The sharp, shrill note gave me an agonizing start. Yet I was calm as I picked up the receiver. Luke Law's voice came through, eager and excited.

"Is that you, Robert? Jean's much better."

"I beg your pardon?"

"She's out of danger. At two o'clock this afternoon she had her crisis. She's conscious now. She's



"Robert," she said earnestly, "you must, you must go on."

lked to us. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Quite so. I'm delighted."

"I just had to get on the bike and ome flying to tell you. Come down the lodge. I want to see you."

"Sorry, dear boy." My tone coneyed the polite regret of one reoccupied by many affairs. "I ouldn't possibly manage it at the oment."

"What!" A pause. "Robert . . . ello . . . hello . . ."

Although, remotely, it hurt me to o so, I cut him off, hooking up the eceiver with a quiet smile. Natually, it was quite a relief that Miss aw should be better; no doubt ery gratifying to her relatives. A uiet sort of girl, she was, with rown eyes and hair. I recollected he song . . . *Jeanie with the light rown hair*. . . . Charming melody, must mention it to Palfrey. I reembered her, vaguely, as a stuent in my class, clever, but somehing of a nuisance. Of course, I ore her no ill-feeling, not the slightest ill-will in the world.

◆ I finished my stock solutions, tidied up the dispensary, and briskly, with unclear gaze, deciphered the time on my watch. Returning with measured paces to my room, I found a letter waiting. I took up the stiff envelope. My smile was fixed now, a mask for all the whirling chaos that went on behind. The heavy sledges struck harder on my skull, a sudden sweat broke over me, and in a transient, haggard gleam I knew that I was ill. But swiftly the light went out, and eager to go on, aware of work waiting to be done, smiling more fixedly, I opened the letter.

Department of Pathology, University of Winton. From Usher, Professor Usher, head of that most excellent foundation. A nice letter, yes indeed, a charming letter. The good Professor regretted, in fact he deeply regretted, that, under the circumstances, it was impossible to hold out any hope of the new appointment.

I tore the letter carefully into four pieces. I wanted suddenly to shout out loud. But my lips were too stiff, as though glued together, and the pain in my head had risen, swelled in a crescendo of sound and shivering vibrations, as though someone were smashing wood with blunt axes on the back of my neck. In spite of this, I saw at last, with my wavering and dreamlike gaze, what I wanted to do. Essential and important. On, on . . . don't stop . . . not an instant to be lost.

I hastened to the laboratory. I opened up the storage cabinet. I took up the precious flasks and smashed them in the porcelain sink. I turned on both taps. When the last drop of fluid had run through the drain, I bunched together the sheaf of papers on the bench, those pages filled with my calculations and conclusions, the toil of many midnight hours. Again, quietly, carefully, I struck a match. The sound of quick footsteps made me turn round, slowly, balancing the insufferable burden of my head. Maitland stood in the doorway.

"Don't, Shannon!" she cried, and hurried forward.

The match scorched my fingers and went out. The hammer strokes rang harder in my brain. I put both hands to my brow. Then everything gave way.

◆ In my old room at Lomond View the slanting daylight made a bright patch upon the wallpaper, upon the brass end knobs of my bed, dented years ago when I had tried to straighten a crooked skate.

Dr. Galbraith, supported by Grandma Leckie, was insisting that I must rest. Yet the splendour of the afternoon was irresistible—I decided I must be up. Was I not practically well again and able to be about, after lunch, for a few hours each day? I threw off the bedclothes and began to dress.

I went downstairs. I had not yet got used to the queer sensation of living again in this house which, during my childhood in Levenford, had been my home. They had brought me back here after my smash-up, and with a grim devotion my grandmother had nursed me back to health.

In the parlour the paper fan had been removed, a good fire burned in the black-leaded grate. Grandma had departed upon one of those shopping pilgrimages to the town, from which she returned slowly, encumbered by packages of good things for me to eat.

◆ I strolled up the road. On the village green I rested upon the seat under the great Scots fir which had stood there for a hundred years. From fissures in the blue-grey trunk little streams of sap had run and hardened. I scraped one with my fingernail and, rubbing the grey dust between my palms, inhaled the clean resinous tang. It made me feel that strength was coming back to me, that my life, after all, was not without a future.

Yet I was glad to get back to the armchair before the parlour fire. The morning paper lay folded on the table beside me, the main diversion in my convalescent day. I lifted it and laid it upon my knees. At the same time Grandma Leckie came into the parlour.

"I've asked McKellar for supper," she said.

"That sounds like a party."

"Aye." She nodded calmly. "Dr. Galbraith will be here as well."

She turned and went out. I had sensed for some time what was coming, and now I knew that it was here. Dr. Galbraith was getting on in years. His large practice, which extended widely from Levenford town into the Winton countryside, had become too much for him. He wanted a partner and, to my sorrow, the suggestion had been made that he might want me.

Yet, alas, despite the promise I had given, I shrank away from it. It touched me that the hard-headed McKellar should be willing to advance the purchase price—a thousand pounds was a deal of money to a Scots lawyer. But I was not suited to general practice, and from my past experience I knew that I should grind along, without interest, blunting the edges of my ambition, mediocre, indifferent, and defeated.

Suppressing a sigh, I took up the paper and in an effort to distract my mind began to scan the sheets. Under the heading, *Departure of Ships,* was the simple announcement:

> The Clan Liner, S.S. *Algoa,* sailed today from Winton for Lagos and the Gold Coast. She carries a group of workers bound for the settlement at Kumasi.

I read the notice several times, and as I did so, that faint quickening, sanguine and instinctive, which I had felt beneath the pine tree, diminished within me. So that was over too . . . finished forever. Since I had known that Jean would sail upon this ship I had dreaded the moment of departure. Now it had gone.

For a long time, perhaps an hour, I remained staring into the fire. Distantly, through my sad and painful thoughts, I heard the sound of an arrival, of footsteps and voices in the hall. Then, as I sat mute and motionless, the door opened behind me. Awaiting the voice of McKellar or the doctor, I did not trouble to move; but gradually the consciousness of someone standing with perfect stillness at my back caused me to turn my head.

At first I thought I was ill again. This must be another of these fevered visions which had not so long ago afflicted me. Then, in a flash of understanding, I saw that it was she, saw also the explanation of her presence. Outgoing vessels often lay overnight at the tail of the Bank to pick up passengers and await a favourable tide. She had come, after all, to say good-bye.

I gazed at her in utter silence. In equal silence she gazed at me. Although she still was thin, little trace of her recent illness could be seen in those brown eyes, that clear complexion, and lustrous hair. Her dress was quite new, bought, no doubt, in preparation for her journey. I saw, with a further stab of pain, that around her neck were clasped the green beads I had given her.

"How are you, Robert?"

"Never better. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." Her voice was low yet controlled.

She seated herself opposite me, very erect, her gloved hands clasped together, her eyes still bent upon me. Like a plaster saint, I told myself, embittered by a composure that I could not match. I tapped the news sheet on my knee.

"I just happened to read that you were sailing. Nice of you to look me up. How is Malcolm? Has he gone on board?"

"Yes, Robert, he has gone."

"Well—" I tried casually to smile. "I ought to congratulate you. He's a good fellow. I hope you have a nice trip."

"And what about you, Robert?"

"I'm quite all right. I have a chance to get into a good practice here in Levenford."

"No."

The single word, uttered with a burst of feeling, drew me up short.

"What do you mean? It's virtually settled."

"Robert," she said earnestly, "you cannot, you must not, throw yourself away in a country practice. You can't bury your talents. You must, you must go on."

"Where?" I asked bitterly. "In another back room . . . another asylum?"

◆ She leaned a little forward. "Robert, how would you like to lecture in Bacteriology at the University of Lausanne?"

I gazed at her, scarcely breathing, as she went on more rapidly:

"They wrote to Professor Challis, asking him to recommend the best man he knew, a young man who could organize the laboratory. He sent them a full report of your research. Yesterday he showed me their reply. If you wish it, the appointment is yours."

I brushed my hand across my eyes as though shading them from too bright a light.

"I couldn't," I muttered. "I'm not fit."

She took a quick grave breath. "You must, Robert. All your future is at stake. You cannot admit that you are beaten."

"I am beaten," I said in a leaden voice. "I've given them my word. They are coming here tonight. It's easy to fight one's enemies. But against friends . . . and kindness . . . and my own promise . . . I can't argue . . . I can't fight any more."

"I will help you."

In slow surprise, I raised my gaze. "You? . . . You'll be away."

She was very pale and for a moment her lips quivered convul sively.

"I am not going."

"But Malcolm?" I cried.

"The *Algoa* sailed at six th morning. Malcolm was on board.'

Bewildered, incapable of believ ing, I felt myself grow rigid.

"When I was ill, Robert . . . an afterwards, I seemed to see thing which were not apparent to me be fore." She almost broke down, bu forced herself to go on. "I had al ways recognized my obligations t my parents, to the people wit whom I meant to work. I didn realize my obligation to you . . . an because I love you most in all th world, it is a greater obligation tha to any of the others. If you had suc ceeded, if you hadn't had you breakdown, I might never have understood this . . . but now . . . I do.

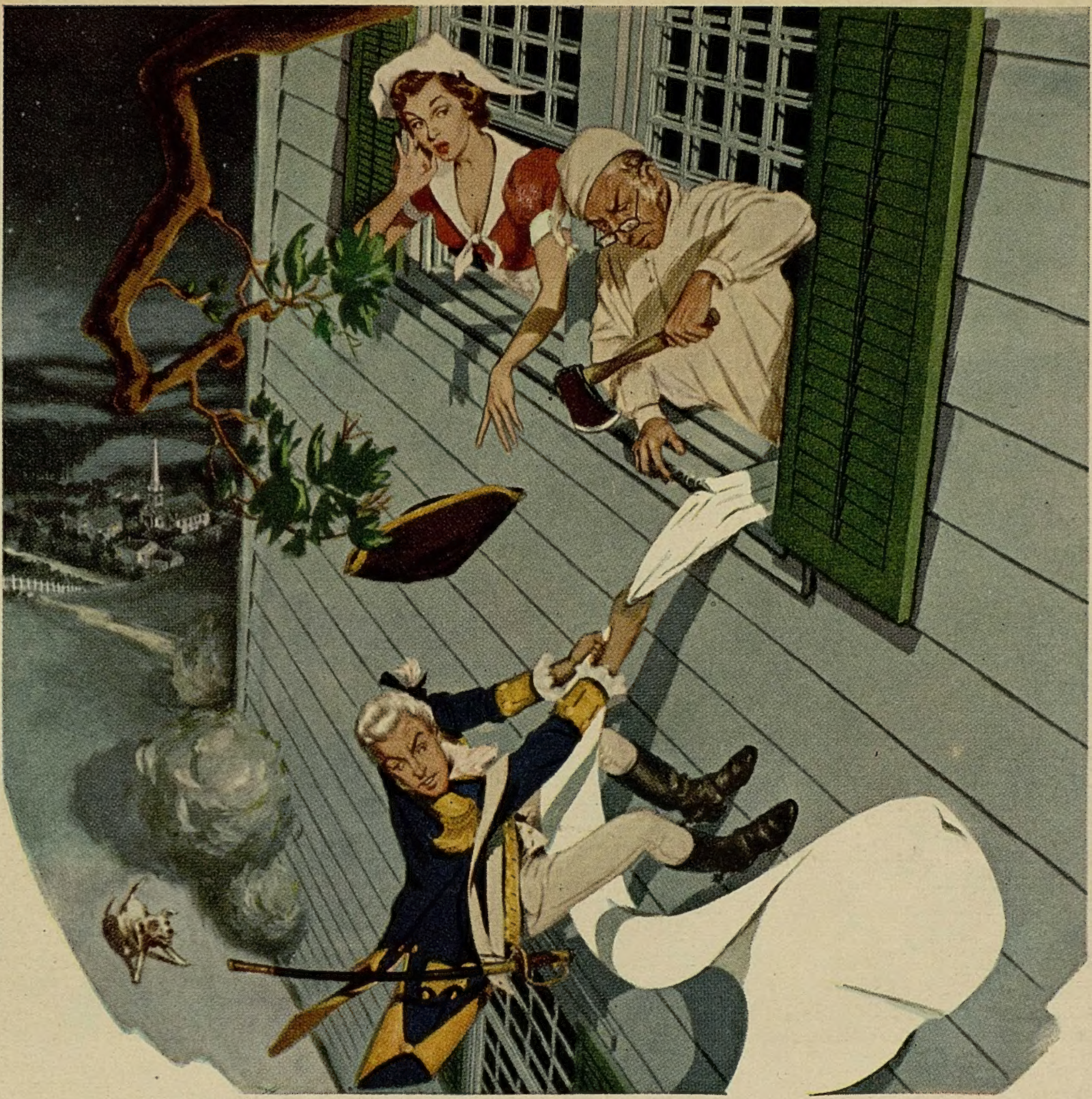
Tears began to roll down he cheeks. Her words came quickly.

"All the time, as I was lying ther in a kind of dream, I kept wondering why I had refused to marr you . . . I loved you . . . really I ha got ill through loving you and no caring what I did in the wards . . but behind that love there was prid and fear and prejudice against you religion, of which I really knew nothing. God had caused you to be born a Catholic and me a member of the Brethren. Did that mean He wished that one should live in the darkness of lies, and the other in the light of truth? If so, Christianity was meaningless. I felt so terribly ashamed, I told myself if I got better I would come and beg you to forgive me."

While I sat white and rigid, unable to move my stiff lips, she whispered, "Oh, my dear, I've left Blairhill, left my parents, left everything, for good. And if you still want me, I will marry you, when and where you wish. . . . We will go to Lausanne . . . work together . . . be kind to each other . . ."

◆ The next instant she was in my arms, her heart against mine. As from a distant world I heard the front door open again, heard the stamping arrival of McKellar and Dr. Galbraith, the cautious undertones of the old woman as she met them in the hall.

It did not matter now. I was no longer alone, life was forever remade. We should make our way into the unknown together. Yes, in the mystical warmth of that moment everything became possible, there was no thought of failure, and happiness seemed eternal. ◆◆



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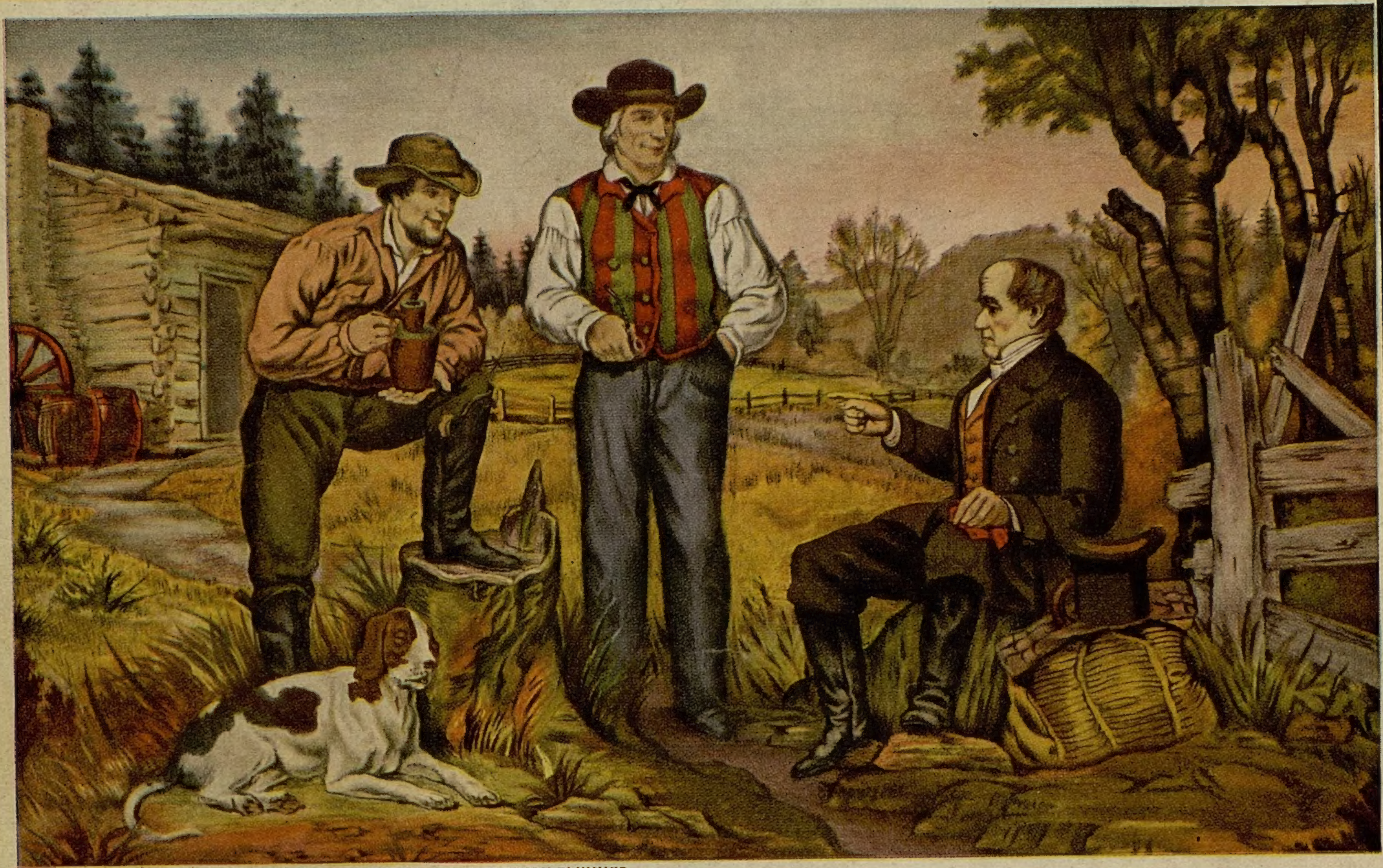

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